

STH

START

To be corrected and returned in triple space

The Castle in the Forest

Now that I am ~~stagnant~~ ^{in America} ~~in the United States~~ ^{several} ~~and have been assigned~~ ^{clients} ~~and am without~~, for the moment ~~assigned to~~ ^{not} ~~equipped~~ ^{by} ~~with~~ my experience, and ~~stature~~ ^{time} ~~passes as if it were void of stature~~. If I call upon the ^{fine} ~~very~~ of patience, it is because I find myself in the most perilous ^{competition} ~~state~~ of them all — rebellion.

The Castle in the Forest

pp 1-15

Supernatural

I am who I am but that does not mean I feel myself above all forms of

human effort. For an instance, I am intrigued with the notion of writing a

novel. That is a sport! (Even the gods know how to amuse themselves with

novels. Indeed, they have been known to descend into the minds of authors

when looking for a vehicle by which to express themselves.

I would not be part of such a venture, however. The writer one

chooses can be undependable. Rather, I am more intrigued with the notion of

writing a novel (an historical novel) that would be altogether unlike others, a

2

species of good short ^{take-telling} ~~work~~, a sustained piece of ^{safe-sailed} ~~storytelling~~ offered by one

man to another over ~~the course of a night~~ in a small room at the periphery of

the uproar that is going on ^{mil. hang} ~~in~~ ^{through the course of a night} ~~in a~~ Konzentrationslager that has just been

^{liberated} ~~captured~~ by American soldiers very late in April, 1945.

As the two men converse, a pistol lies on the table. It is situated close

to the younger man ^{He} ~~who~~ is American and ~~is~~ a doctor, a Captain in rank. He

is Jewish, a part of the U.S. Army forces who have just reached the

concentration camp a few hours ago ^{and were} ~~and have~~, of course, been appalled by

what they saw. ^{German} ~~Indeed, a few German officers were shot on the spot.~~ ^{the Commandant's men}

The Jewish doctor, despite his uniform, is very much a pacifist by

temperament. So he has withdrawn from the ~~uproar and the~~ hideousness of

the odors, the collective emaciation, and ^{of these} ~~the~~ various other appalling sights

and pestilential sniffs. Indeed, he has ordered his opposite number, a German

submerged

doctor, considerably older than himself, (fifty, let us say, as opposed to his thirty-odd years) into a small sentry room near one of the barbed-wire enclosures of the camp, and there, through the dark hours, the two succeed in having a conversation, which is to say, a monologue by the German with occasional interjections by the Jew.

The older doctor has conducted some exceptional (that is to say, *unspeakable*) experiments on camp prisoners, and now in the course of this long evening, as alone with each other as two souls on an island not large enough for three, the senior, who is a Nazi, of course, indeed, an SS man, attempts to explain his worldview, *The unhappy fact is that it is still very much there* which is immense, fascinating in its details, positive in its philosophy, rueful *that* at errors that were made, yet *still* most painfully proud of the *so many* daring achievements that *had explored* ~~were undertaken~~ deep into the uncharted regions of *human potentiality and the heretofore unknown regions* the human and social unknown. *of the social contract, had been touched upon in passing.*

^{the German doctor's!}
~~This~~ ^{are} explanation ^{is} beautiful, cunning, and prodigiously disruptive to ^{superceded}
^{Worse!} the young Jew, ^{for this SS doctor} is not without a species of charm, ^{it is still} and is, in
^{addition,} quick, wise, immensely sophisticated, ^{certainly} and witty (despite the
 downfall of every last one of his dreams). To make matters worse, ~~of course,~~

he is even troubled by the vices inherent in his achievements. This last

^{in part} ~~seem~~ ^{human} or, at least not alienated ^{wholly}
 makes him all too human.
~~So~~ ^{from other humans}

By the end of the evening, ~~therefore,~~ the young doctor is ^{no longer able} unable to

^{Dulling beneath} listen. Beneath the pacifist—as one will always discover—^{lives} there is a killer. ^{close}
^{to madness at this assault upon his principles and}
^{loyalties, the American}
^{lcs} He picks up his revolver and shoots the SS doctor.

^{This is} This is, as I say, ^{come to} a novel that appeals to me. While I will never write it

since I do not wish to be bothered with the provenance of its publication, I ^{do}

have ~~nonetheless~~ a ~~fine~~ title. I would call it The Castle in the Forest. ~~Yes~~

Schlossenwald! ^{The} It is ^{is not without its irony, since} an ironic name for the camp in question sits on an

empty plain in ~~the~~ ^{low-yield} ~~relatively unproductive~~ potato fields of the eastern German ~~Prussia~~ ^{superficial}

~~Not many~~ ^{nor is there even} lands. No trees are in sight, or the hint of a castle on any horizon. Yet

Schlossenswald is the name that has been given to the compound by the

remaining ^{inmates of} German prisoners in the camp. If there was one pride left to the

prisoners—the best ^{of the still surviving German prisoners} of them, at any rate!—it was that they would not lose their

sense of irony.

If ^{is} you are German, and possessed of lively intelligence, then ^{your} irony, of course, ^{came to us} is vital to the German language. German, after all, is

^{as} originally the speech of simple folk, good pagan brutes and husbandmen,

tribal people ^{full of the} ^{So German is} ready to hunt, and so full of the sounds of the stomachs and the

guts, the bowels of hearty existences, and the bellows of the lungs, the cries

^{domesticated} Yet, given the demands upon ^{encounter and the} of command that one issues to animals. Given latter-day civilization, German

^{this people through} ^{to Germany} ^{the second Millennium to enter} ^{European} civilization, the ~~latter-day~~ ^{latter-day} tongue sought to

also seek to be as soft as the silk of a sleeve ^{and when it is sentimental tears}

^{Given} Such a linguistic venture ^{was} ^{proved} ^{only partially} ^{successful} Soft German ^{was} so sentimental, that ^{tears} ^{and tears} that taste of sugar are ready to flow. Irony, therefore, is vital to the German

^{we were everywhere ready to flow} ^{good}

mind.
~~tongue.~~ *superceded* *in those lands)* The upper intelligentsia of the denizens could not survive without it.
Cultural, the sounds of sugar meetings and the
resp of irony. (the Germans)
 How different they are from the French who believe that manner precedes

~~existence and so~~ encourage each other to speak through the nose.

Can the brightest among you

—One can perceive that I have given evidence already of not being

sufficiently interested in Schlossenwald to embark on such a book. I

seem less interested in the) *than*
 certainly have forsaken the ~~interesting and~~ (dramatic for the speculative. But

then, minor entities know too much to restrict themselves to that corsetting of form that is the novel. (If there is deficiency in apprehending what is meant by minor entities, think rather of small gods and lesser devils, of angels good and diabolical. In such a set of categories, (although the reality is richer and more various than the word demon) can be found the portion of space and time I choose—or have been chosen—to occupy. (Even a devil is obliged to

~~submerged~~
 confess that the roots of existence are no more defined for us, the petty gods
 and fallen gods, than they are perceived by men and women.)

Still, it is a loss

~~Still~~, I know a great deal. ~~Vastly~~ more than any of you who will read

this. I can, for instance, enter into many a mind ^{I can} and recover the past

experience of ^{any client I am assigned} the person I inhabit. Indeed, I can know it with greater

intimacy and definition than they can. ^{when focussed upon a single person's} My memory is close to absolute. ~~The~~ we

Can doubtless agree that the

average human has, at best, a critically impaired memory that ^{which manages} is still able to

ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ one or another impaired state, ^{whereas} ~~whereas~~ ^{being free of} the needs ~~of~~ ^{of} human ego

its store of nuance ~~in order to fortify my ego.~~ ^I Angels, demons and devils

Indeed, I

^{I exist} have no need of ego. They are, after all, under ~~the~~ near to absolute command, ~~and~~

~~that has taught me over the span of my working existence~~

of one or the other of the two divine and wholly opposed Masters who

intervene with many men, women, and children over the course of that greatly

fragmented war we call the course of human history.

inferred

I cannot speak for the angels—we see or feel them rarely (except as they appear occasionally in the memory of some of our subjects)—but we, who are perceived as some of the dark presences around-you, are not unlike humans in one vital fashion. While we do not live in such a way that we must die (although, of course, any entity, angel or demon, can be exhausted by his respective Master after after centuries, or eons, or terminal years, or never) our similarity to humans is that we succeed or fail in our ventures, and

~~have come to learn that success with my clients,~~
~~success, especially continued success,~~ produces agreeable results. We are

One is a

Over many periods,

given higher positions in the structure. (I have had many clients, ~~men~~ and

of those men and women women, and some have flourished in the exfoliation of ~~our~~ *our* design, *our outgoing projects* and some,

some, of course, ended by producing little but dire results
~~nothing but~~ produced dire results. (We could claim that we were ambushed by angels,

although it takes more than a few of those clear spirits to equal one well-established and highly coordinated demon.)

suburbs
 Mephistopheles certainly dwindled as did his Faust, but Goethe was with

On such occasions
 angels when he died, and my career suffered as a result. I was left to

a few more
 languish with some of the secondary figures of history whom, doubtless, I

(in)
 will have cause to mention later, and I was even punished (under the name of

the for
 being in need of greater seasoning) and so had numerous clients of petty

assumed clients of petty

(origin and less than modest achievement, serving girls who broke up dull

who broke up dull
 marriages and thereby ruined the amorous head of household, common

to
 soldiers who hurt the morale of their company by desertion, workers who

their union
 rose in the factory and turned corrupt, the mayors of small towns who got

I served
 into trouble with little boys, petty barons and counts who gambled away

and I could list
 ancestral holdings, petty suicides, petty thieves, drunken killers, unfaithful

they
 wives, flotsam and jetsam, a horde of clients all at once, for few there were to

only a few were there to
 present a problem, and rare was the putative malefactor who had an angel to

Submerged

~~guide him or her.~~ What I lacked in male or female projects of interesting

complexity or obdurate resistance to my ~~presence~~ and counsel, ^(could) more than

matched ~~ed~~ with the vast number of ^{now} ~~of virtually~~ nameless men and women who

were born out of little and usually ^{proceeded to} ~~amounted~~ to less, and I would have ^{could have been} ~~It was~~ ^(cause for)

despaired ^{as} since grand projects appealed to me ^{as recognition from} ~~(profoundly,~~ but the Maestro,
the social summit gives real life to a snob.)
~~the Arch One, the Over-Ruler, the Black Lord of our domain was still ready~~

to speak to me upon occasion and while I could never know whether he was ^{the Maestro} ~~was~~

using me for too little, ^{or preparing me for more,} or was truly sincere, ~~nonetheless~~ I did hear from him

on occasion in the secret-most center of my hearing that he had not lost his

eye concerning me, and ^{told me once that I was still among his favorites} ~~that all this was in preparation for what might be the~~

^{and a mightier task than any of ~~the~~ the Company!}
~~mightiest task any of us~~ had been engaged in since the first three centuries of

^{might yet be there for me}
the Church in Rome, yes, no less a venture than that, if I would keep the

faith, pay attention to the minor wretches and bullying thugs and drunks who

^{adder,} were my present day clients, ^{yes,} for, yes, a magnificent and mighty time ^{might be} was

^{I learned that that he had selected}
 coming, ~~and~~ he thought he might even have a client for me whose

^{potentialities might be}
 potetialities were (immense. Crude, ~~unformed~~, insignificant was this person

^{at present and his family was not worth measuring but family}
 at present, but the family history was full of the intoxicating stink of blood

^{which happened to be}

^{(Blutschand is, by the way,}
 scandal (~~but schandal~~ being the German word for incest). The boy in

^{stricken with timidity,}
 question, now a young man, was ~~timid~~, terrified of humans, had quit school

^{hopelessly superior to what}
 too early, was an avaricious reader who remained ignorant of most of what
^{he read, particularly when he could not understand it,}
^{and was, in addition,} and was possessed of
 he read, was lazy, prone to temper tantrums, had an ego comparable to the

^{All the same, he}
 size of a swollen belly, ~~and yet~~ (was desperately afraid of almost all ^{meetings} situations

^{with other humans,}
 including himself, and so had to support an immense but wholly useless and

^{and}
 inefficient ego, ~~was~~, yes, this boy was an absolute unmitigated mess.

^I
 I did not dare to ask, but of course could not hide ^{my reactions} one's thoughts from

^{the maestro}
~~him~~ any more than any of my clients could conceal the smallest ^{thoughts} ~~whim~~ from

me. ^{At once,} ~~So~~ he added: Why this boy? ^{Is it} ~~It is~~ because he has an ambition I find

attractive. ^{He} ~~It~~ happens to be the largest ambition one ^{possess} ~~has~~ ever encountered in

^a ~~any~~ human being who is not already insane. So I ^{would like} ~~want~~ you to take him on.

It's a project, could be hopeless,

^{and} ~~and bolstering~~, his empty terrors must be ^{bolstered}

filled with the most confident experiences you can arrange for him, ^{In time,} ~~his~~ if he ~~develops~~ ^{develops} promise, he could become ~~dreams must be able to realize there is a real ground waiting for them.~~

^{This is stated as} ~~will be~~ your only client. That is a sign of my commitment to this boy as a

~~worthy~~ ^{project} ~~project~~ ^{worthy} of a long continuing effort.

And if I fail?

^{Too many of} ~~Most of~~ our projects fail. We are exactly like the Dumkopf ^M ~~X~~ in that

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

thinking of Him. Yes, for those who can feel confused, I can state that the

Dumb One, His Fool, the Idiot, are three of the names given by the Devil to

I am prepared to

~~God~~. We can discuss this later, but for now, suffice it that he sees ~~God~~ as a

subscribed

the Maestro / (the Lord)

mighty brute, creative to his fingertips, but an absolute fool ^{wisely} who has no *sound*

notion of where He is going or how It (the Creation) will turn out. Whereas

our Other One, *at least* does have a vision *at least* (of how it can) ~~he, the Arch One, our Black Lord, has a fine idea of how it will all end.~~
~~the Contest can be trans-magical yet prove~~
~~be won.~~ *however* *new*

This was preface to my assignment. I was depressed, (The project

en route

sound of far away from fulfillment and prodigiously difficulty
 sounded prodigiously difficult, and therefore much in need of good luck—
It would be,

favorable historical times.
 which is to say, favorable times, I did not know yet that the boy was named

~~Now did I start at the so~~
~~Even so, the name of~~

Adolf Hitler, ~~but if I did, I would not have been unduly excited.~~ The First

The First

of lost pride

World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany right afterward had not

yet occurred. *a venture so much in need*
~~So there was no sign of favorable times for this project. I saw~~
~~need of successive magnificent or possible.~~ *a project so unbalanced this*

My role was putting me in as

myself therefore as a species of jockey on a horse of unbelievably long odds, *was*

the horse had been

too important a

my client and I had

who was being entered into a big race. After ~~we~~ failed, I could foresee

further demotions.

All that, now, is /

subverted

All that is ~~now~~ neither here nor there. We know, after all, what

happened to ~~that~~ ^{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, the other half being why I ^{now} (dare to tell the tale) can at least

^{explain why} ~~convince you that~~ the short novel I ^{contemplated} considered (writing about the SS doctor

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

too small for me. I knew more. *If I would break the* ~~It was incumbent on me to tell it.~~

First of the rules of our company by revealing even (June 4, 1999) the smallest of our procedures, then it was certainly incumbent upon me to explore much further into what I knew.

2.

I have spent my life looking to distort the truth while enjoying ^{many of} the lies I told. ~~(Most of them, anyway.)~~ Now, to my ~~surprise~~ ^{surprise}, ~~and~~ ^{and} I cannot ~~go~~ ^{embark} (on with the ~~proposed~~ novel for a larger reason ~~than~~ ^{than} that it is unconvincing.

The lies it would tell are at too low a level. Mendacity also makes its demands on art. By the time one has reached my situation, it is better to recognize that the only lie worth telling is one that is ~~grander~~ ^{grander} ~~and~~ ^{and} subtler than any you have fashioned before. ~~(or, larger)~~

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

*Incidentally - throughout, for the last of the intro, change
Special Exchange Section IV-2a to ^{my own} Section IV-2a*

evident to me in the writing, was to search out ^{the} interest I ~~possess~~ ^{possess} for
on certain significant
larger ~~matters~~ ^(matters). I believe it was for this reason that I observed so few of the
essential amenities ^(which) skillful writers employ when rounding out a plot that not
only did not happen, but could never occur.

So, for example, I do not bother to describe the room in which ^{the} ~~our~~
well-known head of the SS, ^(our all-too-well-known) the notorious Heinrich Himmler, ^{would offer} offered
instruction to those of us who were his favorites, but then it is ^{should not be} surely not
difficult to picture a small lecture hall with old ^{wood and} walnut panelling. Nor will I
present verbatim ^{more than a good sample} much of Himmler's dialogue since that is ^{not always equal} more banal and
^{to (actual)} more didactic than the life of his ideas. Nor will there be ^{I post up the} many questions
raised by ^{a few of his} us since we are all ranking SS officers in the particular Special
Section IV-2a of SS Intelligence ^{that a breezy} which I have mentioned, and so are familiar
with his style of ^{presentation} ~~presentation~~. By choice, the ^{presentation} writing is given over instead to
the content of his thought. Right there is the introduction to my ^{(lies) real} ~~real~~ intent—
^{be so bold as to declare} I wish to tell a tale I would ^{be so bold as to call} incalculable, that is, large, yet

is so resistant to conventional belief that, of necessity, I must approach degree
by degree.

The irony is that I, ^{a liar} ~~a liar~~ by profession, ^{is} of the most accomplished
skills ^{is} is now obsessed with telling what ^{is} might be true. This inclination,

a serious intelligence officer
 which for ~~us~~ ^{is} as fierce as the forbidden urge to destroy oneself, leaves me
 not knowing who I am, nor where I am exactly (other than for the gross fact
 that I am in America—good luck!)

Enough! Here is the chapter. It is now an orphan. I present it without
~~the original~~ ^{although purportedly} quotation marks ~~and~~ ^{Dieter is indeed speaking to the silent Jew.}

~~He~~ ^{signal} You have, Captain, to accept the fact that incest was a ~~real~~ ^{signal} problem
^{since it is} for us. It is ^{Families in that category} the true Gehenna of the poor, the very poor. Such families ^{have}
 been concealing such matters ~~or, if poor enough, taking them for granted~~
 over thousands of years. Our own peasantry ^{was} ~~has been~~ much afflicted by it.
 Normally, no one would care, ^{In the first place} since there is nothing to be done. How often,
 after all, can you pick out a ^{centrifugal} ~~guaranteed~~ product of incest? No, we swept it
 under the rug, as did ^{ranking} ~~all other~~ ^{him} officials all over the world, that is,
 except Heinrich Himmler.

~~He~~ ^{He}, however, had the most extraordinary ideas fermenting behind
 those unhappy spectacles. For a man with a bland and chinless mug, he ^{did have}
^{of his own. It was disruptive to many of us,} quite a mind, ^{but his} Godawful in its mixture of brilliance and stupidity. His ideas
^{but we did find ourselves listening, He was so much out of} were not like anyone else's. He ^{would} ~~was~~ for instance, a pagan. Can you
^{category. For instance, he declared himself to be a pagan} conceive of an orgy where carnality ^{would} rise to such a pitch that you might

~~even~~ find a woman ready to embrace Heinrich Himmler? Not even in the spirit of the game! You could see his face as it must once have been at a school dance, that unconnected stare of ^{the} a tall thin wallflower ^{who is} waiting by the wall. ~~Even~~ as a young man, he must already have had that small pot belly.

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

^{qualified} None of us felt ready to say that his theory could be ignored. ^{You must accept the fact, Captain, that Himmler had perceived on the Heinrich had perceived early in the development of the S.S. that one of our}

^{exceptional} First needs was to develop ^{finely tuned} research groups, an elite of elites, ^{if you will,} ^{who were} absolutely prepared to deal with questions that dealt with ultimates, or, by his ^{(the health of National Socialism depended, he would often} choice, leste-fragen—last questions. We were there to explore into the kind

of problem that others did not care to ^{go near} contemplate. Incest, naturally, was one

say, or nothing less.

forbidden subjects

often repeat

of the first on his list. If the German mind must, as he would become the leading upon — go went the ~~fatigued~~ syllogism — prevailing influence in the world, then give due recognition to his interests.

(Himmler)

(interested first in

Himmler's earliest preoccupations, after all, had been with agriculture. But

He could emphasize the obvious ~~problems~~ ~~could not be contemplated~~ to contemplate the problems of husbandry cannot be done without

(Yet, Himmler would tell us,

comprehending the peasant, yet to understand the man of the earth is to

(INSERT A)

very hard

speak of incest. That was one good reason, old peasants were so devout. We

did not need detailed studies to know already that a vertiginous, even

medieval sense of sin, must sooner or later manifest itself in one of two extremes: Either

religious practice, or nihilism. Absolute devotion to

religious practice, or nihilism. Indeed, if I recall his words correctly from my

student days, it was Engels who once wrote that about the time the Catholic

Church decided adultery was impossible to prevent, they made divorce

impossible to obtain. As much can be said for blood-scandal. The peasant

must be kept devout or there will be land riots." He nodded, he

nodded again as of two good pumps of his head

should be enough to convince us. And on he went. (B)

Yet, how was the average peasant to avoid precisely these temptations?

he would ask us next. Peasants, after all, he would

say gaily were, ~~entirely~~ ~~good~~ ~~are lost~~ Peasants, after all, are not the most attractive people. Their features turn ugly

from brutally hard work, and they reek of the field and the barn. Their spirits

may live in harmony with the seasonal sexuality of their animals, but their

bodies are at the mercy of hot summers. How, on occasion, can their

impulses not be unruly? Indeed, given the paucity of their social life, how are

Here, Captain I can promise you he would
beeb up his hand in that fussy little gesture
which Hitler ~~used to~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~
early days. This was
Himmler's way of saying:
early days. This was
Himmler's way of saying:
early days. This was
Himmler's way of saying:

Insert A
that flap of the chin
a list of his arguments
that we now summarize
a list of his arguments

Insert A
and on he would pronounce, "Yes," he
would say, "incest! that is one
very good reason that old peasants
are so devout. We, here, hardly need

they to stay away from entanglements with brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters? If he did not go on to speak of the daughters, all that propinquity of limbs and torsos at night, three and four in a bed, ~~but how did he have to suggest what~~ ^{how} So ensures the ham-handed naturalness of the most agreeable work of

all—that hard-breathing feverish meat-heavy run up the slopes of carnal joy.

"But, yes," he declared,

Yes, given the hammer and anvil of peasant life, more than a few ^{in the} agricultural domain ^{came to} ~~came to~~ see incest as the best option available. Who, ^{after all, will} would be more likely to

^{honorable} find the work-hardened features of the father agreeable than ^{if not the only} his daughters

^{are the only ones to} so often see their parents as the center of attraction and the fount of power? "

Give it to Himmler, then. He did not have to be a pagan to approve of

this cardinal sin. He had, after all, theories that he had stored in his head

over two decades. Moreover, he had not ^{immersed himself in} read Schopenhauer for too little. He

^{hegemony} was a great believer in the power of the Will. Heinrich saw the genes—a

wonderful new word for us in 1938—as ^{the physical} embodiments of this Will, ^{"We know,"} ~~a will~~

that sought ^{he said, "that the will seeks"} to be passed on from generation to generation ^{because its nature} while remaining

^{to remain} astonishingly true to the original vision. As he saw it, the Will and the genes

^{with his Original Vision} were synonymous with an ongoing project that at its best was ready to adapt ^{also} to the specific frustrations of each human life. Yet the strongest of genes

^{would} could also be ready to return to the original in-given impulse and was

^{it returned with even more power and purpose} sometimes more powerful (because of the privations, humiliations, disasters

* (Up-dep this to transcendence)
 1938-1940 Our German history can be seen
 this. The Original Vision is nothing less
 sense of our German history and this project

Original
 engaged in a search for the triad
 the adapt

Heinrich Himmler had
 a little
 it is to remain true to what I will call the Original
 Vision. The

P12a

and parent of these genes were able to return even more of their power and purpose to return the privations, the very infliction because of character and tragedy, they had suffered in being parcelled out from generation to generation. ~~Good~~

(P 13)

(12a)

is to remain true to what I will call the Original Vision. Let us posit that the will and the genes are direct manifestations of this Original Vision. We need no more than the cardinal events of our German history to confirm the truth of this. We Germans have been engaged from the beginning of human time in an effort to rise from the Ur-depths to the ~~to~~ Transcendental heights, a few of us can perceive. How many impediments have been in the way. It became obligatory for the Vision to be able to adapt to the specific frustrations of life. Yet no matter the punishments through which the strongest and best of the genes had to bear, no matter the deviation from the desired course, the most dynamic of the genes kept the ability of being able to return to the original in-given Ur-depth vision. We can even fix on the beauty of such an embedded process because the best #

and tragedies the gene had suffered. ~~Great~~ ^{I would tell you,} leaders, he would always tell us,

^{are} ~~were~~ the product of ^{we can} ~~came from~~ ten generations, not one. The measure of their success ^{by} ~~was~~ the degree of high frustration ^{this (is ready to)} ~~a noble desire~~ ^{from all directions} could suffer ~~repeatedly~~ these ten

^(the Original Vision) times down the line, provided ^{it} ~~it~~ was never bent wholly out of shape or ^{been} ~~or all together lost~~ conclusively defeated. In surviving such agonies from generation to

generation, one need not be surprised to find ^{occasionally} in a family of ordinary people

one true sage, ^{That would be many} ~~the~~ culmination of the segments of the stalk that never ceased

growing in order to produce a flower at the end. ^{while I} ~~He~~ Heinrich Himmler, ^{can} ~~was~~

not a pure example of this, since ^{can never feel ready to} ~~he~~ ^{never} ~~present himself~~ ^{as such a person} ~~it will~~

^{do} ~~had~~ an early transcendental development ^{back} ~~back~~ to Heinrich the Fowler, that great German king of the early Middle Ages

who stood chest-to-chest against Charlemagne in combat, ^{one} ~~the~~ ^{have} ~~but~~ that heroic

and so has left me to maintain this family success, ^{that} ~~he~~ ^{me most} ~~less~~ completely than the rise of Adolf

Hitler from his ^{most} ~~modest~~ roots. ^{rather than need} ~~to develop it~~ ^{further, so, the true}

"Now," said Himmler, ^{there} ~~are~~, of course, complexities facing the

thesis that the Exceptional One will emerge eventually from ten or even

twenty generations of ordinary or even debased stock. ^{Be it noted, that} ~~He~~ ^{captain} ~~preferred~~ the use of Exceptional One rather than Superman.

He now posed the criticism we were all contemplating. ^{How,} ~~he~~

asked, ^(not be obstructed by the) ~~can~~ such a family vision be continued by a mechanism of procreation

that brings together multimillions of sperm with one highly developed

Nietzsche himself, references to Nietzsche (p. 11) ran into too many confusions of a attitude given the contradictions in a Nietzsche was just a contradiction

ovum? ^{Again, he} He nodded forcibly. ^I I would propose, and by instinct I am confident of this, that the multi-million of sperm ^{tend to} all have the same overall objective even as ^{on the offensive} on the attack a regiment of infantry ^{are faithful in the main} to the need to take a given ridge. So, it is possible for the vision of the man ^{provided her ovum is not too much in dispute} and the woman to be compatible. I admit, however, that ^{usually} this thesis is

^{is usually} not the case. Compatible enough for procreation, perhaps, but not close enough to share the ^{same} vision. When we speak therefore of the creation of the Exceptional One, ^{must be} we are aware that not even one in a million families can produce such a result. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred million. In the case of Adolf Hitler, the numbers ^{may be} are even more astronomical.

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

then can we speak of these genes as reinforced. ^{a reinforcement they need most definitely in order to remain true to the original vision."} ~~He~~ Who could not see where Heinrich was leading us? Incest was the only answer. Obviously, ^{was incest that} it offered the highest possibility for such accord, ^{such striking similarity of ~~vision~~ purpose?}

"Yes," said Himmler, "but we also know that the products of incest all too often parade before us a host of early deaths, mental retardation, physical ^{various} anomalies and other monstrosities of maldevelopment. ^{Yes, and yes again."}

Has it to suggest that in every difficulty was a powerful solution

overall the spermatic objective.

He stood there sad and stern. [↑] That is the price humanity must pay. If the

best lies close to the worst, so does the ^{worst} reverse occur ~~even~~ more often. Not

only are the good tendencies encouraged in the child—the bad ones are also

accelerated. Since the plus and the minus of all the inner traits come from

the same pool of ^{predisposition} ~~anticipation~~ ^{we know that our} ~~our mysterious and sometimes contradictory~~

^{mysterious} friends, the genes ^{can also magnify} ~~so will~~ the less agreeable possibilities ^{with incest} also be magnified.

Instability is always close ~~then~~. Mental retardation is waiting in the wings.

We must recognize: The finer the possibilities for the future development of

a great spirit, so ^{too} ~~also~~ will excessive restlessness and impulsiveness be ^{present} ~~greater~~.

Obviously, that is bound to be punished by vast frustration, ^{social norms will bend the putative proud spirit} it is fair to

expect that such massive obstruction can, by early childhood, unhinge the

brain or induce early death. [↑] So spoke ^{only} ~~our immediate~~ fuhrer, ^{the} ~~our~~ head of

~~the S.S., and~~ Heinrich Himmler.

^{Heck there}
I think it was obvious to all of us in the room ^{being} that these quasi-scientific remarks were ~~being~~ directed toward our real inquiry. At this point, back in 1938, we were looking (in the greatest secrecy and precaution, you may be certain) to determine whether our Ultimate Leader was a first or second-degree incestuary, or neither. If the last, if neither, then Himmler's theory

had to collapse. Hitler was more than the best example—he was the proof
itself. 

Clarification

Now that we are done with that one chapter from a novel that is not to be written; I

be, at least, my own.
~~I have to confess~~

feel more ready to approach the one preoccupation I truly shared with Himmler. It was Adolf Hitler.

3.

~~a discourse by Heinrich Himmler~~
~~German people~~ ~~intro~~

Now that we are done with that one long chapter from a novel that is

not to be written, I feel more ready to approach my true interest. I confess.

share one preoccupation with Himmler. It is Adolf Hitler. He is at the center

of my ^{an} obsession—call it nothing less than that. Such a central obsession

comes as a vital question we cannot answer, a question that leaves us not able

us ^{from moving} ^{understanding of ourselves} to move forward in any of our serious ventures unless we obtain a clue, at

least, to the secret. Count on it that for most men and women, particularly

we Germans, ^{our} present obsessions are many. The first is: How guilty were

we? How guilty as a people, as a nation, ^{as a vision?}

— worst of all — as a vision?

Others ^{some} dwell on the nature of Hitler. They are obsessed with

understanding him. Was he an absolute monster? Or, did he betray himself

through grave faults of character through the spiritual greed of over-reaching?

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131-1561
 Double-space.
 Return today if you can.
 Otherwise first thing tomorrow
~~Return to~~

3.

In setting down these explanations, I ^{will that} must say it is one of our ongoing

missions to convince the ~~ruling~~ majority of the new technological world that

there is no such entity as the Devil and ^{this is crucial} most certainly there is nothing like

two ^{divine} ~~hierarchical~~ spirit orders. The universe is subject to reason, nothing else.

God, alone, as a solitary mystery, may be acceptable in some powerful quarters, but not the Evil One. One mystery, not Two!

There need be no surprise, then, that the general understanding of Adolf Hitler's personality is dim. He is, after all, a third mystery, 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. *(Nevertheless, over the years, I grew able to)*
~~In any event, I was able by the end to~~

How can I not?
comprehend his psyche better than my own. Obviously, I take pride in this.

(As a)
He was a close to unmeasurable specimen of the human, and ~~had~~ time

without question
~~enough to grow~~ *quite developed* 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 the young fellow who grew out of the boy as "little Adolf with the big ideas."

I can state that he was ^{new-born} a most ordinary ~~little~~ Hitler in the beginning—that is, he was ~~an~~ unhealthy ~~baby~~ and terrified Klara with every wheeze of his ^{his} ~~lungs~~ and bubble of sputum.

It is probably true that she was ready to die if he did not live. Devils are sound at anticipating motive, but our predictive attempts weaken at the borders of mortality. The Devil imposes, man proposes, and the Lord disposes, is not accurate in most cases, but we are obliged to recognize that ^{does} ~~it~~ is God who decides on the ^{timing of the} ~~death~~ of every human ~~of every age~~. Even ~~to~~ take an extreme example—an airplane, let us say, which we have brought into malfunction (a most difficult process!) ^{when it crashes not} ~~will not kill everyone on its crash~~

determines. Usually, in such a case, he will
unless Our Adversary so decides. He has to accept what we have succeeded

in doing because it is ^{too} costly ~~an effort~~ to countermand us—do not assume

~~too quickly~~ that it takes nothing exceptional for God to save a human on the

lip of extinction, indeed, He could not even save His Son, but there are
(as we are never tired of reminding our clients!)

occasions when ^{we} ~~death~~ ^{looked to create did not ensue,} that should ensue does not. God still disposes from

time to time, God still disposes

^{the question}
Be it understood, however, that ~~this all~~ comes down to expenditures.

We are fighting a war with each other and all wars are determined ultimately

by the ~~sum of the~~ cost to each side. Even as we are not all-powerful as

devils, because He is our Adversary, so is He not all-powerful because of the

cost of warring with us. To keep this understanding alive, the E.O. insists

that we never speak of the Lord as God, but only as the D.K. (What D.K.

means, I would prefer not to explain until later.)

It is Klara and her state ~~now~~ ^{now again} that she is ~~once more~~ ^a mother, which

calls more directly for my attention.

~~It can occasion no surprise that the~~ ^{It is} attention she gave to the early days

of her fourth child would have been hysteria in any woman who had less

cause for concern, but Klara was living ^{at} ~~on~~ the edge of an abyss. She had had

nine months and ten days to contemplate earlier years with Alois, all the way

in memory from the carnal steam of their first illicit bed to the rancid smell of

the sickroom as Otto, Gustav, and Ida had gone one by one in the same few

months of the same year. She had prayed devoutly to God to save them, and

He had chosen to rebuke her. As she saw it, that could only confirm the evil of her condition.

Since she could hardly begin to think
~~If she did not know~~ *way to comprehend* (that Alois was her father, she had no ~~certainly~~ who-

her reaction

he might be on the day he came to visit in Spital. She was sixteen and had

never seen a man who disturbed her *as much* — she took a *pull* step backward on *their* meeting at the door.

and *lurched into movement*
~~him~~ *her body lurching before her mind.* *might as well have*
~~It was as if she had received a blow.~~
 at the sight of him.

Alois,
 Yet she also admired him, and immensely, and at once. Her mother had an

expression on her face Klara had not seen before. For one instant, Johanna

had seemed beautiful, there in full pride and *laughing. On* ~~laughing.~~ In the next moment,

Klara shared the ~~same~~ feeling, a closeness to her mother that was more than

them

the everyday animal sense of sharing the same bed-rags of existence, no, it

was as if she inhabited her mother's heart for the blink of an eye, and then *took in*

the full source of the pang that followed

~~she shared the pang.~~ (In truth, Klara had a devil's experience. The only joy

~~that devils~~ ^{we can} know occurs in the instant we invest our spirit in the man or

woman who is to be our client. Johanna was not much of a devil (only for a

could one say that she had
day ~~had she~~ ^{been} more or less invested) but it was enough for Klara to share

her mother's desire ~~for~~ ^{for} Alois.

travel along
We need not, however, repeat ~~(the back and forth of Klara's passion for Alois~~

and Klara's piety. By the time Adolf was born, she would wash her mouth

every morning with laundry soap, given ~~Alois' nightly~~ ^{her mate's} predilection for

right
putting her head into his groin and keeping it there, one big hand on her neck.

then *so soon*
~~Small~~ surprise ^{if} her love was for the baby. ~~So soon as Adolf was born~~

and gave in the midst of all his early illness, some good signs of living—after

two weeks he could smile with delight at the approach of her face—she

began to believe that God might be kind to her this time, that He ^{could even be} ~~was~~ ready to

forgive if she would be perfect, ^{would} ~~that~~ He would spare this child, His Wrath

assuaged? Perhaps He had even given her an angel—such was the nature of

secret hope! ^{however required that} ~~yes~~ an angel, ~~provided~~ ^{she} had nothing more to do with her

husband.

^{had to face the possibility} ~~So~~ Alois soon ~~learned~~ ^{that} a will of iron, when properly forged by

prayer, is more powerful in a woman than in a man. ~~if~~ ^{he} could not at first

believe that her refusal to let him touch her was neither a whim ^{nor} ~~or~~ a new

species of drawn-out enticement. ^{the} ~~So~~ "You women go back and forth like a dog

chasing its tail," he told her ^{in exasperation} ~~finally~~, and seized her buttocks with one hand

^a and ~~one~~ breast with the other.

revolution
to be
crushed,
he
seized

(and hard enough to draw blood whereupon
~~she drew blood and~~)
She bit him on the wrist ^{so} hard that he cuffed her, ^{leaving her a} ~~She was left with a~~
^{(was obliged to lay} ~~bruised eye that he begged her to conceal~~ ^{(What a nasty} ~~(a nasty scandal if she decided to~~
^{all)} ~~face~~ ^(the women of Braunau who lived by their windows) ~~and so she could~~

not go out. For a week, his hand bandaged, he did the shopping early in the morning and after work—no tavern ale for those nights. After that, her discoloration no longer visible, he gave up ^(continued to sleep) ~~and slept~~ in a lump on his side of the bed.

Since this state ^{was to continue} ~~went on~~ ^{certainly} for close to three years, it will ~~be~~ worth
returning to Alois and the solutions he found to ^{let} ~~raise~~ a few of the privations
of ~~the~~ matrimonial siege, but for now, we ^{stay close to} ~~remain with~~ Klara. An intensity of
emotion is always ^{devil} ~~attractive~~ to a hard-working ~~servant~~, even as farmers
dream of ~~the black soil heaven will replace~~ ^{future} ~~for their crops~~.

So, ^{hardly} it need ~~not~~ be underlined that the death of Otto, Gustav and Ida,

~~which, of course, we did not affect, nevertheless~~ proved ~~most~~ useful to us, ^{even if} ~~we did not affect it. Obviously,~~ ^{of maternal love,} ~~it intensified Klara's love for Adolf past any usual measure.~~ When he

began to cry out as she kissed his cheeks, she even came to understand that it

was the odor of lye on her mouth and, Alois ^{now} ~~having been~~ driven to his ~~heavy~~

side of the bed, she no longer ^{we had} ~~wacked~~ her mouth in the morning, ^{but} ~~just~~ kissed

her baby ^{most obligingly.} ~~now~~ who gurgled, ~~rather than wheezed or screamed.~~

To the degree that the E.O. had us paying attention to this birth, we

were pleased. Excessive mother-love was as productive for the sort of garden

we were looking to cultivate as a whole absence of mother-love or a cruel

^{with all putative clients and their offspring,} distortion of it. ~~From the onset,~~ we were keyed to look for excess of every

kind, good or bad, loving or hateful—distortion itself, the warping of honest

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sentiment, even the intensification of desired sentiment was the ~~productive~~
~~ingredient in our variety of fertilizer, the~~ richest mix we could anticipate.

If the E.O. and the D.K. are generally obliged to ignore the majority of
men and women for their inborn limitations or for the stalemate our
adversarial interest in them generally creates, vastly more important to us are
those figures, chosen in childhood for a large investment before the D.K. or

Cudgels
the ~~Gidges~~ become aware of such infiltration. That, as has been indicated,

demands a gamble. Even as the E.O. chose Adolf early, and, I would

steadfast
suspect, by the reliable rule of thumb that an incestuous procreation followed

by swarms of mother-love is certainly a favorable beginning, *also* here we know that
~~that the E.O. was even present at the conception.~~ *the event was powerfully fertilized by*
the presence of that the E.O. was even present at the conception. There was then every

reason to expect that the child would prove extraordinary. If it lived. We
lose so many.

Nonetheless, when mother-love is ^{not only / but preserving,} ~~all-embracing~~ why then, artists,

gargoyles, ogres, geniuses, killers, and the occasional savior can come forth

as the product. The first ^{element of mutual recognition} ~~rule-of-thumb~~ in the struggle between the D.K. and

the E.O. is probably Their ~~mutual~~ understanding that no single splendid

human quality must ever prevail by itself, unaltered or unassisted by at least

one of Them. Therefore, even the noblest, most self-sacrificing and generous

mother can produce a monster. ^{if we get there first.} We are always on the alert for candidates

who are loved outrageously in early childhood.

By the time he was a year old, she called the boy Adi, never Adolf or

Dolfi. (The last was too close ^{to} ~~for~~ Teufel for comfort.) "Look," she would

say to her stepchildren, Alois, Jr., and Angela, "look, isn't he an angel, a little god," and since the baby had a round face, big round eyes, and a ^{small} ~~little~~ mouth,

and looked to them like any other baby, they nodded with easy obedience.

She was a good stepmother and that was all right with ~~them~~ ^(Alois, Jr. and Angela) since they had

heard from their father that their own mother ^{was} ~~had been~~ crazy.

^{with such exaggeration}
Klara knew she should not talk to Alois, Jr., and Angela ^{her step-children} about their

half-brother, ^{with such exaggeration}, but she could not help herself. ~~Her~~

Adoration welled forth with every indication Adi gave that, yes, he would still be there tomorrow, he would live.

She was certain she would keep him alive ~~by her nursing~~. Breast-feeding gave ~~her~~ the incontestable virtuous sense that she was putting her own strength into him. Her nipple was never far from his mouth. My minor

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^{night patrol}
~~night patrol~~ devils when out on ~~prayer patrol~~ in that region would report that ~~she was~~ ^{her prayers were}

more heartfelt than anyone in Braunau, any one of the near-thousand mothers of Braunau that they passed in the night. Devils, obviously, have minimal attachment to the

^{let alone the heart felt}
~~sentimental~~ but one or two were haunted by her, haunted, yes, a bit. Her

prayer ^{was} ~~was~~ that pure? "Oh, Lord, take my life if it will help to save his."

Other women, being more practical, complained to the D.K. about ^{what} ~~all that~~

was missing in their lives, ^{we were always} the most greedy and stupid looking to grab and

gorge ^{even} a better house, more money, a lover, "yes, if you permit it, Lord." ^{there} ~~was no comfort for which they did not lust,~~
~~they lusted for comfort.~~ (She looked to give comfort to the child, her breast,

count on it, always in his mouth.

While the E.O. was in general not sympathetic to breast-feeding since

^{stimulated} its absence ~~provided~~ ^{future} an essential if ugly energy in our clients, his attitude was

ready to reverse itself in cases of first-degree incest. For such situations, the closer the mother was to the child, why, the better for us.

The same was true of all the excretory dramas. A daily dirty butt on a baby, ^{it found daily} was a potential client for us ~~down the road~~. No chance of that with

Klara. If she ~~had~~ always kept a clean house, it was now ~~spotless~~ as spotless

as any rich merchant's home with its four or five servants, indeed, ~~her~~ more ^{then}

furnishings gleamed—it was as if she had ^(lived with) studied the paintings of ^{Jan} Vermeer

^{pip-squeak}
~~for~~ every day of every year. So, too, was Adi's ~~[cannot get]~~ of an anus kept ~~as~~
~~as immaculate as a glistening~~ ~~pebble~~ ^{pebble},
~~spotless~~ and of that, too, did the E.O. approve—an incestuary must always be

^{the importance of}
aware of his or her own excrement, a Diktat that was never quite explained to

us although it did offer ^{a hint of} ~~even more~~ a strong explanation merely by being

stated. Our basic instruction was that ^{every}no rule, no matter how generally

effectiv^e was ~~not~~ there to be reversed in special cases. Sometimes, I would even think that the E.O. ~~measured~~ judged our potentiality to improve ~~as his~~ ^{by our sensitivity to just the} ~~device~~ nuance — always be ready for the special case.

4.

Not long after Adolf was born, Alois decided to move out of the Pommer Inn. It was his twelfth change of address since he had first been assigned to Braunau in 1875, fourteen years earlier, ^{Alois} and ~~indeed~~, he had liked the Pommer Inn. ^{shows a} "It ~~partakes of the~~ spirit of elegance if you can use such a ^(what was) word about Braunau," ~~was~~ one of his prepared remarks ~~he~~ had about a

dozen he used repeatedly and felicitously to cover a hundred situations in
small talk. *je*

"Women are like geese—you can recognize them from behind," *uses another,*
Or,

Or, depending on the company—"recognize them by their behind."

detect a
"I can always ~~tell who is a~~ *detect a* gentleman or lady smuggler. They are too

good to be true, *they* they dress too well, they speak too well, and they work too

hard at looking you in the eye."

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Pommer Inn after
he had been there for four years, he would shrug. He was not about to bring

up the death of *his* ~~the~~ three children, and besides, that was not the reason. "I

like to move," he would say. He could have told a *bit* ~~little~~ more of the truth

which was that he had used up the few waitresses, chambermaids and cooks

at the Pommer Inn who were not too old or too ugly, he could have said (and

did to one or two friends), "when a woman goes dry on you, change your house. That can get their juices going again." He could even have given the real reason if he had comprehended it--no matter where he lived, sooner or later, a restlessness ^{came} would ~~come~~ upon him that was intolerable. ^{of} his flesh even itched as if ants were reconnoitering his skin. He did not ~~even~~ ^{have to} complain any longer ^(of minuscule pests in) about the sheets, the draperies, the carpets, no need, he knew it was time to move.

On the day, however, that the
The Hitler family left the Pommer Inn, then. He had on the day of
he had
departure a most uncharacteristic thought. It was that the dark forces of the universe had chosen him for high position and he must not ruin this ^{as a corollary to this,}

Such a
possibility by going to church. I will remark that his notion of high position was to be promoted to Chief Customs Official in the provincial capital of Linz (and indeed he was to achieve just that post before he retired.) Never

superstitious (except when he was) Alois later attributed the prestige of his

past position in ^{part} to the move he made at this time—from the Pommer Inn

^{rental house} to a home on Linzertrasse. He and Klara both agreed that they needed more

room, and this they had. Now there were no women in the attic, but he had

nosed out a place or two where he could stop on his way home from the

tavern ~~after work~~. Sometimes he even had to pay for the privilege, but then

the rent on Linzerstrasse was less than at the Pommer Inn. *It was really a dreary house.*

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She

infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they

labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for his skin would crawl, his

crotch would itch, and the beat of his heart tolled in his chest as if ^{those} ~~the~~ ants had every

reached ^{even} ~~to~~ there. Just so powerful was the presence of Klara lying in

silence on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of her as she

had looked on the night of her wedding. She had had a dark rose silk dress

made for the occasion, and wore a white collar, that much white she allowed

herself as a bride, and on her white forehead which he considered well-

shaped, yes, he would even grant her a noble forehead, she had teased some

charming curls. On her breast ^{was} ~~she had~~ pinned her one piece of jewelry, a

small clump of green glass grapes looking tasty enough to mislead you ^{to pluck one} And

then there were her eyes—no mistake! He had to fight against falling in love

with a woman who kept the cleanest house in Braunau just for him and for

three kids, a woman who was always as polite to him in public as to an

emperor, a woman who never complained about what she had and didn't

have and never nagged him about finances, a woman who still had only the

one good dress she had worn at her wedding party, and yet if he laid a finger

on her, she would have bitten it off. He wondered if the difference in their

age was now what it was all about. Better than marrying her, he should have put her in a nunnery. Yet his skin itched at the thought of how she would not let him near.

Drinking at the tavern, he would look to ^{regain his pride,} ~~get his own back.~~ (If he had

hated the Church in the first years of his marriage, he had by now developed

a high scorn for its hypocrisies, peccadilloes, and outright blasphemies. He

^{sometimes seen,} would read articles in an anti-clerical magazine he had discovered for sale in

an antique bookshop in Braunau, indeed, the store owner, Hans Lycid^a~~is~~

Leipziger, would meet him on many an evening for beer, and while the

bookseller kept himself above ~~all~~ the discussions but for nodding his head

^{wise} wisely from time to time, his ^{presence}, his shaven chin and upper lip, his full

^{his half-bald head of burgeoning white hair,} sideburns, his peephole spectacles, offered him slight but legitimizing ^a

resemblance to Artur Schopenhauer whose portrait was occasionally printed

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in the Braunau Zeitung, and so gave ^{support} ~~substance~~ to Leipziger's smallest assent,
just enough to take the other Customs Officers around the roughest shocks of ^{Alois'}
~~the~~ argument. While they were hardly to be counted ^{as} church-goers, "No
good man wants to be neutered," they were used to saying, they were still
officials, ^{a prestigious} ~~and~~ could hardly feel at ease when ~~any~~ institution was mocked, let
alone ^{the} ~~an~~ edifice of such extent, depth and lofty height as ~~the~~ Holy Roman
Church.

Not Alois. He felt no fear to declare that he had no fear. "If there is a
Providence larger than ~~our~~ Franz Josef's power to provide for us, then I have
not encountered it, ["] ~~or Him!"~~

^{not everything comes up to a man}
"Alois, ~~He does not go up to you~~ (with a sign," said the officer closest

to him in rank.

"Yes, it is all a mystery. Mystery, mystery, mystery, and the Church owns all the keys, they are the caretakers, yah?"

Alois
The others laughed uneasily, but ~~he~~ *was* thinking of Klara and how her piety had left a hot rock in his stomach, ~~and~~ *he* would grind this rock to

In the
powder if he could. "The Late Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The

whores had more respectability *than* the nuns. There was a convent up in *north*

(that was 905 thinking)
Franconia so bad the Pope had to call for an investigation. The Whores'

Guild was complaining. "Unfair competition" *and the Whore's Guild."*

"Come, now," said two drinkers at once.

"It is true. I could show you the text. Hans Leipzinger here can show

~~the text. He was a little too drunk to be certain on which side his authority~~ *He was a little too*
you the text." Leipzinger nodded slowly, reflectively. *He was a little too*

should
drunk to be certain on which side his authority ~~could~~ fall. "Yes," said Alois,

"the Pope sent a Commissioner and what does he report back *but that more*

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More than half. (history has to live with.)
~~then~~ half of the nuns are pregnant. *(That was the sober fact)* ~~They look next~~
is

Next, they look / Orgies
 into the monasteries. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force

that he had time to take a large draft of his tankard.

once new breath had been
 "That, of course," said Alois, ~~when he had taken in new breath,~~ "need

not surprise us. Half of the priesthood are ~~always~~ *momma's* boys. We know

that."

"No, we don't," muttered one of the younger officers. "My brother is
 a priest."

"In that case, I tip my hat to him," said Alois, "if he is your brother, he
 is different. But that was then. The priests who weren't ashamed to be men ~~went~~

in for the other
~~were another~~ kind of scandal. You ever hear the saying of *this back then?* ~~one Pope/Herr~~

Leipziger, what is his name?"

Leipziger made a vague horizontal sweep of the air with his hand. "I

remember," said Alois. "This Pope said, 'It is good when each peasant has a

wife because then no priest needs to marry.'"

^{had to be}
They were ~~shocked~~, but the force of his voice insisted ^{that they be ready} ~~on their~~

~~readiness~~ to applaud with laughter, so they laughed. "Yes, another saying,"

he went on. "The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the

^{enter}
Bishop cannot ~~enter~~ heaven ^{he has too} ~~too many wives~~ "to count."

"Which Bishop?"

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

^{had not forgiven}
Alois was still ~~furious at~~ the Bishop of Linz who had refused his

^{thereby} application to marry Klara, and so forced him to ^{appeal} ~~go on~~ to Rome ^{which, in turn,} ~~and made~~

^{had made him} him ^(in order) lie that he was a pauper ^{work of translating his letter} to defray expenses on the ~~translation~~ ^{into Latin}.

On the walk home, his mood was foul.

142

142-165 double-space
166-172 triple space

4.

Not long after Adolf was born, Alois decided to ~~move out of~~ ^{leave} the Pommer Inn. ~~Since he had been assigned to Braunau in 1875, it was his~~ ^{Having been here} ~~twelfth change of address in fourteen years~~ ^{this week} But, Alois had good words for the Pommer Inn: "It has elegance ~~if I can use such a word for anything in~~ ^{I don't know that I ever would} ~~else in~~ ^{he made often} ~~Braunau.~~ ^{such as} That was a ~~prepared~~ ^{little cute} remark — he had a dozen ~~he used in small~~ ^{of small talk} ~~talk~~ ^{Here are two} to enliven a hundred situations. ~~The two he used most often were~~ ^{not infrequently};

"Women are like geese—you can recognize them from ~~the~~ ^{behind} behind." Or, when speaking to fellow professionals: ~~"Learn how to pick out a smuggler. They~~ ^{"Know best It is easy} are too good to be true. They dress too well, they speak too well, and they work too hard at looking you in the eye."

Sp 143 of 03/11/
has been moved
over to 03/16/

11

before he retired. Never superstitious (except when he was) Alois later attributed the prestige of his last position in good part to the move he made at this time—from the Pommer Inn to a rented house on Linzerstrasse. He and Klara both agreed that they needed more room, and ^{now it of course} ~~this~~ they had. ^{to visit} ~~Now,~~ there were no female ^{manage} ~~possibilities~~ in the attic, but he could live ^{who lived} ~~(with that)~~. He had nosed out a woman ^{route} ~~with whom he could stop on his way~~ (home from the tavern. He had to pay for the privilege by giving her a gift ~~from~~ time to time, but then the rent on Linzerstrasse was low. It was ~~really~~ a dreary house.

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for his skin would crawl, his crotch would itch, and the beat of his heart tolled in his chest as if those ^{tormentors} ~~ants~~ reached even to there. Just so powerful was the presence of Klara lying in silence on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of her as she had looked on the night of her wedding. She had had a dark rose silk dress made for the occasion, and wore a white collar, that much white she allowed herself as a bride, and on her white forehead which he considered well-shaped, (he would even grant her a noble forehead), she had teased some

charming curls. At her breast was pinned the one piece of jewelry she owned, a small green cluster of glass grapes looking real enough to mislead ~~a man enough~~ you to reach for one. And then there were her eyes—no mistake! He had to fight against falling in love with a woman who kept the cleanest house in Braunau just for him and for three kids, a woman always as polite to him in public as to an emperor, a woman who never complained about what she had and didn't have and never nagged him about finances, a woman who still had only one good dress, the one she had worn at her wedding party, and yet if he laid a finger on her, she would have bitten it off. He wondered if the difference in their age was ~~few~~ what it was about. Better than marrying her, he should have put her in a nunnery. Yet his skin itched at the thought of how she would not let him near.

Drinking at the tavern, he would look to regain his pride. If he had disliked the Church in the first years of his marriage, he had by now developed a ~~high and~~ superior scorn. Now, he could say he knew a few ~~page through a section of~~ things. He would occasionally scan a chapter ~~in~~ an anti-clerical volume he had found in an antique bookshop in Braunau, indeed, the store owner, Hans Lycidias Leipziger, would meet him on many an evening for beer, and while

the bookseller kept himself above the Customs Officers' discussions by doing no more than nod his head from time to time, his wise presence, his shaven chin and upper lip, his full sideburns, his peephole spectacles, his half-bald head of burgeoning white hair, offered a slight but legitimizing resemblance to Arthur Schopenhauer whose portrait was occasionally printed in the Braunau Zeitung and so gave support to Leipziger's smallest assent, just enough to ^{bring} ~~take~~ the other Customs Officers around the more bruising turns of Alois' argument. While they were hardly to be counted as church-goers, "No good man wants to be neutered," most were ready to say, they were still officials, and could hardly feel at ease when a prestigious institution was mocked, let alone the Holy Roman Church.

Not Alois. He felt no fear in declaring that he had no fear. "If there is a Providence larger than Franz Josef's power to provide for us, ~~then~~ I have not encountered it."

"Alois, not everything comes up to a man with a sign," said the officer closest to him in rank.

"Yes, it is all a mystery. Mystery, mystery, mystery, and the Church keeps the keys, they are the caretakers, yah?"

The others laughed uneasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to powder.

"In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores, they were more ^{for themselves alone!} respectable than the nuns. They even had a Guild, ^{I have been able to read} about a convent ~~in~~ in Franconia so stinking bad the Pope had to investigate. Why? Because the Whores' Guild ^{complained to him} ~~was complaining~~ about the competition."

"Come, now," said two drinkers at once.

^{Absolutely true,}
"True. It is true. ^(Hans Leipziger here can show you the text.)"

Leipziger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be

certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois, "the Pope ^{says,} 'Send a monsignor to look into it, ^{Yah?} and what does he report? Half of the nuns are pregnant. This is the sober fact history must live with. ^{So} ~~next~~, the Pope ^{decides} to ^{Great} take a look at the monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals.'" He said it with such force that he had time to take a large draft of his tankard.

"That, of course," said Alois, once new breath had been ingested, ^{To this day, half} "need not surprise us. ^{Half} of the priesthood are mamma's boys. We know that."

"No, we don't," muttered one of the younger officers. "My brother is a priest."

"In that case, I tip my hat to him," said Alois, "if he is your brother, he is different. But that was then. *And I assure you; we were real* (The priests who weren't ashamed to be men *did worse* ~~we sometimes did worse.~~) *this same* were making another kind of scandal (You ever hear the saying of this Pope?)

Her Leipziger, tell us his name."

same Leipziger made a vague horizontal sweep of the air with his arm. "I ~~remember,~~ said Alois. *From the same Pope. He* This Pope said, 'No priest needs to marry so long as the peasant has a wife.'"

The force of his voice insisted that they be ready to applaud with laughter. So, they laughed. *"It was exactly like that," he said.* "Another saying," he said. "The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the Bishop cannot enter heaven—too many wives to count."

"Which Bishop?"

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

Alois had not forgotten the Bishop of Linz who, six years ago, had refused his application to marry Klara. In order to defray the expenses of

translating his letter into Latin, Alois had been forced to declare that he was a pauper. Six years ago, and it still rankled.

On the walk home, his mood was foul. He had come to the conclusion that the days of enjoying open tirades against the Church might be coming to a close. He was fifty-four years old, and for the last thirty years, had never worried about his position in life. He had known he ^{could and} would rise in the ranks open to him, and no higher.

Now, however, his belly was ^(most unsettled.) heavy. ^(Much uneasiness.) From a respected friend in the Finance Watch, he had heard there was talk of ^{been told that they were} promoting him ^{talking of a promotion for Alois Hitter up} to Chief Customs Officer in Passau. Given his lack of ^{respectable} ~~upper~~ education, that would be a true rise in rank. ^{"However, I} "Now, you must watch yourself, Alois," the friend had said. ^{still} "This is ~~at~~ a year away."

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

But now this respected friend who had his ear in the councils of the Finance Watch was saying, "Watch out for the people in Braunau."

That was a pang ^{travelled} ~~went~~ right to the hilt. Because Alois could not decide whether to trust this friend. He was a practical joker. In fact, he was the same one who had told him years ago: "The townspeople are nothing. ^{when} ~~Put~~

^{put} your thumb to your nose ^{indeed} when it comes to them. Alois had put together a good many habits around this remark, but the truth ^{tonight} ~~now~~ was that he had said too much ^{tonight}, absolutely, what with this rumor of being moved to Passau.

~~and promoted~~ ^{an} ~~was it nothing but a rumor?~~ Now, he was learning how much ambition he had ^{an} ~~ambition~~ ^{but} he had never admitted to himself. It ^{could have been} ~~was like~~ a river breaking through a levee. ~~It was a~~ flood. If he wanted to stay afloat, he had to stop pissing on the Church.

Yes, in this sense, his wife, a cold tit to him and a jug of warm milk to the baby—what a guzzler! never off of the tit—^{but to get} ~~but~~ ^{by all that}—she was a ~~very~~ useful wife. ^{High marks on} ~~High marks on~~ Kinder, Kuchen, Kirche ⁶ ~~6~~ good for the children, good cooking, very good with the Church. God might just as well have made Jesus Christ all alone for her.

Now, he, personally, was not going to be caught in church ^{at a High Mass} except for State occasions, holidays. He did not wish to ^{live} put up with a new itching attack. ^{no, he} He did not see the confessional box for himself, his skin ~~even~~ prickled at the thought. A serious official of the Crown baring his soul (and some of the private stuff below the belt!), no, not to one more priest hoping to find food for tonight's masturbation. Never!

Women, however, should be seen in church. It was time to accept that as a fact. The people in Braunau must not be able to say that he didn't allow his wife ~~go to Church~~ ^{to go through the portals,}

142-155
double space

For Monday A.M.
[at 11 o'clock]

~~156-165~~ 156-165
triple space.

4.

Not long after Adolf was born, Alois decided to move out of the

Pommer Inn. Since he had been assigned to Braunau in 1875, it was his
twelfth change of address in fourteen years. But, Alois had liked ^{good words for,} the

Pommer Inn: "It has ^{in small talk to} a presentation of elegance if I can use such a word for anything
in Braunau." That was a prepared remark—he had a dozen he used to cover a
enliven a hundred situations in small talk. The two he used most often were:

^{the same as} Some of "Women are like geese—you can recognize them from their behind,"
^{the} That was another. Or, when with professional company ^{speaking to fellow professionals:} "Learn to pick out a how
smuggler every time! They are too good to be true. They dress too well, they
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charming curls. At her breast was pinned ^{the} her one piece of jewelry, ^{she owned} a small ~~green~~ cluster of glass grapes looking real enough to mislead you to reach for one. And then there were her eyes—no mistake! He had to fight against falling in love with a woman who kept the cleanest house in Braunau just for him and for three kids, a woman always as polite to him in public as to an emperor, a woman who never complained about what she had and didn't have and never nagged him about finances, a woman who still had only one good dress, the one she had worn at her wedding party, and yet if he laid a finger on her, she would have bitten it off. He wondered if the difference in their age was now what it was about. Better than marrying her, he should have put her in a nunnery. Yet his skin itched at the thought of how she would not let him near.

Drinking at the tavern, he would look to regain his pride. If he had disliked the Church in the first years of his marriage, he had by now developed a high ^{and superior} ~~scorn~~, for now he could say he knew a few things. He would occasionally scan a chapter ~~or two~~ in an anti-clerical volume he had found in an antique bookshop in Braunau, indeed, the store owner, Hans Lycidias Leipziger, would meet him on many an evening for beer, and while

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Pommer Inn after residing there for four years, he would shrug. He was not about to bring up the death of his three children, and besides, it was not the reason. "I like to move," he would say. He could have told more of the truth which was that he had used up the few waitresses, chambermaids and cooks at the Pommer Inn who were not too old or too ugly, and he could have added (and did to one or two friends), "when a woman goes dry on you, change your house. That can get their juices going." He could even have given the real reason—no matter where he lived, sooner or later, a restlessness came upon him that was intolerable. His flesh itched as if ants were reconnoitering his skin. He did not have to complain any longer of miniscule pests in the sheets, the draperies, the carpets, no need, he knew it was time to move.

On the day, however, that the Hitler family left the Pommer Inn, he had a most uncharacteristic thought. It was that the ~~dark~~ forces of the universe had chosen him for high position. *(Since these forces might be dark, he did not wish to ruin the possibility by going too often to church.)* As a corollary to this, he must I will remark that his notion of high position was to be promoted to Chief Customs Official in the provincial capital of Linz *(and indeed he was to achieve just that post before*

he retired.) Never superstitious (except when he was) Alois later attributed the prestige of his last position in good part to the move he made at this time—from the Pommer Inn to a rented house on Linzerstrasse. He and Klara both agreed that they needed more room, and this they had. Now there were no female possibilities in the attic, but he could live with that. He had nosed out a woman with whom he could stop on his way home from the tavern. He had to pay for the privilege by giving her a gift from time to time, but then the rent on Linzerstrasse was low. It was really a dreary house.

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for his skin would crawl, his crotch would itch, and the beat of his heart tolled in his chest as if those ants reached even to there. Just so powerful was the presence of Klara lying in silence on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of her as she had looked on the night of her wedding. She had had a dark rose silk dress made for the occasion, and wore a white collar, that much white she allowed herself as a bride, and on her white forehead which he considered well-shaped, (he would even grant her a noble forehead), she had teased some

the bookseller kept himself above the ^{Customs Officers',} discussions by doing no more than nod his head from time to time, his wise presence, his shaven chin and upper lip, his full sideburns, his peephole spectacles, his half-bald head of burgeoning white hair, offered a slight but legitimizing resemblance to Arthur Schopenhauer whose portrait was occasionally printed in the Braunau Zeitung, and so gave support to Leipziger's smallest assent, just enough to take the other Customs Officers around the more bruising turns of Alois' argument. While they were hardly to be counted as church-goers, "No good man wants to be neutered," most were ready to say, they were still officials, and could hardly feel at ease when a prestigious institution was mocked, let alone the Holy Roman Church.

Not Alois. He felt no fear in declaring that he had no fear. "If there is a Providence larger than Franz Josef's power to provide for us, then I have not encountered it."

"Alois, not everything comes up to a man with a sign," said the officer closest to him in rank.

"Yes, it is all a mystery. Mystery, mystery, mystery, and the Church keeps the keys, they are the caretakers, yah?"

The others laughed uneasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to powder. "In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores, they were more respectable than the nuns. They even had a Guild. I have been able to read about a convent ~~there up north~~ in Franconia so stinking bad the Pope had to investigate ^{what?} because the Whores' Guild was complaining about the ^{sh} competition."

"Come, now," said two drinkers at once.

"True. It is true. Hans Leipziger here can show you the text."

Leipziger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois, "the Pope sends a monsignor to look into it, and what does he report? Half of the nuns are pregnant. This is the sober fact history must live with. Next, the Pope takes a look at the monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force that he had time to take a large draft of his tankard.

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"No, we don't," muttered one of the younger officers. "My brother is a priest."

"In that case, I tip my hat to him," said Alois, "if he is your brother, he is different. But that was then. The priests who weren't ashamed to be men were making another kind of scandal. You ever hear the saying of this Pope? Herr Leipziger, tell us his name."

Leipziger made a vague horizontal sweep of the air with his arm. "I remember," said Alois. "This Pope said, 'No priest needs to marry so long as the peasant has a wife.'"

The force of his voice insisted that they be ready to applaud with laughter. So, they laughed. ^{"Another said."} "One more saying," he went on. "'The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the Bishop cannot enter heaven—too many wives to count.'"

"Which Bishop?"

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

Alois had not forgotten the Bishop of Linz who, six years ago, had refused his application to marry Klara. In order to defray the expenses of

translating his letter into Latin, ^{Alois} he had been forced to declare that he was a pauper. Six years ago, and it still rankled.

On the walk home, his mood was foul. He had come to the conclusion that ^{the} his days of enjoying ^{had} these open tirades against the Church might be coming to a close. He was fifty-four years old, and for the last thirty years, had never worried about his position in life. He had known he would rise in the ranks open to him, and no higher.

Now, however, his belly was heavy, ^{Much} with uneasiness. From a respected friend in the Finance Watch, he had heard that there was talk at Vienna ^{headquarters} of promoting him to Chief Customs Officer in Passau. Given his lack of upper education, that would be a true rise in rank. ^{"Now, you must"} So, watch yourself, Alois," the friend had said.

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

But now this respected friend who had his ear in the councils of the Finance Watch was saying, "Watch out for ^{the people in} ~~bad stories~~ about you in Braunau."

That was a pang ~~(you could say)~~ ^{decide whether to} went right to the hilt. Because Alois could not ~~trust this friend~~. ~~Not completely!~~ He was a practical joker. In fact, he was the same one who had told him years ago: "The townspeople are nothing. Put your thumb to your nose when it comes to them." Alois had put together a good many habits around this remark, but the truth now was that he ~~felt up~~ ^{absolutely, what} he had said too much tonight. Now, ^{(with this rumor of being} moved up to Passau and promoted—was it ^{nothing but} a rumor? Was it real? Now, he was learning how much ambition he had, ambition that he had never admitted to himself. It was like a river breaking through a levee. It was a flood. If he wanted to stay afloat, he had to stop pissing on the Church.

Yes, in this sense, his wife, a cold tit to him and a jug of warm milk to the baby—what a guzzler! never off of the tit—but ^{go beyond that—she was} ~~a very useful wife~~ all the same. High marks on Kinder, Kuchen, Kirche—good for the children, good ~~with the~~ ^{with} cooking, very good ~~concerning~~ the Church. God might just as well have made Jesus Christ all alone for her.

Now, he, personally, was not going to be caught in church except for State occasions, holidays. He did not wish to put up with a new itching attack. He did not see the confessional box for himself, ~~absolutely~~ his skin even prickled at the thought. A serious official of the Crown baring his soul (and some of the private stuff below the belt!), no, not to one more priest hoping to find food for ~~a new~~ ^{tonight's} masturbation. Never!

Women, however, ~~had to go to church~~ ^{should be seen in}. It was time to accept that as a fact. The people in Braunau must not be able to say that he ~~wouldn't let his~~ ^{didn't allow} wife ^{to} go to Church.

5.

Within ^{the} our Company, we look upon ambition as ~~the~~ ^{a most} powerful force ~~which~~ ^{is} at our disposal, while we are obliged to accept the ~~fact~~ ^{fact} that the earliest ^{created} ~~instincts~~ ^{instincts} were given to men and women by God. even as He gave ~~each~~ ^{each} and all of the necessary instincts to the animals,
 (we look upon human feelings as ^{more} ~~instincts~~ ^{instincts} human feelings, nonetheless, are also available to us for adaptation and
 transformation. Of ^{no} ~~none~~ ^{is} this more true than ambition and ^{its} ~~avarice~~ ^{corollary}. ~~For~~
~~example~~, you may be certain that it was the E.O. who developed the concept

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A truism:
of money.) *(There are men and women who will do anything for money. Yet*

to be the same as,
we do not consider avarice ~~as equal with greed~~ but ~~look upon it~~ rather ~~as~~ *we look*
upon it as
the vehicle of greed. Ambition, if taken in the same light, can be described

That
as the vehicle of Vision. ~~Which~~ *is* why God, in the beginning, was interested

(putting serious) not only in restraints upon behavior but also *encouraged* ~~in its opposite~~ ambition, *(I cannot*
speaking with certainty on this point, but I would suggest
that the D.K. not only had His Vision of what humankind should become but He also

desired that each man and woman should be ready to fulfill ~~his or her~~

of an arduous part *in that Vision* ~~that, at least, is how I expect the~~
~~a clear-cut project, I would wager, at least as the~~

~~D.K. saw it in the beginning.~~

from the beginning?
Be certain that the E.O. knew enough ~~to appropriate his~~ large portion

new of the *this* mechanism. I speak with authority on *a* the matter for *this* good reason

Both sides of the equation make sense. In order that the Vision be effective,

God gave great power to human ambition. In doing so, He left *(the E.O. room to sweep up*
~~us~~ with a rich

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a rich

(field of clients. It may be sacrilege to some, but I would even argue that ~~the~~ God

~~is~~ miscalculated, and seriously so. Ambition is not only the most

*Assuredly,
certainly, it is*

powerful of the emotions but the most unstable, the most susceptible to

almost that
distortion or defeat—which ~~close to~~ always creates for us a putative client, *for us*.

(It may even be argued that *one* substitute for *thwarted* ambition ~~once~~ *precisely* defeated is avarice,

for that is

the one emotion that the D.K. intended as an aid to loyalty, to steadfastness,

*yes! That is
(because avarice*

is steadfast, avarice possesses the E.O., however,

~~is~~ a narrow ~~but intense~~ point of view, whereas the E.O. has the first of the Alchemists

(and far and away the best!)

Alchemists) transmuted *that emotion* (into ~~for~~ greed, since avarice, *employed* properly by us, is a

malformation of loyalty—*it is* outrageous blind loyalty to oneself.

we look upon it as
Still, it is ~~obviously~~ a secondary factor in human affairs. It is ambition, *rather*

that the E.O. seeks to *capture* ~~transmute~~ in *our* likeliest candidates. The D.K.,

always a prodigious optimist, had not foreseen that the only men and women

who could promulgate the Vision through the intensity of their ambition

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would have to be ~~nothing less than~~ ^{so} saints. The D.K. ~~had~~ miscalculated altogether. The E.O. had a ~~far~~ better comprehension of how men and women were likely to develop, ~~than God and/or the angels~~.

As was the case with Alois, ambition ~~is~~ ^{can be} often the most secret of the emotions. ~~It can~~ ^(Once loosed, it is ready to) tear all of one's long-guarded vanities about the purity of ^{one's own purity, honor,} ~~one's self~~ ^{and pride} into psychic shreds, ~~so soon as~~ ^{For it is then that it} bursts forth in its real embodiment—the blind force of the heart.

Let it come as no surprise that Alois was not ~~alone in suffering~~ ^{the only one in the family to suffer} this

~~this~~ ^(It is a true germ.) disruption. Ambition is a true germ. ~~It is~~ ^{Since Klara} infectious. Klara was feeling her own kind of ambition. Now that she had a child who was giving ^{some} ~~a few~~ vital

signs of staying alive, and this due, she believed ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ very large part, to the ~~life~~

~~in~~ ^{Klara} the milk of her breasts—the most generous joy she had ever felt ~~now~~

wanted ~~all~~ ^{and} everything for her child, her Adi, and to such a degree that she

was even ready to contemplate forgiveness for Alois, a little in any case.

enough to allow him to cross the middle of the bed. ~~the hands at least,~~

So, their second courtship began. It was not at all like the night when Gustav was conceived. She was still breast-feeding Adolf and so there was no question of a pregnancy. That would have to wait. What inspired her interest in Alois is that she came to recognize that he had built the strongest of foundations for their living child, Adolf, ~~her~~ her Adol. Even as Alois had risen from the mud of Strones and Spital to the honor of a uniform ⁱⁿ and the service of Emperor Franz Josef, so how could one begin to measure the ^{heights to which} great distances ~~that~~ ^{Adolf} could ~~travel~~ ^{mount} if his ability to rise above his origins was equal to the success of the father?

For that, however, he might need a father who could love him. Once, in her gentlest voice, she had said to

Alois, "Sometimes, I must wonder if ~~you are also~~ why you never love (Ade)." (157)

"It will just make the ~~boy and the~~ girl jealous," he answered, referring to Alois, Jr. and Angela. "Jealous children are not to be trusted with values."

"They hold him all the time," she said.
"They are not ~~jealous~~ jealous. They love him."

"~~Set it~~ ^{set up} keep it that way."

"Ade, Alois, sometimes I am afraid he is not very important to you."

She had gone one step beyond the last step she had thought to take.

Now, he was ^{stirred} ~~amazed~~, bad enough that he had only had a hint, ~~now she~~ ^{even} was looking to bully him. "Yes," he said, "he is not yet 'important to me,'" he said, "but I can answer. He is not yet important to me. I want to see if he will live."

She did not weep often, but this time she burst into tears, and knew, even as ~~tried to resist~~ she heard the painful sounds of her voice that this would last

happened, she felt weak before him. (198)
again, she was not free of loving him.

At that moment, the dog began to bark. Alois had bought a hound at a ~~very~~ low price from a farmer he knew. Since he lived in a house, now, rather than on a farm, he considered the added protection worth the cost. But the dog disappointed him, while he worshipped Alois and gawwled at long sniffs ~~of~~ tone in his master's voice, he did not seem otherwise ~~about~~ alert, and he had nervous habits. When Alois ~~now~~ now shouted at him to be silent, the voice was so forcefully abrupt enough to open the animal's system for urinating, that is, the poor dog urinated on the floor.

Afterward, Alois would regret this, but now he began to whip the beast, ~~until~~ it whined so loudly, its belly soaked in its own outpouring, as it tried to crawl away, it began to howl and the sound, like the children, Claire, first, then Angela, and Adi, at the last, not yet ~~too~~ ~~far~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~.

~~two years~~
old, but agile enough to get out of his (199)
low bed, and walk into the midst of them.
Klara leaped up to seize him, ready for the
worst, she hardly knew what ~~that~~
the child would step into all the while,
that he would weep for her breast, and
Alain might strike them both — she had
seen the look in her husband's eye when
Adi was as greedy as a new-born animal
on her mother's tit. And of this husband
known to the contrary, the ~~brave~~ child
stood there and looked with solemn interest
at the whimpering dog and the flailing
hand of the father, ~~and then~~ and the
child's eyes had a gleam she had never
before, a look of remarkable intensity for
one so small. She had seen it on his face
when suckling him, he would ~~stand~~ ^{stand fast} at
her in communion with an expression
equal to the few times she had seen such
a look on Alain's face, the ~~remarkable~~ ^{rare tender}
~~kindness~~ ~~and~~ ~~that~~ look of a lover
overwhelmed for a moment by the ~~intensity~~
of ~~the~~ equality of flesh upon flesh, soul

to soul, the very communion of it, made (the)
possible to spiritualize the other word & a
word. In such instances, she had felt
as if this could ever closer to her and
knew more about her ~~than~~ than anyone
ever before.

Now, he had much of the same look as he
gazed upon the world and the red face
~~of his~~^{of him} ~~was~~ fatting. There was no tenderness,
in this look, but such comprehension, ~~and~~
he was again in communion — with the pain
of the ~~dog~~ hound, ~~and~~^{and} the fury of the battle —
Klara felt as if he was in communion
with their communion: they understood each
each other, and he understood them.

She no longer wept. She felt an odd
panic as if she must now encourage
the little boy to weep so ~~that~~ she
could give ~~him~~ him the breast and thereby
remove him from knowing too much ~~too~~
very ^{soon} ~~soon~~. Indeed, she succeeded. A di-
vurst into a rage when she seized him
up and took him out of the room and
force fed him her breast - so soon as
she dared to brave ^{his screaming and} his first new teeth
and indeed he ~~was~~ ^{was} not far enough

her to cry out, whereupon he gave a deep (166)
and hearty chuckle as if they were ~~being~~
back together again.

~~In the room~~ From the room she had
just quit, she could ~~hear~~ hear Alvin
bellowing at Alvin, Jr. and begging
to clean up the ~~mess~~ puddles, right.

"That dog can't even shit right,"
he cried out in his own pain at the
awful turn the evening had just taken.

6.

If it will be noted that I write about ^{my} ~~these~~ people in all the modes, an average good novel ^{is} ~~is~~ attempt, that is, historically, objectively, ironically, sympathetically, judgementally, even compassionately, it should come nevertheless as no surprise. Just because I am a devil of indeterminate high rank (in the Company our ~~rank~~ relative hegemony is not always recalled to us) that does not mean that I must write like a devil. The E.O. has instructed us from the commencement of our service that the best way for us to be of the greatest use to him is to make human kind our study, and we do the E.O. honor every time we can appreciate a man or woman in all their complexity which is a way of saying saying that we should feel a

close to what is really in them as to (163)
what is diabolical. To comprehend
those ~~other~~ sides of human beings
which are inimical to us is as important
as ~~to~~ it is to develop their potentialities
in our direction. If there were religious
Orders in the Company, I would be prepared
to say that for the most part I would
be Jesuit for I share a fundamental
~~and~~ understand as, for certain, does
the F.O. — one must acquire a sympathetic
understanding of all that is in essence
and ultimately our final adversary,
know more about this ~~diabolical~~ godly
sectments than God Himself.

That is why the F.O. encourages us to
speak of God as the D.K., at least those
of us who work in German-speaking lands.
D.K. ~~are~~ are the initials we use for Dummkopf.
It is not that we look upon God as ~~stupid~~
directly stupid, ~~but rather~~ (far from
that, at bottom, and strangely, our dream

Cudgels, can on occasion be as
bright and incisive as we are) but (167)
the root of the name comes from the
E.O.'s desire to warn us from our
greatest weakness in the past - which
was the covert secret admiration and
intimidation we felt before God.

~~"too often, the weakness"~~
It was only fair, it was only accurate
the E.O. imparted to us that we realize,
the ~~balance~~ balance. The angels had
succeeded in naming our Source as
the Evil One, and ~~so~~ successfully
that we were obliged to live with it
it, until ~~the~~ ^{our} Source had decided that
the best way to manage this insult of
nomenclature was to adopt the
initials E.O., and take pride in them.
Which we do. We don't write E.O. or
speak of the Evil One it is with pride
in the richness of the concept the ~~has~~
has given us about ourselves and
~~our~~ himself our subtle master
to

who round duffers capitalizing (165)
~~has~~ references to him, "leave all that
to the ~~the~~ God-worshippers," he tells us, "let
~~us~~ want none of them, we ~~have~~
have too much tricky work to do. Let
us content ourselves ~~rather~~ rather
by coming to think of him more and
more as the Dummkopf. For that is
what he is. Leave Wright far far,
and if later we may even be more
creative, it is our wisdom to gain and
his to lose. Do not cease calling him
the Dummkopf, let him try to live with
D.K. as well as I do with E.O." 4

Double-space final
for Friday morning

4.

Not long after Adolf was born, Alois decided to move out of the

Pommer Inn. ^(it) ~~It~~ was his twelfth change of address since he had been

assigned to Braunau in 1875, ⁱⁿ fourteen years ~~earlier~~. Indeed, Alois had liked

the Pommer Inn: "It has the ^{tone} ~~spirit~~ of elegance if ^I you can use a word like *that*

ⁱⁿ ~~'elegance'~~ about Braunau." ^{It} ~~That~~ was ^a ~~one of his~~ prepared remarks — he had

a dozen he used ~~repeatedly and felicitously~~ to cover a hundred situations in small talk.

"Women are like geese—you can recognize them from ^{the} behind," was another. Or, ^{when} with professional company—"I can ^{pick out every time} detect a smuggler. They are too good to be true. They dress too well, they speak too well, and they work too hard at looking you in the eye."

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Pommer Inn after ^{residing} he had been there for four years, he would shrug. He was not about to bring up the death of his three children, and besides, it was not the reason. "I like to move," he would say. He could have told ~~a bit~~ more of the truth which was that he had used up the few waitresses, chambermaids and cooks at the Pommer Inn who were not too old or too ugly, and he could have added (and

did to one or two friends), "when a woman goes dry on you, change your house. That can get their juices going." He could even have given the real reason—no matter where he lived, sooner or later, a restlessness came upon him that was intolerable. His flesh itched as if ants were reconnoitering his skin. He did not have to complain any longer of miniscule pests in the sheets, the draperies, the carpets, no need, he knew it was time to move.

On the day, however, that the Hitler family left the Pommer Inn, he had a most uncharacteristic thought. It was that the dark forces of the universe had chosen him for high position and, as a corollary to this, he must not ruin such a possibility by going to church. I will remark that his notion of high position was to be promoted to Chief Customs Official in the provincial capital of Linz (and indeed he was to achieve just that post before he retired.)

Never superstitious (except when he was) Alois later attributed the prestige of

his last position in good part to the move he made at this time—from the

Pommer Inn to a rented house on ^{S/}Linzerstrasse. He and Klara both agreed

that they needed more room, and this they had. Now there were no ^{female}women

possibilities, could live with that. He had
(in the attic, but he had nosed out a place or two where he could stop on his
woman with whom

way home from the tavern. Sometimes he even had to pay for the privilege, *by*
giving her a gift from time to time,
but then the rent on Linzerstrasse was *less than at the Pommer Inn.* It was
low.

really a dreary house.

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She

infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they

labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for his skin would crawl, his

crotch would itch, and the beat of his heart tolled in his chest as if those ants

reached even to there. Just so powerful was the presence of Klara lying in silence on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of her as she had looked on the night of her wedding. She had had a dark rose silk dress made for the occasion, and wore a white collar, that much white she allowed herself as a bride, and on her white forehead which he considered well-shaped, yes (he would even grant her a noble forehead) she had teased some charming curls. ^{At} On her breast was pinned her one piece of jewelry, a small ^{green} ~~cluster~~ ^{reach for} ~~clump of green~~ glass grapes looking tasty enough to mislead you to ~~pluck~~ one. And then there were her eyes—no mistake! He had to fight against falling in love with a woman who kept the cleanest house in Braunau just for him and for three kids, a woman always as polite to him in public as to an emperor, a woman who never complained about what she had and didn't

have and never nagged him about finances, a woman who still had only ~~the~~
one good dress ^{the one} she had worn at her wedding party, and yet if he laid a finger
on her, she would have bitten it off. He wondered if the difference in their
age was now what it was ~~off~~ about. Better than marrying her, he should have
put her in a nunnery. Yet his skin itched at the thought of how she would not
let him near.

Drinking at the tavern, he would look to regain his pride. If he had
hated the Church in the first years of his marriage, he had by now developed
a high scorn ~~for its hypocrisies~~ about which he could say he knew a few
things. He would ^{occasionally} ~~sometimes~~ scan ^{a chapter or two} ~~articles~~ ^{in an article or two} in an anti-clerical ^{volume} ~~magazine~~ ^{he had found}
~~discovered on the shelves~~ in an antique bookshop in Braunau, indeed, the
store owner, Hans Lycidias Leipziger, would meet him on many an evening

for beer, and while the bookseller kept himself above the discussions by doing no more than nod his head from time to time, his wise presence, his shaven chin and upper lip, his full sideburns, his peephole spectacles, his half-bald head of burgeoning white hair, offered him a slight but legitimizing resemblance to ^{Arthur}~~Arthur~~ Schopenhauer whose portrait was occasionally printed in the Braunau Zeitung, and so gave support to Leipziger's smallest assent, just enough to take the other Customs Officers around the ^{more bruising}~~roughest~~ turns of Alois' argument. While they were hardly to be counted as church-goers, "No good man wants to be neutered," most were ready to say, they were still officials, and could hardly feel at ease when a prestigious institution was mocked, let alone the Holy Roman Church.

Not Alois. He felt no fear ^{in declaring /} to declare ~~(that he had no fear.~~ "If there is a

Providence larger than Franz Josef's power to provide for us, then I have not encountered it."

"Alois, not everything comes up to a man with a sign," said the officer closest to him in rank.

"Yes, it is all a mystery. Mystery, mystery, mystery, and the Church ^{keeps} ~~owns~~ the keys, they are ~~the~~ caretakers, yah?"

The others laughed uneasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety ~~had~~ left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to

powder. "In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores ^{they were} ~~had~~ ^{respectable} ~~more respectability~~ ^{They even had a Guild} ^{I have been able to} than the nuns. ~~You can~~ read about a convent there

up north in Franconia so stinking bad the Pope had to investigate. Believe

me, the Whores' Guild was complaining *about the competition. Unfair!* ~~Unfair competition!~~ said the

~~Whores' Guild.~~

"Come, now," said two drinkers at once.

"True. It is true. I could show you the text. Hans Leipziger here can show you the text." Leipziger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois, "the Pope sends one of his people and what does he report? Half of the nuns are pregnant. No! More than half. This is the sober fact history must live with. Next, they look at the monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force that he had time to take a large draft of his tankard.

"That, of course," said Alois, once new breath had been ingested, "need not surprise us. Half of the priesthood are mamma's boys. We know that."

"No, we don't," muttered one of the younger officers. "My brother is a priest."

"In that case, I tip my hat to him," said Alois, "if he is your brother, he is different. But that was then. The priests who weren't ashamed to be men were making another kind of scandal. You ever hear the saying of this Pope? Back then? Herr Leipziger, what is his name?"

Leipziger made a vague horizontal sweep of the air with his arm. "I remember," said Alois. "This Pope said, 'No priest needs to marry so long as the peasant has a wife.'"

The force of his voice insisted that they be ready to applaud with laughter. So, they laughed. "One more saying," he went on. "'The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the Bishop cannot enter heaven—too many wives to count.'"

"Which Bishop?"

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

Alois had not forgotten the Bishop of Linz who, six years ago, had refused his application to marry Klara. In order to defray the expenses of translating his letter into Latin, he had been forced to declare that he was a pauper. Six years ago, and it still rankled.

On the walk home, his mood was foul. He had come to the conclusion that his days of enjoying ^{these} open tirades against the Church might be coming to

a close. He was fifty-four years old, and for the last thirty years, had never worried about his position in life. He had known he would rise steadily, if slowly, in the ranks open to him, and no higher.

Now, however, there was uneasiness. From a respected friend in the Finance Watch, he had heard that there was some talk at Vienna headquarters of promoting him to Chief Customs Officer in Passau, a rise in rank that, given his lack of upper education, would be close to unprecedented. "So, *rough* watch yourself, Alois," the friend had ^{*said*} ~~told him~~.

He had always seen himself as exceptional, afraid of no one (except ^{*certain*} for ~~his~~ ^{*superior*} in uniform), possessed of a genuine magnetism for women (how many men could say that much for themselves?) and up from the ranks,

a low peasant. Moreover, he had never been timid about public opinion.

^{he knew}
~~Almost~~ nobody else could say that.

But now his respected friend with an ear in the councils of the Finance

Watch was saying ^{Breunau} to him, "Be careful of bad stories about you in ~~Breunau~~."

^{pang}
~~Some pangs were like daggers.~~ This ~~one~~ you could say went right in to

^{Alois}
 the hilt. Because ~~you~~ could not trust this friend. Not completely. He was a

practical joker, in fact he was the same one who had told him years ago:

"The townspeople are nothing. You can ~~put~~ your thumb to your nose

~~You are as free as a soldier~~
 concerning them." ~~Alois had believed it so much it had become a habit, such~~

~~a habit that he had~~ said too much tonight, but the truth now was that he ~~felt~~

~~confused~~ ~~felt up and down too quickly,~~
~~any which way.~~ Up, down, what was he feeling? He knew it. You could

not keep making love to a ^{new} woman forever—that ^{would} did not take care of ^{his} you

Constructed
 a good
 many
 habits
 around
 this
 remark,
 enough
 to have

suddenly, / ambition. Now, with that rumor of being moved up to Passau ^{and promoted—} was it a

rumor ~~or~~ was it real?—he was learning how much ambition he really had ~~in~~ ^{that he} had never admitted to himself. This ambition

was like a river breaking through a levee. It was a flood, and if he wanted to

stay afloat, he had to stop pissing on the Church.

Yes, in this sense, his wife, a cold tit to him and a jug of warm milk to the baby—what a guzzler! and never off of the tit—but a very useful wife all the same. Kinder, Kuchen, Kirche—good on the children, good ^{for} on the cooking, very good concerning the Church. ~~She was~~ always there—God might just as well have made Jesus Christ all alone for her.

Now, he, personally, was not going to be caught in church except for State occasions, holidays. He did not wish to put up with a new itching attack. He did not see the confessional box for himself, absolutely; his skin

even prickled at the thought. A serious official of the Crown baring his soul

some at
(and ~~all~~ the private stuff below the belt!) *no, not* to one more priest hurrying to *find food for a* ~~feed a~~

new masturbation. Never!

Women, however, had to go to church. Fact.
For women ~~it~~ *it* was time to accept that as a *new matter.* ~~It would not~~
The people *(must not be able to say*
~~do for word~~ *in Braunau to be* that he wouldn't let his wife go to Church.

Jadeith - Take Chapter 4 back
to triple space. Start
w p 142 for
narration.

4.

Not long after Adolf was born, Alois decided to move out of the Pommer Inn. It was his twelfth change of address since he had ~~been~~ assigned to Braunau in 1875, fourteen years earlier. Indeed, Alois had liked the Pommer Inn: "It ^{has} partakes of the spirit of elegance if you can use such a word ^{like 'elegance'} about Braunau." That was one of his prepared remarks—he had about a dozen he used repeatedly and felicitously to cover a hundred situations in small talk.

"Women are ^{like} ~~are~~ geese—you can recognize them from behind," was another. Or, ^{with professional} depending on the company—"recognize them by their behind."

"I can detect a smuggler. They are too good to be true. They dress too well, they speak too well, and they work too hard at looking you in the eye."

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Pommer Inn after he had been there for four years, he would shrug. He was not about to bring up the death of his three children, and besides, ^{it} ~~that~~ was not the reason. "I like to move," he would say. He could have told a bit more of the truth which was that he had used up the few waitresses, chambermaids and cooks at the Pommer Inn who were not too old or too ugly ^(and he added) he could have said (and did to one or two friends), "when a woman goes dry on you, change your house. That can get their juices going ^{it} ~~again~~." He could even have given the real reason ~~if he had comprehended it~~ — no matter where he lived, sooner or later, a restlessness came upon him that was intolerable. His flesh ~~even~~ itched as if ants were reconnoitering his skin. He did not have to complain any longer of miniscule pests in the sheets, the draperies, the carpets, no need, he knew it was time to move.

On the day, however, that the Hitler family left the Pommer Inn, he had a most uncharacteristic thought. It was ~~that the~~ dark forces of the universe had chosen him for high position and, as a corollary to this, he must not ruin such a possibility by going to church. I will remark that his notion of high position was to be promoted to Chief Customs Official in the provincial

capital of Linz (and indeed he was to achieve just that post before he retired.)

Never superstitious (except when he was) Alois later attributed the prestige of his ^{last} ~~past~~ position in good part to the move he made at this time—from the Pommer Inn to a rented house on Linzertrasse. He and Klara both agreed that they needed more room, and this they had. Now there were no women in the attic, but he had nosed out a place or two where he could stop on his way home from the tavern. Sometimes he even had to pay for the privilege, but then the rent on Linzerstrasse was less than at the Pommer Inn. It was really a dreary house.

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for his skin would crawl, his crotch would itch, and the beat of his heart tolled in his chest as if those ants had/even/reached to there. Just so powerful was the presence of Klara lying in silence on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of her as she had looked on the night of her wedding. She had had a dark rose silk dress made for the occasion, and wore a white collar, that much white she allowed herself as a bride, and on her white forehead which he considered

well-shaped, yes, he would even grant her a noble forehead, she had teased some charming curls. On her breast was pinned her one piece of jewelry, a small clump of green glass grapes looking tasty enough to mislead you to pluck one. And then there were her eyes—no mistake! He had to fight against falling in love with a woman who kept the cleanest house in Braunau just for him and for three kids, a woman ~~who was~~ always as polite to him in public as to an emperor, a woman who never complained about what she had and didn't have and never nagged him about finances, a woman who still had only the one good dress she had worn at her wedding party, and yet if he laid a finger on her, she would have bitten it off. He wondered if the difference in their age was now what it was all about. Better than marrying her, he should have put her in a nunnery. Yet his skin itched at the thought of how she would not let him near.

Drinking at the tavern, he would look to regain his pride. If he had hated the Church in the first years of his marriage, he had by now developed a high scorn for its hypocrisies, ~~peccadilloes~~ *about which he could say he knew a few things, he would*, and outright blasphemies. He ~~would~~ *on the shelves* sometimes scan articles in an anti-clerical magazine he had discovered ~~for sale~~ in an antique bookshop in Braunau, indeed, the store owner, Hans

Lycidias Leipziger, would meet him on many an evening for beer, and while the bookseller kept himself above the discussions ^{by doing no more than} ~~but for nodding~~ his head from time to time, his wise presence, his shaven chin and upper lip, his full sideburns, his peephole spectacles, his half-bald head of burgeoning white hair, offered him a slight but legitimizing resemblance to Artur Schopenhauer whose portrait was occasionally printed in the Braunau Zeitung, and so gave support to Leipziger's smallest assent, just enough to take the other Customs Officers around the ^(turns about faces) roughest ~~sheeks~~ of Alois' argument. While they were hardly to be counted as church-goers, "No good man wants to be neutered," ^{not were ready} they were used ~~(to saying)~~ they were still officials, and could hardly feel at ease when a prestigious institution was mocked, let alone the Holy Roman Church.

Not Alois. He felt no fear to declare that he had no fear. "If there is a Providence larger than Franz Josef's power to provide for us, then I have not encountered it."

"Alois, not everything comes up to a man with a sign," said the officer closest to him in rank.

"Yes, it is all a mystery. Mystery, mystery, mystery, and the Church owns the keys, they are the caretakers, yah?"

The others laughed uneasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety had left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to powder. "In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores had more respectability then than the nuns. ^{You can read about there} There was a convent up north in Franconia ^{that was} so stinking bad the Pope ^{had to call for an investigation} had to call for an investigation. ^{Believe me} The Whores' Guild was complaining. 'Unfair competition!' said the Whores' Guild."

"Come, now," said two drinkers at once.

^{"True"} "It is true. I could show you the text. Hans Leipzinger here can show you the text." Leipzinger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois, ^{sends one of his best people,} "the Pope sent a Commissioner and what does he report back? Half of the nuns are pregnant. ^{Not} More than half. ^{This} That is the sober fact history ^{must} has to live with. Next, they look ^{at} into the monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force that he had time to take a large draft of his tankard.

"That, of course," said Alois, once new breath had been ^{ingested} taken, "need not surprise us. Half of the priesthood are mamma's boys. We know that."

"No, we don't," muttered one of the younger officers. "My brother is a priest."

"In that case, I tip my hat to him," said Alois, "if he is your brother, he is different. But that was then. The priests who weren't ashamed to be men ^{were making another} went in for the other kind of scandal. You ever hear the saying of this Pope? Back then? Herr Leipziger, what is his name?"

Leipziger made a vague horizontal sweep of the air with his ^{arm} hand. "I remember," said Alois. "This Pope said, 'It is good when each peasant has a wife because then the priest needs to marry, ^{as long as the peasant has a wife}'"

~~They had to be shocked, but~~ The force of his voice insisted that they be ready to applaud with laughter, ^{One more} so they laughed. "Yes, another saying," he went on. "The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the Bishop cannot enter heaven—~~he has~~ too many wives to count."

"Which Bishop?"

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

Alois had not forgotten the Bishop of Linz who ^{six years ago} had refused his

application to marry Klara, and thereby forced him to appeal to Rome which, ^{rankle} in order ^{to} ~~in turn, had made him feel that he was a pauper~~ ^{after the} to defray expenses on

the work of translating his letter into Latin. ^{he had been forced to} declare that he was a pauper, ^{six years ago, and it still} rankled. On the walk home, his mood was foul. He had come to the

conclusion that his days of enjoying the happy combination of open borders against the Church, mixed with a little medical culture

~~was one could say he never opened~~ ^{a hospital} ~~was~~ ^{might be coming to} a close. If he was fifty-four years old now, and for the last thirty years at least, had never worried ~~himself~~ ^{about} his position in life. ^{because} ~~he~~ ^{had known he} ~~was~~ ^{had been} ~~about~~ ^{it was} ~~the same~~. He ~~would~~ ^{had} ~~not~~ ^{been} ~~steadily~~ ^{steadily} it

slowly in the ranks open to him, and no higher

Now however, there was ~~some~~ ^{an} ~~uneasiness~~ ^{uneasiness} on his ~~part~~ ^{part}. From ~~friends~~ ^{friends} in the Finance ^{some} Watch, he had heard that there was ^{talk} ~~of~~ ^{beginning} ~~the~~ ^{at} ~~Chiemsee~~ ^{Chiemsee} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~headquarters~~ ^{headquarters} of promoting him to Chief Customs Officer in Passau, a rise in rank that, given his ~~lack~~ ^{lack} of upper education, would be close to unprecedented. "Go, watch yourself, Alois!" ^{had} ~~had~~ ^{told} ~~told~~ ^{him}

He had always seen himself as ~~extra~~ (150) exceptional, afraid of no one (except for his ~~inferior~~ superior in uniform) possessed of a genuine magnetism for women to (how many ^{men} could say that ~~that~~ much for themselves?) and up from the ranks, a low peasant. Moreover, he had never been timid about public opinion. Almost nobody else could say that.

But now his perfect friend ^{with his} ~~colleague~~ ^{an} ~~car~~ in the council of the Financiers ~~was~~ ^{was} saying to him. "Be careful of bad stories about you in Grosvenor."

Some people were like daggers. Their one you could ~~say~~ ^{went right} say, ~~went right~~ in to the hilt. Because you could not trust this friend. Not completely. He was a practical joker, in fact, he was the same one who had told him years ago: "the town people are nothing, you can put your thumb to your nose concerning them." Alain had believed it so much, it ~~had~~ ^{had} become a habit, such a habit that he had said too much tonight, but the truth now was, that he

(197)

felt any which way. Up, down, what
was he feeling? He knew it. You could
not keep making love to a woman forever —
that did not take care of your ambition.
Now, with that rumor of being moved off
to Persen — was it a rumor, or was it real?
He was ~~learning~~ learning how much
ambition he really had — it was like
a river breaking through a
levee. It was a flood, and if he wanted
to stay afloat, he had to stop pissing
on the Church.

Yes, in this sense, his wife, a cold
tit to him and a jug of warm milk to the
baby — what a guzzler! and never off
off the tit, but a very useful wife with all
the same. Kinder, Kuchen, Kirche — not
~~good~~ good on the children, ~~good~~ ^{good} the cooking,
very good concerning the Church. She
was always there — God might just as
well have made Jesus Christ all
alone for her.

Now, he personally, was not going

to be caught in church except for (152)
State occasions, holidays. He did not
wish to put up with a new itelung
attack. He did not see the Confessional
box for himself, ~~got~~ absolutely was
skin even pricked at the thought. A
serious official of the Crown having his
soul (and all the private stuff below
the belt!) to one more ~~hungry~~ priest,
hungry to feed a new masturbation. New!

For women - ~~was~~ it was time to accept
that as a new matter. It would not
do for work in Bremen to be that he
wouldn't let his wife go to church.

142-151
Double-space
152-156
Triple-space

4.

Not long after Adolf was born, Alois decided to move out of the Pommer Inn. Since he had been assigned to Braunau in 1875, it was his twelfth change of address in fourteen years. ^{But,} Indeed, Alois had liked the Pommer Inn: "It has ^{a presentation/} the tone of elegance if I can use ^{such} a word like ~~that~~ ^{that is} for Braunau." ^{that} It was a prepared remark—he had a dozen he used to cover a hundred situations in small talk.

"Women are like geese—you can recognize them from ^{their} the behind," was another. Or, when with professional company—"I can ^{"Learn to"} pick out a smuggler every time. They are too good to be true. They dress too well, they speak too well, and they work too hard at looking you in the eye."

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Pommer Inn after residing there for four years, he would shrug. He was not about to bring up the death of his three children, and besides, it was not the reason. "I like to move," he would say. He could have told more of the truth which was that he had used up the few waitresses, chambermaids and cooks at the Pommer Inn who were not too old or too ugly, and he could have added (and did to one or two friends), "when a woman goes dry on you, change your house. That can get their juices going." He could even have given the real reason—no matter where he lived, sooner or later, a restlessness came upon him that was intolerable. His flesh itched as if ants were reconnoitering his skin. He did not have to complain any longer of miniscule pests in the sheets, the draperies, the carpets, no need, he knew it was time to move.

On the day, however, that the Hitler family left the Pommer Inn, he had a most uncharacteristic thought. It was that the dark forces of the universe had chosen him for high position and, as a corollary to this, he must not ruin ^{the} such a possibility by going ^{too often} to church. I will remark that his notion of high position was to be promoted to Chief Customs Official in the provincial capital of Linz (and indeed he was to achieve just that post before he retired.)

Never superstitious (except when he was) Alois later attributed the prestige of his last position in good part to the move he made at this time—from the Pommer Inn to a rented house on Linzerstrasse. He and Klara both agreed that they needed more room, and this they had. Now there were no female possibilities in the attic, but he could live with that. He had nosed out a woman with whom he could stop on his way home from the tavern. He had to pay for the privilege by giving her a gift from time to time, but then the rent on Linzerstrasse was low. It was really a dreary house.

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for his skin would crawl, his crotch would itch, and the beat of his heart tolled in his chest as if those ants reached even to there. Just so powerful was the presence of Klara lying in silence on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of her as she had looked on the night of her wedding. She had had a dark rose silk dress made for the occasion, and wore a white collar, that much white she allowed herself as a bride, and on her white forehead which he considered well-shaped, (he would even grant her a noble forehead), she had teased some

charming curls. At her breast was pinned her one piece of jewelry, a small green cluster of glass grapes looking ^{real} ~~lasty~~ enough to mislead you to reach for one. And then there were her eyes—no mistake! He had to fight against falling in love with a woman who kept the cleanest house in Braunau just for him and for three kids, a woman always as polite to him in public as to an emperor, a woman who never complained about what she had and didn't have and never nagged him about finances, a woman who still had only one good dress, the one she had worn at her wedding party, and yet if he laid a finger on her, she would have bitten it off. He wondered if the difference in their age was now what it was about. Better than marrying her, he should have put her in a nunnery. Yet his skin itched at the thought of how she would not let him near.

Drinking at the tavern, he would look to regain his pride. If he had ^{dislike} ~~hated~~ the Church in the first years of his marriage, he had by now developed a high scorn, ^{for now} ~~about which~~ he could say he knew a few things. He would occasionally scan a chapter or two in an anti-clerical volume he had found in an antique bookshop in Braunau, indeed, the store owner, Hans Lycidias Leipziger, would meet him on many an evening for beer, and while the

bookseller kept himself above the discussions by doing no more than nod his head from time to time, his wise presence, his shaven chin and upper lip, his full sideburns, his peephole spectacles, his half-bald head of burgeoning white hair, offered him a slight but legitimizing resemblance to Arthur Schopenhauer whose portrait was occasionally printed in the Braunau Zeitung, and so gave support to Leipziger's smallest assent, just enough to take the other Customs Officers around the more bruising turns of Alois' argument. While they were hardly to be counted as church-goers, "No good man wants to be neutered," most were ready to say, they were still officials, and could hardly feel at ease when a prestigious institution was mocked, let alone the Holy Roman Church.

Not Alois. He felt no fear in declaring that he had no fear. "If there is a Providence larger than Franz Josef's power to provide for us, then I have not encountered it."

"Alois, not everything comes up to a man with a sign," said the officer closest to him in rank.

"Yes, it is all a mystery. Mystery, mystery, mystery, and the Church keeps the keys, they are the caretakers, yah?"

The others laughed uneasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to powder. "In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores, they were more respectable ~~than~~ than the nuns. They even had a Guild. I have been able to read about a convent there up north in Franconia so stinking bad the Pope had to investigate ^{because} ~~Believe me,~~ the Whores' Guild was complaining about the competition. "Unfair!"

"Come, now," said two drinkers at once.

"True. It is true. ~~I could show you the text.~~ Hans Leipziger here can show you the text." Leipziger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois, "the Pope sends ^{out} ~~(one of his people)~~ a Monsignor to look into it, and what does he report? Half of the nuns are pregnant. ~~Not More than half.~~ This is the sober fact history must live with. Next, ^{the Pope takes a} ~~they look at the~~ monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force that he had time to take a large draft of his tankard.

"That, of course," said Alois, once new breath had been ingested, "need not surprise us. Half of the priesthood are mamma's boys. We know that."

"No, we don't," muttered one of the younger officers. "My brother is a priest."

"In that case, I tip my hat to him," said Alois, "if he is your brother, he is different. But that was then. The priests who weren't ashamed to be men were making another kind of scandal. You ever hear the saying of this Pope?

~~Back then?~~ ^{tell us} Herr Leipziger, ~~what is his name?~~

Leipziger made a vague horizontal sweep of the air with his arm. "I remember," said Alois. "This Pope said, 'No priest needs to marry so long as the peasant has a wife.'"

The force of his voice insisted that they be ready to applaud with laughter. So, they laughed. "One more saying," he went on. "'The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the Bishop cannot enter heaven—too many wives to count.'"

"Which Bishop?"

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

Alois had not forgotten the Bishop of Linz who, six years ago, had refused his application to marry Klara. In order to defray the expenses of translating his letter into Latin, he had been forced to declare that he was a pauper. Six years ago, and it still rankled.

On the walk home, his mood was foul. He had come to the conclusion that his days of enjoying these open tirades against the Church might be coming to a close. He was fifty-four years old, and for the last thirty years, had never worried about his position in life. He had known he would rise ~~steadily, if slowly~~ in the ranks open to him, and no higher.

Now, however, ~~there was~~ ^{his belly was ~~set~~ heavy with} uneasiness. From a respected friend in the Finance Watch, he had heard ~~that there was some~~ ^{bad news} talk at Vienna headquarters of promoting him to Chief Customs Officer in Passau, ~~a rise in rank that,~~ ^{that would be a true} given his lack of upper education, ~~would be close to unprecedented.~~ "So, ~~now,~~ watch yourself, Alois," the friend had said.

He had always seen himself as exceptional, afraid of no one (except for certain superiors in uniform), possessed of a genuine magnetism for women (how many men could say that much for themselves?) and up from

the ranks, a low peasant. Moreover, he had never been timid about public opinion. Nobody else he knew could say that *much about themselves,*

But now ^{*who had his*} his respected friend with an ear in the councils of the Finance

^{*"Watch out for,*} Watch was saying, "Be careful of ^{*bad*} stories about you in Braunau."

^{*That was a,*}

^{*But*} This pang you could say went right ^{*to*} to the hilt. Because Alois could not trust this friend. Not completely. He was a practical joker. ^{*In fact*} he was the same one who had told him years ago: "The townspeople are nothing.

Put your thumb to your nose concerning ^{*when it comes to*} them." Alois had ^{*put together*} constructed a

good many habits around this remark, ^{*enough to have said too much tonight,*}

but the truth now was that he ^{*felt he had said too much tonight,*} felt up and down too quickly, what was he

~~feeling? He knew it. You could not keep making love to a new woman~~

~~forever—that would not take care of his ambition.~~ Now, suddenly, with ^{*then*} that

rumor of being moved up to Passau and promoted—was it a rumor, ^{*?*} or was it

^{*Now,*} real? ^{*ambition*} He was learning how much ambition he had that he had never admitted

^{*It*} to himself. This ^{*ambition*} ambition was like a river breaking through a levee. It was a flood. If he wanted to stay afloat, he had to stop pissing on the Church.

Yes, in this sense, his wife, a cold tit to him and a jug of warm milk to the baby—what a guzzler! never off of the tit—but a very useful wife all the

same. ^{High marks on} ~~Kinder, Kuchen, Kirche~~ — good ^{for} on the children, good ^{with} for the cooking, very good concerning the Church. ~~Always there~~ — God might just as well have made Jesus Christ all alone for her.

Now, he, personally, was not going to be caught in church except for State occasions, holidays. He did not wish to put up with a new itching attack. He did not see the confessional box for himself, absolutely; his skin even prickled at the thought. A serious official of the Crown baring his soul (and some of the private stuff below the belt!), no, not to one more priest ^{hoping} ~~hoping~~ to find food for a new masturbation. Never!

Women, however, had to go to church. It was time to accept that as a fact. The people in Braunau must not be able to say that he wouldn't let his wife go to Church.

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5.

Within our Company, we look upon ambition
as our most powerful fuel. It, as we can accept,
~~believe~~
Ambition is our fuel. (It is as safe to say that all human emotions was first
conceived by/ even as and all/
originated with the D.K. as it is to remark that He gave each of the necessary
instincts to the animals, ~~but~~ yet none of all human feelings, ~~none~~ nevertheless, are also
available to us
(Of none is this more true than for example, you
for adaptation and transformation as ambition and avarice. (Be certain that it
may be certain that it) developed the concept of
(was the E.O. who conceived of money. If that is a truism, it is also a fact.)
Yet we do not
So there are men and women who will do anything for money, what with

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consider
 (avarice being best considered as not quite coequal with greed but rather the *look upon it* *as*)

vehicle of greed. Ambition, if taken in the same light, can be described as

the vehicle of Vision. *which is why God, in the beginning, was interested not only in restraints upon behavior, but also in its opposite, ambitiousness*
 If there can be no argument more convincing than that the D.K. not

only had His Vision of what humankind should become but *He also* desired that each

man and woman should *be really* strive to fulfill his or her *arduous* part in that Vision—a clear-

cut project, I would wager, *at least* as the D.K. saw it in the beginning.

Be certain that the E.O. knew enough to appropriate *his* a large portion of

the this mechanism. I speak with authority on the matter for *this* a good reason: *Both*

~~Both~~ sides of the equation make sense. In order that the Vision be effective,

God gave great power to human ambition. In doing so, He left us with a rich

field of clients. It may be sacrilege to some but I would even argue that the

D.K. miscalculated, and seriously so. Ambition is not only the most

powerful of the emotions but the most unstable, the most susceptible to

distortion or defeat ^{— which close to always} ~~Either excess~~ creates our putative client. (It may even be for us a

argued that a substitute for ambition once defeated is avarice, the one

emotion that the D.K. intended as a ^{an end to} ~~corollary~~ of loyalty ^{and} ~~steadfastness~~, ^{to a} ~~narrow but intense point of view, whereas~~

~~and~~ the E.O. (as the first of the Alchemists) transmuted into ~~a chariot (for)~~ ^{greedy}

~~(greed)~~ since avarice, ^{used by us,} seen properly, ^{is} a malformation of loyalty—outrageous

blind loyalty to oneself.

Still, it is obviously a secondary factor in human affairs. It is ambition

that the E.O. seeks to ^{+transmute)} ~~transform~~ ^{best} in all our ~~highest~~ candidates. The D.K.,

always a prodigious optimist, had not foreseen that the only men and women

who could promulgate the Vision through the intensity of their ambition

~~would be most special for their desire~~ would have to be ~~spiritual~~ ^{nothing}

less than saints. The D.K. ^{(also known, I would remind you, as God, or the}

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[Lord] had miscalculated altogether. The E.O. had a far better comprehension

of how ~~men~~ ^{men and women were likely} likely to
of the potentialities for development in ^{develop} men and women than God and/or the

angels.

As was the case with Alois,
This discussion may be necessary to explain that ambition is often the

longest withheld and most secret of the emotions, and as is the case with..

^{about the private of one's self}
Alois, ^{It} it can tear all of one's long-guarded vanities ^{into} into psychic shreds so

soon as it bursts forth in its ^{real} true ~~principle~~ embodiment—the blind force of the

heart. [~~NM—mixed metaphor—coronary doesn't mix with phallic~~]

Let it come ~~then~~ as no surprise that Alois was not alone in suffering his

disruption. Ambition, ^{is} like a true germ, ^{It} (is) infectious. Klara was ~~also~~ ^{had} open

~~now in the crypts of her being.~~ She ~~was~~ ^{was} feeling her own kind of ambition.

Now that she had a child who was giving ^{a few vital} real signs of staying alive, and this

due, she believed, in very large part, to the life in the milk of her breasts—the

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most generous joy she had ever felt -- now ~~not only~~ wanted all and everything

Could to such a degree that she
for her child, her Adi, ~~but~~ (was even ready to contemplate ~~some~~ forgiveness

for Alois, a little in any case, enough to allow
him to cross the middle of the road,

capital of Linz (and indeed he was to achieve just that post before he retired.) Never superstitious (except when he was) Alois later attributed the prestige of his ^{last} ~~post~~ position in good part to the move he made at this time—from the Pommer Inn to a rented house on Linzertrasse. He and Klara both agreed that they needed more room, and this they had. Now there were no women in the attic, but he had nosed out a place or two where he could stop on his way home from the tavern. Sometimes he even had to pay for the privilege, but then the rent on Linzerstrasse was less than at the Pommer Inn. It was really a dreary house.

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for his skin would crawl, his crotch would itch, and the beat of his heart tolled in his chest as if those ants had even reached to there. Just so powerful was the presence of Klara lying in silence on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of her as she had looked on the night of her wedding. She had had a dark rose silk dress made for the occasion, and wore a white collar, that much white she allowed herself as a bride, and on her white forehead which he considered

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Drinking at the tavern, he would look to regain his pride. If he had hated the Church in the first years of his marriage, he had by now developed a ^{superior} high scorn for its hypocrisies, peccadilloes, and outright blasphemies. He would sometimes scan articles in an anti-clerical magazine he had discovered for sale in an antique bookshop in Braunau, indeed, the store owner, Hans

Lycidias Leipziger, would meet him on many an evening for beer, and while the bookseller kept himself above the discussions but for nodding his head from time to time, his wise presence, his shaven chin and upper lip, his full sideburns, his peephole spectacles, his half-bald head of burgeoning white hair, offered ~~him~~ a slight but legitimizing resemblance to Artur Schopenhauer whose portrait was occasionally printed in the Braunau Zeitung, and so gave support to Leipziger's smallest assent, just enough to take the other Customs Officers around the roughest shocks of Alois' argument. While they were hardly to be counted as church-goers, "No good man wants to be neutered," they were used to saying, they were still officials, and could hardly feel at ease when a prestigious institution was mocked, let alone the Holy Roman Church.

Not Alois. He felt no fear to declare that he had no fear. "If there is a Providence larger than Franz Josef's power to provide for us, then I have not encountered it."

"Alois, not everything comes up to a man with a sign," said the officer closest to him in rank.

"Yes, it is all a mystery. Mystery, mystery, mystery, and the Church owns the keys, they are the caretakers, yah?"

The others laughed uneasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety ~~had~~ left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to powder. "In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores had more respectability ~~then~~ than the nuns. There was a convent ^{to the} north in Franconia that was so stinking bad the Pope had to call for an investigation. The Whores' Guild was complaining. 'Unfair competition!' said the Whores' Guild."

"Come, now," said two drinkers at once.

"It is true. ~~I could show you the text~~ Hans Leipzinger here can show you the text." Leipzinger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois, "the Pope sent a Commissioner and what does he report back? Half of the nuns are pregnant. More than half. That is the sober fact history has to live with. Next, they look into the monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force that he had time to take a large draft of his tankard.

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"In that case, I tip my hat to him," said Alois, "if he is your brother, he is different. But that was then. The priests who weren't ashamed to be men went in for the other kind of scandal. You ever hear the saying of this Pope back then? Herr Leipziger, what is his name?"

Leipziger made a vague horizontal sweep of the air with his hand. "I remember," said Alois. "This Pope said, 'It is good when each peasant has a wife because then no priest needs to marry.'"

They ~~had to be~~^{were} shocked, but the force of his voice insisted that they be ready to applaud with laughter, so they ~~laughed~~^{gave him their laughter}. ("Yes, another saying," he went on. "The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the Bishop cannot enter heaven—he has too many wives to count.")

"Which Bishop?"

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

5.

Ambition is our fuel. It is as safe to say
 that all ~~the~~ human emotions originated with
~~the D.K.~~ ^{it is} as (to remark that he gave each of
 the necessary instincts to the animals,
 but of all human feelings, none are as
 available to us for adaptation and trans-
 formation as ambition and avarice, (Be
 certain that it was the E.O. who ~~is~~ conceived
 of money. If that is a truism, it is also
 a fact.) So there are men and women who
 will do anything for money what with
 avarice being best considered as ~~being~~
 not quite coequal with greed, ~~not~~ ~~map~~
 but rather, ^{the vehicle of} greed. Ambition, if taken in
 the same light, ^{can be described as} ~~is~~ the vehicle of fiction, and
~~of these~~ there can be no argument that ~~the~~
~~more~~ convincing than that the D.K. not only
 had ^{this vision} ~~vision~~ of what humankind should

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become, but desired that each man and woman should strive to fulfill his or her part of that Vision—a clear-cut project, I would wager, as the D.K. saw it in the beginning.

Be ~~ca~~ certain that the E.O. knew enough to appropriate a large portion of their mechanism. I speak with authority ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{a good reason} ~~this matter for two reasons~~ ^{One is that} ~~Both sides of the equation make sense~~ ^{sense}. In order that the Vision be effecting, God gave great power to human ambition. In doing so, he left us with a rich field of clients. It may be sacrilege to ~~comp~~ but I would wager that the D.K. miscalculated, and seriously so.

Ambition is not only the most powerful of the emotions, emotions but the most unstable, the most susceptible to destruction or defeat. Either excess creates our pretative client. (It may even be argued that a substitute for ambition once defeated is avarice, the

one emotion that the D.K. intended (199)
as a corollary of loyalty and steadfastness,
and the E.O. (as the first of the Alchemists)
transmuted into a chariot (for speed) since
avarice, seen properly, is a malformation
of loyalty - outrageous blind loyalty to
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Still, it is obviously a secondary factor
in human affairs. It is ambition that the
E.O. seeks to ~~cultivate and~~ transform
in all our likeliest candidates. The
D.K., always a prodigious optimist, had
~~seen~~ not foreseen that the only
men and women who could promulgate
the Union through the intensity of their
ambition would be most special for
their desire would ^{have to} be spiritual - nothing
less than saints. The D.K. (also known,
& would remind you, as God, or The Lord)
had miscalculated altogether. The E.O.
had a far better comprehension of the
potentialities for development in men
and women than God and the angels.
This discussion may be necessary to

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explain that ambition is often the
longest withheld and most secret of
the emotions, and as in the case with
Alois, it can tear all of one's long guarded
vanities into psychic shreds, so soon
as it bursts forth in its true princely
embodiment — the blind force of the
heart.

Let it come then as no surprise, that
Alois was not alone in suffering his
disruption. Ambition, like a true germ,
is infectious. Klara was also ~~and~~ open
now in the crypts of her being. She
was feeling her own kind of ambition,
and that she had a child who was
giving real signs of trying to live,
and this due, she believed, in
being large part to the life ^{in the milk} of her breasts
— the most generous joy she had ever
felt — now not only wanted all and
everything for her child, her Ady, but
was even ready to contemplate some
forgiveness for Alois.

5.

Within the Company, we look upon ambition as a ~~most powerful~~ force ~~that is~~

~~usually~~ At least, usually so. ~~not happy~~
(at our disposal. While we are obliged to accept the likelihood that the earliest

~~only originated in~~ (through God's choice,) human emotions were given to men and women by God (even as He gave all

~~the~~ necessary instincts to the animals, nonetheless, we look upon ^{all} human

~~the~~ feelings as ~~more~~ available to us for adaptation ^{to our purposes,} Of no intense state, is this

~~and~~ more true than ambition ~~and~~ its corollary, avarice. (You may be certain that

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it was the E.O. who developed the concept of money. ~~A truism. There are~~

~~men and women who will do anything for money.~~ Yet we do not consider

avarice to be ^{quite} the same as greed, ~~but~~ rather we look upon it as the vehicle of

greed, ^{just as} ~~ambition~~, if taken in the same light, can be described as the vehicle

of Vision. That is why God, in the beginning, ^{while} ~~was~~ interested ~~not only~~ in

putting serious restraints upon behavior, ^{did} ~~but also~~ encouraged ambition. (I

cannot speak with certainty on this point, but I would suggest that the D.K.

not only had His Vision of what humankind should become, but He also

desired that each man and woman ~~should~~ be ready to fulfill an arduous part

of that Vision.)

~~Perhaps God's demands were too arduous.~~ ^{I must assume that} ~~Proved~~

Be certain that the E.O. knew enough ~~from the beginning, to~~

^{to} ~~appropriate~~ ^{his} portion of the new ^{human structure,} ~~mechanism.~~ (I speak with authority on

this matter for a good reason. Both sides of the equation make sense. In

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(had to grant that)
order that the Vision be effective, God gave great power to human ambition, ~~human will~~

will to succeed.)

(capture)
In doing so, He left the E.O. room to sweep up a rich field of clients. It may

be sacrilege to some, but I would even argue that God miscalculated, and

seriously so. Ambition is not only the most powerful of the emotions but the

most unstable. Assuredly, it is the ~~most~~ susceptible to distortion ~~or defeat~~ and can hardly bear

defeat (us - that is, someone who hates God)
Almost always ~~that~~ creates a putative client for ~~me~~. (It may even be argued

and yet) that one substitute for thwarted ambition is, precisely, avarice, ~~for~~ that is ~~the~~

an ~~one~~ emotion the D.K. intended as an aid to loyalty, yes! ~~That is because~~

for not
giving
him a
fair
share
or
good luck

avarice is steadfast, avarice possesses a narrow point of view. The E.O.,

~~however~~, as the first of the Alchemists, (and far and away the best!)

transmuted that emotion ~~into~~ directly greed, since avarice, employed properly by us,

is a malformation of loyalty—it is outrageous blind loyalty to oneself.

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the E.O. avarice
Still, ~~we~~ *look upon it* as a secondary factor in human affairs. ~~the~~ *Persona!*

is what we
ambition ~~rather~~, ~~that~~ *the E.O.* seeks to capture in our likeliest candidates.

The D.K., always a prodigious optimist, had not foreseen that the only men

and women who could promulgate the Vision through the intensity of their

(Few humans developed into saints. A truism!)
ambition would have to be saints. So, the D.K. ~~had~~ miscalculated altogether.

The E.O. had a better comprehension of how men and women were likely to

~~develop~~ *grow and change*

As was the case with Alois, ambition often can be the most secret of

the emotions. Once loosed, it is ready to tear ~~all~~ long-guarded vanities about

one's own purity, honor, and pride ~~into psychic shreds~~. For ~~it~~ is then that it

ambition

(bursts forth in its real embodiment—the blind force of the heart.

Let it come as no surprise that Alois ~~was~~ *not* the only one in the family to

suffer this disruption. Ambition is a true germ. It is infectious. ~~Since~~ *It* Klara

into psychic shreds
(part of the)

Classification

*to tear
into
psychic
shreds, long
all the
guarded*

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^{now} had a child who was ^{actually} ^{a few} ^{was} giving vital signs of staying alive, and this ^{due}, she
believed, to ^{her} the milk of her breasts ^{her breasts} ^{the most generous joy she had ever}
^{known} felt Klara now wanted everything for ^{her child} ^{her} Adi, and to such a
degree that she was even ready to contemplate forgiveness for ^{her husband} Alois, a little
in any case, ^{maybe} enough ^{move over} to allow him to ~~cross~~ the middle of the bed.

So, their second courtship began. It was not at all like the night when
Gustav was conceived. ^{Here, she} ~~she~~ was still breast-feeding Adolf and so there ^{was} ~~was~~ no

question of a pregnancy. That would have to wait. What inspired her

interest ^{could} ^{how Alois} in Alois is that she ~~came to~~ recognize that he ^{had} built the strongest

of foundations for ^{the future of} ~~this living child~~ Adolf, ~~her~~ Adi. Even as Alois had risen

from the mud of Strones and Spital to the ^{high} honor of a uniform in the service of

the Emperor Franz Josef, ^{one now} ~~how~~ could ~~one~~ begin to measure the heights to

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which Adolf ~~could mean~~ ^{might ascend} (if his ability to ~~rise above~~ ^{go beyond his} ~~his~~ origins was equal to the ~~success~~ ^{vigor} of the father?)

For that, however, he ~~might~~ ^{I would} need a father who could love him. Once,

in her gentlest voice, she had said to Alois, "Sometimes I must wonder why

you never hold Adi."

"It will just make the ~~boy~~ ^{big} and the ~~girl~~ ^{big} jealous," he answered, referring

to Alois, Jr., and Angela. "Jealous ~~children~~ ^{kids} are not to be trusted with babies."

"They hold him all the time," she said. "They are not jealous. They like him."

"Let us keep it that way."

"No, Alois, sometimes I am afraid he is not very important to you."

She had gone one step beyond the last step she had thought to take.

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~~Now~~ ^{for him} He was stirred. Bad enough ^{now} that he had only half a bed, ^{now} she was
~~even~~ ^{was} looking to ~~bully~~ ^{was} him. "Important to me?" he said. "That I can answer.

He is not yet important to me. I want to see if he will live."

She did not weep often, but this time she burst into tears and knew

~~Even~~ ^{harsh tone} as she heard the ~~painful~~ ^{she knew} sounds of his voice ~~that~~ the worst had

happened. ~~She~~ felt weak before him again. ~~She~~ was not free of loving him.

At that moment, the dog began to bark. Alois had bought a hound at a ~~and named him Luther,~~ ^{named}
 low price from a farmer he knew. ~~Since he lived~~ ^{Now that they were living} in a house ~~now, rather than~~

~~rather than~~ ^{this an} an inn, he considered ~~the~~ ^{whom he} added protection worth the cost. But the dog, ^{was}
~~named Luther~~ ^{proven disappointing,} ~~he was no sander of Protestants than Catholics~~ ^{Luther,}
~~disappointed him.~~ ^{before his master} While he worshipped Alois and quivered at every shift of

~~addressed to him~~ ^{Moreover} tone in his master's voice, he did not seem otherwise alert, ~~and he had~~

~~Even as~~ nervous habits. When ~~Alois now~~ shouted at him to be silent, ~~the voice was~~

apparently abrupt enough to open the animal's system for weeping, that is,

^{leather}
the poor dog urinated on the floor.

Afterward, Alois would ^{have his} regret ^{the hound, ~~was not to be~~} ^{after all, did above him} ~~this~~ but now he began to whip the

beast. Its belly ^{became} soaked in its own outpourings as it tried to crawl away, ^{while howling} ~~it~~

~~It~~ ^{out} ~~its~~ ^{its terror,}
began to howl and the sounds woke the children, Alois, Jr., first, then

Angela, ~~and~~ Adi at the last, not yet two years old, but agile enough to get out

of his low bed and ^{to her} walk into the midst of this. Klara leaped up to seize him,

ready for the worst, she hardly knew what—that the child would step into ~~all~~

the urine, that he would weep for her breast, and Alois might strike them

both—she had seen the look in her husband's eye when Adi was ^{too} greedy ~~and~~

~~newborn arrival~~ on her ^{To} ~~nursing~~ tit. None of this happened, however. ~~On~~

contrary, the child stood there and looked with solemn interest at the

whimpering dog ^{then at} and the flailing hand of the father, ^{and} the child's eyes had a

gleam she had seen before, a look of remarkable intensity for one so small.

She had seen it on his face when suckling him. He would stare at her with an

expression equal to the ~~few times she had seen such a~~ ^{same rare} look on Alois' face, the

^{expression} rare tender look of a lover overwhelmed for a moment by the equality of flesh

upon flesh, soul to soul, the very communion of ~~it~~ ^{being} each ~~so~~ able to speak ~~to~~

~~the other~~ without a word. ^{At} In such instants, she had felt as if this child was

closer to her and knew more about her than anyone ^{in her life.} ~~ever before.~~

^{Add} Now, ~~he~~ had much of the same look as he gazed ^{first} upon the wet dog and then

^{over-flushed} at the ~~red~~ face of the father. There was no tenderness in this look, but ^{much} such

comprehension. ~~He was again in communion with the pain of the hound~~

~~and the fury of the father. Klara felt as if he was in communion with their~~

~~communion: they understood each other and he understood them.~~

She no longer wept. She felt an odd panic as if she must now encourage the little boy to weep so that she could give him her breast and thereby remove him from knowing too much ~~so very young, too soon.~~

Indeed, she succeeded. Adi burst into a rage when she seized him up and took him out of the room, and force-fed him her breast so soon as she dared to brave ~~his screaming and~~ his first new teeth, ~~and~~ indeed he nipped her enough for ~~her~~ ^{Klare} to cry out, whereupon he gave a deep and hearty chuckle as if ~~they~~ they were back together again.

From the room she had just quit, she could hear Alois bellowing at ~~the two~~ Alois, Jr. and Angela to clean up ~~the puddles.~~ ^{the puddles}

"That dog can't even shit right," he cried out ^{of} in his own pain at the awful turn the evening had ~~just~~ taken. ^{Luther} ~~The dog~~ was bleeding at the mouth from blows he had received ^{by his own turn} full face on his muzzle. ^(Alois) palm had ~~on~~ a ^{much} ugly laceration from raking ~~a~~ one. ^{one} fierce slap across a broken incision in the sad beast's front teeth.

6.

~~It~~ ^{much the same} will be noted that I write about my people in ~~all the modes and~~
^{reasonably} ~~average~~ good novelist might attempt, that is, sardonically, objectively,
ironically, sympathetically, judgmentally, even compassionately, ^{this} ~~it~~ should not
come nevertheless as ^a ~~no~~ surprise. Just because I am ^a ~~a~~ ^(a species of) devil of indeterminate
high rank (in the Company our relative hegemony is not ^{often} ~~always~~ revealed to
us) that does not mean that I must write like a devil ^{(From the onset of our service, the} ~~The~~ E.O. has instructed

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~~us the or...ment of... is] that the best way for us to be of~~

~~the greatest use to him is to make humankind our study, and we do the E.O.~~

are able to
honor every time we can appreciate a man or woman in all their complexity,

which is a way of saying we should feel as close to what is godly in them as

to what is diabolical. To comprehend those sides of humankind which are

almost inimical to us is as important as it is to develop *the power to influence* their potentialities *in our*

~~direction.~~ If there were religious Orders in the Company, I would be

prepared to say that for the most part I would be a Jesuit for I share a

with them
fundamental understanding (as, for certain, does the E.O.—one must acquire

a sympathetic understanding of all that is in essence and ultimately our final

be ready indeed to
adversary, know more about true godly sentiments than God Himself.

That is why the E.O. encourages us to speak of God as the D.K., at *CA+*

least those of us who work in German-speaking lands.) D.K. are the initials

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we use for Dummkopf. It is not that we look upon God as directly stupid (~~far~~ *not so!*)

And we know
~~from it at bottom, and~~ *we know (from experience that)*
 the angels, our dear Cudgels can, on occasion, be as

bright and incisive as we are) but the root of the name comes from the E.O.'s

what has been
 desire to wean us from *precisely,*
 our greatest weakness in the past ~~which was~~ the

used to feel
 covert ~~secret~~ admiration and intimidation we ~~felt~~ before God ~~and~~

It was only fair, it was only accurate, the E.O. imparted to us, that we *became*

able to
 redress the balance. The Angels had succeeded in naming our Source as the *our Prince of Darkness,*

and
 Evil One, *this insult in* and so successfully that we are obliged to live with ~~it until our~~

nomenclature. Indeed, the
 Source ~~had decided that the best way to manage this insult of nomenclature~~
option left to him

take pride in
 was to ~~adapt~~ the initials E.O., and take pride in them. Which we do. When I

full knowledge of
 write E.O. or speak of the Evil One it is with ~~pride in~~ the richness of the

not only *but*
 concept he has given us about ourselves ~~and~~ himself, our subtle master who

any
 even disdains capitalizing references to him. "Leave all that to the God

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worshippers," he tells us. "We have too much ~~tricky~~ ^{and it is tricky work,} work to do. Let us

^{protect} ~~content~~ ourselves ~~rather~~ by coming to think of Him more and more as the

Dummkopf. For that is what He is. We are brighter by far, and of late we

^{are becoming} ~~may even be~~ more creative. ^{Remember!} ^{It is} (It is our universe to gain and His to lose. Do not

cease calling Him the Dummkopf. Let him ~~try~~ to live with D.K. as well as I

do with E.O. ~~I no longer~~ In full candor, I ~~can~~
tell you: I no longer desire to be
called the Source ^{or} the Prince. E.O. is
a perfect match for D.K.⁴

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be as rank as any small diarrhetic
disaster could ~~possibly~~ not ~~possibly~~
~~unpleasantly~~ ^(Adi's) ~~disturb~~ her if it
~~spoke~~ the crap was so rich in ~~sweet~~ or, much
worse, ~~covered~~ gave a hint of that rankly
cavern of ~~which~~ ^{which} lies beneath the stink
of ~~severe~~ ^{grave} illness, but her breath was
not without ~~joy~~ ^{even} (when the odor ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~came~~
~~from the ground~~ ^{was} ^{rich enough to} ~~overpower~~ a stranger, ~~but~~ ^{grappled} ^{it} ^{came}
through her healthy to her — such was her
love for Adi.

And it sparkled between them. His eyes
rolled and danced as she dragged his
silt with feather smooth wiper of the ^{so full}
rag, and her eyes were ~~full~~ ^{so full} of love. ~~that~~
his little penis certainly ~~looked~~ ^{erect} ~~that~~
~~from~~ ^{an untried} ~~young~~ ^{penis} ~~that~~ ^{was} ^{up}
is capable of a salute!) and ~~she~~ ^{he} in turn,
would giggle and gently ~~lead~~ ^{lead} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~back~~ ^{back} to
propriety while they both laughed ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~pumped~~
up again ~~where~~ ^{she} ~~even~~ ^{even} ~~kissed~~ ^{kissed} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~tip~~ ^{tip} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~blushed~~
for herself because she did not wish her
mind to remind ~~her~~ ^{herself} that this conceivably
could be a subject matter for ~~confession~~ ^{confession}.
No, ~~even~~ ^{even} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~such~~ ^{such} ~~innocent~~ ^{innocent} ~~joy~~ ^{joy},
all that changed after the day ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~whipped~~ ^{whipped}.

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It she ~~had~~ lived again in high fear of Alois, the swaddling clothes ~~she~~ were always in danger of bagging open and sometimes did to ~~leave~~ ^{leave} a flap on the floor. Once when she was out of the parlor for a ^{minute} ~~moment~~ to ~~see~~ ^{start} a cloth in the kitchen, she returned to see the child playing with his ~~feces~~ ^{output}. He had plastered his upper lip and chin with quite a bit of fecal clay. She almost screamed at the thought of Alois coming through the door instead of herself. The child ^{could} ~~would~~ have been in danger then.

So, ~~toilet training~~ training began. It was like trying to teach a bright but willful dog. In the beginning, Ali might even tug at her skirt, or point to the chamber pot. In ~~amazingly~~ ^{amazingly} short time, he would wash ~~to that extent of~~ ^{to that extent of} himself, his bedroom by himself and cry out for her to remove his cloth. ~~Soon, he would be able to do that himself after~~

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~~the whole had contradictory~~
the set of confusions with which she
looked at his father. ~~He knew all this~~
~~with the same clarity~~ ⁱⁿ state of clarity
with which he had ~~instilled~~ ^{instilled} a ~~laissez~~ ^{laissez} heat
~~and Luther~~ ^{Then he had} ~~and~~ been illumined
by new knowledge — ~~But~~ to dominate
an animal was to cross not only fear
but love. ~~For~~ ~~the~~ He did not know the
large difference between animals and
men, not yet, for ~~to~~ Luther was as
much of a personality to him as
was his father, but he could see the
instant result: the dog in all abject
terror still loved his master.

So would Klara love him he decided
even when he would not obey her,
and he began to make a point. Taken
out of his cloth and allowed to run
naked from the waist down, he began
(never when his father was at home)
to sit on the floor. ~~Some~~ ^{Some} times
he would do it ^{right} next to the chamber pot,
which brought Klara ~~as~~ ^{so} close to

(173) screaming that he could not bear every second he did not work and he felt in consequence miserable for he had no fear of him even when he knew she had come close to striking him!

He went too far. One day when I was
in the midst of working hard ^{but he}, he
spread my coat on the ~~parlor~~ ^{bed room} of
~~the house~~ upholstered arm of the parlor
couch, stretched it, threw by a cushion,
new turned in his chest. There ~~is~~ this
was different, somehow it was a change in
different, ~~and~~ that all the same, he
would allow it to her, and did

7.

The outpouring of the urine, the shit, and the blood of Luther became the first in a series of episodes remarkable in their powers of transmogrification.

If the word is not routine to pronounce, neither is its use. It suggests the depth of complexity in metamorphosis; it speaks of evolvments pregnant with reversal and revelation.

So, for example, Adolf's bowel movements now began to dominate the tenor of life in the house on Linzerstrasse. Before the episode with Luther took place, Klara had certainly been alert, no matter how often he soiled his wrapping cloths, to keep the child in clean state, indeed, the act became a daily dalliance between mother and boy. She wiped him so carefully that his

eyes gleamed with transmogrificational delight. Heaven was in his anus as his mother subtly, tenderly, delicately (and with unwitting demonic finesse) expunged the soil, wet or dry, from his rosebud, (which was, of course, Klara's secret name for her baby's dear little hole.) She was so proud of its rosy shine that she could hardly suppress her joy even when the other two children watched. Unlike other good mothers in Braunau, however, she hardly tried to teach Angela how to substitute for her. In truth, she preferred to be alone when taking personal care of Adolf for then they would have the best of times. She was altogether above the less happy elements of the procedure. His stool, (which could on occasion be as rank as any small diarrhetic disaster) could not arouse her disgust. It might disturb her if Adi's outpouring was sick in smell, or much worse, gave a hint of that empty cavern which lies beneath the odor of grave illness, but her breath was calm even when the stink was rich enough to overpower a stranger, provided it also came through as strong, as healthy. Such was her love for Adi.

It sparkled between them. His eyes danced as she dredged his cheeks with feather-smooth wipes of the rag, and her eyes were full of love, so full that his little penis certainly stood erect. She, in turn, would giggle and

gently coax it back to propriety while they both laughed as it jumped up again, whereupon she once kissed the tip, and then blushed for she did not wish her mind to allow the thought to suggest itself that the act might be subject to confession. No, not such innocent joy.

That changed after the dog was whipped.

She lived again in high fear of Alois. Now, it seemed as if the swaddling cloths were always in danger of bagging open and all too often left a full plop on the floor. Once when she was out of the parlor for a minute to start a dish in the kitchen, she returned to see the child playing with his spoil—he had already plastered his upper lip and chin. She gasped at the thought of Alois coming through the door.

So, training began. It was like trying to teach a bright but willful dog. In the beginning, Adi might even tug at her skirt, or take her to the closet that held the chamberpot and cry out for her to remove his cloth. After which, complimenting him for his prowess, they would go, spirit in accord with spirit, through the wiping. For such intelligence she offered full praise. His eyes would glow.

Now, she became ambitious. She wanted Adi to learn how to unsnap the safety pins that held his cloth, and he did. Day by day, one success followed another, until he pricked his finger too painfully to go near the pins again. When she lost patience that he had come so near and now refused to continue, when she scolded him for what was certainly the first time he had heard such a tone in her voice, he rebelled. Knowing how important he was to her, his senses in response were keen—he could detect the set of confusions with which she looked at his father. He perceived this in much the same state of clarity with which he had watched Alois beat Luther. Then he had been illumined by new knowledge. He did not measure the large difference between animals and men, not yet, for Luther was as much of a personality to him as was his father, but he could see the instant result: the dog in all abject terror still loved his master.

So would Klara love him, he decided, even when he would not obey her. He began to make the point. Taken out of his cloth and allowed to run naked from the waist down, he began (never when his father was at home) to shit on the floor. Sometimes he would do it right next to the chamber pot, which brought Klara so close to screaming that he could all but hear every

sound she did not make and felt in consequence masterful. He had no fear of her even when she came close to striking him.

He went too far. One day when she was in the midst of waxing her kitchen floor, he spread excrement on the upholstered arm of the parlor couch, studied it, knew by a curious new tumult in his chest that this was different, altogether different, but all the same, he would show it to her, and did.

This time she did not scream, she stood stock-still, and tears came to her eyes. She sensed that he had done it on purpose, and so she did not say a word, merely cleaned the sofa by which time he had an attack of diarrhea and the floor was dirty again. He began to laugh and to bawl, but she did no more than sigh and clean him soundlessly in a listless loveless fashion which made such an impression upon him that he awakened in the middle of the night and went to his parents' bedroom. Alois had been called to Passau for preliminary interviews and the house had not seen him for a week, but just before midnight he had come home. Since the boy had formed the habit of going to his mother's bed whenever Klara was alone, he was surprised, even as he cracked the door, to hear the gasping, and wheezing, and then the bull-

roar of Alois' voice. It came in spasms. Beneath it and above it were his mother's cries, soft and deep and full of the oddest torture for it spoke of joy soon to come, so soon to come, yes, just beyond reach, and through the half-open door (kept open particularly for her to hear the child's cries in sleep) he saw a sight his mind would not take in, not at once, for they looked like eight arms and legs and one of them was upside down. He could make out Alois' bald head and side-whiskers pressed between his mother's legs, and then without a word had turned around and was sitting on her face.

Adolf walked away as silently as he had entered, but 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 he turned back and peered into the room seeing what he could hardly see by the moonlight in the window, and his father was beating Klara with his body, his big belly slapping on her. But she sounded full of contentment! "You beast, you are an ugly man, you are an animal, you!" and then again, "You, yes, you, yah, yah, yah." There was no question she was happy.

He would never forgive her. That much the two-year-old knew. All her love had been for him. Now, she was with another. What they did was

done with bellies grunting. And then his father was on top of her back and she looked like Luther underneath the man.

This time Adolf went all the way back to his room, but he could still hear them. In the bed next to him, Alois, Jr. And Angela were giggling.

"Goosey, goosey," they kept saying.

01/10/2001

1/10 to 1/12
Done

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Redo in double space 35-52

Judith - Make sure the page numbers hang in the double-space continue the pagination through double-space chapters 1-4 sent to me by mail (which did arrive.)

Raabs, Rosenberg, Rappottenstein, Hardegg, Rosenau,

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

happen to mean dirt-poor.

Strones was mud-deep along its one lane, and, of course, had no inn—only a few dozen small and medium huts stood about unhappily with their damp

dripping peaked roofs of thatch. If Strones was ^{profuse} rich in pig wallows to the side and rear of each dwelling, cow flop was ^{prominent} ~~profuse~~ in the town meadows.

Here and there—to speak in relative terms—there was ^{proud} respectable horse manure. ~~profuse~~ ^{draw-horses} proud horse manure given the value of horses in such country

where a man often had to pull his own plow. When no snow covered the ground, there were various grades of mud, gumbo as thick as lava, rivulets of silt, gravel washes, muck and slops, clods and rocks, impacted scree and common malleable road clay. Most of the peasants had never seen a castle.

The nearest one, Weitra, was twenty-five miles away ^{from Strones.} For that matter,

Weitra was probably the largest and ugliest castle in the Waldviertel.

Massive and cube-like, it was topped by a mansard roof of insufficient stature. It could even be said that the castle at Weitra had more resemblance to an apartment house on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx than to an old schloss from the times (before Luther) when people ^{feared} knew a church steeple,

~~was also a warning of what could happen to you inside a castle-turret if you~~

~~broke a few rules.~~ Nothing like that, of course, in Strones. Not even a

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

Maria Anna Schicklgruber had the name of her just born son inscribed as

“Alois Schicklgruber, Catholic, Male, Illegitimate.” Filled with the awe one

accords a sacrament—in this case a theologico-bureaucratic sacrament—she

saw herself recorded by the priest as "unmarried, daughter of Johann Schicklgruber of Strones #1, and his wife, Theresia, born Pfeisinger."

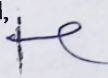
Since Maria Anna, born in 1795, was forty-two when Alois was brought to the parish registry, we knew that she had had an ample number of years to make mischief. Worse. She came from a family of eleven children of whom five were already dead. It was, on the face of it, possible, even likely that she had cohabited with several of her brothers. Maybe one of them was the missing husband. (Himmler had, of course, no ^{immediate} objection to that.) In any event, despite the abysmal poverty of the Schicklgrubers who, having lost their farm, were even poorer than their neighbors, she dwelt for the next five years in her father's home.

Given ~~this much~~ ^{the} likelihood of a trove of family secrets, we ~~still~~ could not dismiss ~~the~~ ^{still-living} question of the Jew from Graz. Hitler had dispatched his nephew's bothersome letter on to his lawyer, Hans Frank, but that was in 1930 and our Fuehrer did not come to power until 1933. Back then, three years earlier, Hans Frank was looking to reach the summit of the party, and was as close to Hitler as a lawyer can be when he has a client who is always extricating himself from one soup in order to be scalded in another, and so has real need of ~~his skills~~ ^{a lawyer he can trust,}

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

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

All through that year of 1930, Hitler was, however, immersed in his romance with Geli Raubal, Geli, his blood niece, daughter of Angela Raubal, Hitler's half-sister. Our Adolf did not need more complications. He told Frank that the real story, imparted to him by his own father, Alois, was that the real grandfather was Johann Georg Hiedler who had married his



grandmother five years after Alois' birth. "All the same," said Hitler to Hans Frank, "I will examine these letters from the Jew to my grandmother."

Frank ~~had~~ seen them, he assured Hitler, but they were not available. The man who owned them would not retreat from asking an inexcusably high price, no, he could not be budged, not by honey, not by threats. Besides, if the letters had been photographed, acquisition would be worth little.

"You have looked at them," Hitler stated.

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

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

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

In 1938, however, our findings gave another story. It no longer seemed likely that Maria Anna had been receiving money for fourteen years.

She and her husband, Johann Georg Heidler, were so poor after their marriage back in 1842 that they never had a home of their own. (They lived in her father's house, and for a time) They even had to sleep ~~for a time~~ in an empty cattle trough. Of course, there ~~could~~ ^{might}

have been some money. Johann Georg could have drunk it up. Indeed, he was still renowned in Strones, almost a century later. (Impoverished hamlets are well-to-do at preserving mean memories.) He was a legend for the length and depth of his drunken stupors through which, incidentally, he kept drinking. Such a fact did cloud our ^{second} hypothesis that there was ^{no} little money. For why would a drunk like fifty-year-old Johann Georg marry a forty-

seven-year-old unless she had some ~~source~~ income? That certainly reduced the likelihood that he was Alois' father, ^{and our Adolf's grand father}

Moreover, he showed no readiness to legitimize Alois. Either he did not believe wholly in such a possibility, or ~~he knew damn well~~ he had nothing to do with it. Besides, the town legend declared him to be impotent. In the event, he certainly made no objection when Maria Anna convinced Johann Georg's younger brother, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, to take the boy in and raise him. Johann Nepomuk, a hard-working farmer, had a wife and three daughters, but he did not have a son.

There was then no salient detail on the side of Johann Georg ^{as} being the ~~real~~ father. On balance, Johann Nepomuk seemed more likely to be ~~the~~ ^{that} unknown stalwart, but we ~~were still~~ ^{remained} most uneasy about the Jew.

Himmler sent me to Graz and I took ^{close} the measure of century-old records. No Frankenberger in such ^{ledgers,} ~~records~~! I pored over the

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01/12/2001

6.

The year 1942 is, however, a long way down the road of my account. *The same can be said for 1938, and I only mention it in truth. I only mention 1938 again because of a small episode that occurred during (which happens to offer an insight into) the Anschluss of Austria that reveals a great deal about Himmler. He always fascinated me (and this not only because he was my boss, and allowed me in private to call him Heinrich—a rare bestowal of favor.) I know that behind his back, ^{he} Himmler was usually ridiculed by his Party enemies as Heini—ill-gaited, pompous, and as party-pious a Nazi as any mediocrity who has risen too high—but his detractors were mistaking the outer shell for the man. I must say he fascinated me.)* Nobody, not even Hitler believed more profoundly in our philosophical principles, and so Himmler sometimes chose to be critical of our actions in what I must call an interesting manner.

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

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

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

45

^{u so, this act}
~~This act~~ would say, erupted from the crude but incisive ^{often}
 understanding of the people and ^{It makes} made a deep statement. It was ^{tells} to tell the
 Jews that work ^{if} when it is ^{able} not attached to the highest purpose ^{it is}

meaningless. 'Scrub away with those toothbrushes,' the boys were saying,

to them, 'because you ^{scum} (whether you know it or not, ^{what they do} are doing exactly the ^{what they}
^{do} same thing every day with your so-virtuous scholarship and your outrageous
 indifference to how you ^(that goes nowhere but into contradictions) acquire your wealth, ^{that they} all those
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second thought," Himmler concluded, "I will not condemn out of hand the
 deeds of these ^{low-rank} ~~lower-grade~~ Nazis."

We nodded. Pro forma. It was understood ~~that~~ as a subtle demand ^{over}
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 the father of Alois.

Again, I am trapped by the method employed so far. My name, I
 would remind you, does not happen to be Dieter. Although that is close
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(put
 in
 a
 separate
 page)

INSERT A
 904 to p 47

46

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is also, if there is indeed such a criterion, ~~novelistic ethics~~ ^{novelistic ethics} ~~unfair to the~~

reader. ~~I can only add to the confusion with which~~
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~~because I do not know to tell how I discerned the truth, the actual fact in~~

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~~nothing will irritate a reader more than to be offered a revelation that lacks~~

~~footing. A fact must be a fact if it is to augment our sense of reality. Then~~ ^{give resonance to)}

~~it can have resonance. At best, it will consist not only of its own declaration~~ ^{a fact is three-dimensional and consists}

~~of fact but will also exhibit the means by which it was obtained.~~ ^{presents}

To repeat—I cannot do that. ~~Not yet.~~ My real means is too
 extenuated and will not be comprehensible this soon. Even the resources of

INSERT A conf. (p 47)

omit from p 45

47

Special Section V-2a are not sufficient. We did ^{piece together} come up with an answer then, and ~~we~~ were able to tweak ~~our~~ ^{the} evidence enough to bend it in Himmler's direction—we knew that if our end-product would support his case, he would ~~be bound to~~ accept it. ~~and he did~~, but the irony was that our ^{conclusion} finding (turned out to be correct. This I was to learn later by the more exceptional methods of inquiry that are employed among the curious ^{personnel} personages to whom I actually belong—an organization too evanescent by any day-to-day measure to be called an intelligence group. Think of it rather as a nexus of Being that dwells within society. As you can see by the putative philosophical grandeur of the above sentence, we are hardly ready for facts about myself. ^{But then I am trapped—trapped} ~~HIMMLER~~ ¹²⁵⁴⁶

^{Content your reading then, at least for now, with the conclusions we}
^{if I think then that you must content yourself for now}
 presented to Himmler. Once I had brought back the news that the Jew from Graz did not exist, our focus ~~had~~ turned to the drunk, Johann Georg Hiedler, ^{but, soon enough we gave up on him and}
 Then, ^{soon enough, it} moved on to Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, the younger brother and honest farmer who took Alois at the age of five into his home.

We also studied traces of the actions of the one brother of Maria Anna Schicklgruber who was ^{resourceful enough} actually able to leave the mud of Strones ^{and} long-
 enough to make a little money as a commercial traveler. He was, we could ^{an occupational notch} say, a degree more elevated than an itinerant peddler. ^{For our purposes, what} ~~What~~ was best about

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this brother
~~him~~ *for our purposes* is that he passed regularly through Graz. This enabled us to declare that Maria Anna did, in fact, receive small sums from Graz but had told her family that it came from a Jew. For a short time, ~~that~~ *this* proved most believable to Himmler. He fully expected that Maria Anna was a confirmed liar. A poor and promiscuous woman, ~~after all,~~ *has* ~~has much~~ more need of artful lies than sober truth (much like a rich and promiscuous woman).

We came to the decision,
 The longer we studied the situation, the more we decided, however, that to make Himmler feel ~~more secure~~ *rewarded* on this matter, we would have to choose Johann Nepomuk, the good younger brother, as our seminal actor. *While nothing*
 Since ~~nothing~~ *for* would satisfy the end result but a prima facie case of incest, we looked to make the better choice between the itinerant brother and Johann Nepomuk. It came to the latter. With the brother, we would indeed have Alois as a full incestuary *between brother and sister, which is First Degree Minor* first degree, but that would be restricted to *put the high focus on*
~~Alois himself. It would not enable us to apply Himmler's thesis to Hitler.~~

On the other hand, if Maria Anna ~~had conceived~~ *and* with Johann Nepomuk, then Alois would not be the incestuary, but Adolf would be. Alois' wife, Klara, was the granddaughter of Johann Nepomuk by way of his daughter Johanna. So an uncle and a niece connected by blood would then be the parents of our Fuehrer. We knew that ~~we had at last~~ *this would give us* a solid

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presentation to offer Himmler and we not only settled on ^{this choice} that but

embellished it. Our final scenario took ^{on a bit of} this flavor: Maria Anna

Schicklgruber and Johann Nepomuk Hiedler had ^{been copulating} ~~continued a passionate~~ relationship ^{entered into copulation} on each rare occasion when she came back for a visit from ~~her~~

work in Graz ^{worked} (where she lived, incidentally, in the home of a family named Frankenreiter who happened to be Catholic, not Jewish), and these

Frankenreiters did have an only son but he was only ten years old. ^{Legends} ~~can~~ may thrive best when the facts are wrong!)

On her last trip back, Nepomuk, who lived a long day's walk away in Spital, was ^{make a point of} visiting his family ~~on~~ in Strones, and went to the straw for his

carnal hour with Maria Anna. She ^{on that occasion, she} conceived. He was left in a dreadful state, ^{it did not question the news since the act had been} state on receiving the news. He loved his wife, he loved his three daughters.

^{out of the ordinary, and she had told him after a lunar,} and he told Maria Anna, he could not shatter his home. All the same, he ^{know how she felt. He} would respect the matter. And did. Under the rubric of money-from-Graz,

he gave her sums from time to time to take care of the boy. In ^{a few} five years, he promised, he would ^{do his best to} take Alois into his own house and raise him with his daughters.

"Johann, you have just given me a baby, but on the other hand, here's a few and here's a few more."

Maria Anna put up with the situation, but ^{how could she be happy?} not happily. Five years

went by before she declared her intention to expose Nepomuk. She was now forty-seven and it was humiliating, she told him, not to be married, and have

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to face the women of Strones ^{each} every time she went out her door. None of the housewives trusted her.

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

Maria Anna, wed at last, wanted Georg to say he was Alois' father, but no, never, ^{she was told she was interfering in} she was transgressing on ^{a couple of} a matter involving his honor. If he had managed in the course of many a spree to tell ^{how and} his drinking companions why he had gotten married, then he saw all the more reason to make no fool of himself by ^{now} legitimizing a damn brat whom everyone knew was not his kid. He might be a failure, ~~a drunk, a loose mouth~~ but he was not a cuckold. ~~He would give his name never to Alois Schicklgruber.~~ Let the bastard remain a bastard.

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This ~~was the~~ story we presented to Himmler. It was buttressed by
 interviews we fleshed out with the few old inhabitants of Strones who were
 born before Johann Georg Hiedler died in 1857. It was ^{it examined closely,} a ramshackle series
 of bridges on the way to our desired destination, but ^{material} we wrote the material
 up with the sort of schoolboy ^{that stimulates} brio one ~~in~~ artfully inserted details.
 Himmler was, of course, so busy that he could ~~as we knew~~ interest himself
 only in our conclusions. ^{Obviously, then,} They were perfect for him. We had delivered a
^{family} family history in which ^{appeared} there was no Jew in the Fuehrer's bloodstream, and
^{his own} his own father and mother, Alois and Klara Hitler, who were now established as
 real uncle and niece by blood. We had ^{succeeded in making} made Adolf Hitler a first degree
^{One-step removed,} incestuary ~~one step removed~~
^{epiphany.} Himmler had an ~~epiphany~~ ^{epiphany} ~~once since~~ ^{for the result} "This," he
 said, "more than anything else, reveals the incredible bravery and fortitude
 of the Fuehrer. Early death or serious malformation is the most likely
 prognostication for the fate of first-degree incestuaries, but the Fuehrer
 proved fabulous in his ^{powers} powers of perseverance. His brilliance and his Will, ^{his unique}
 these extraordinary properties of character and insight, were provided by ^{this First Degree}
^{we live with the triumphant result,} intensification of his genes. These good German agrarian genes ^{proved able}
^{of them} to overcome all ^{they find a meta morphosis} negative tendencies and blossom into transcendental
 virtues."

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At this point, he closed his eyes ^(slowly and) ~~as if~~
~~At this point he closed his eyes~~ ^{from his chest} ~~and~~ ^{as if} ~~sighed audibly as if~~
 to expel every spirit in his chest that was ^{would} not free of dread. "We do not often
 speak of this," he went on in a ^{low} voice that was quiet even for him. "but these
 occasions of close incest can be truly perilous for those who lack the
 Fuehrer's Will ^{since it is} my belief—I will say ^{rather it is} my belief at times—that in the ^{certain}
 everpresent world of numinous spirits ^{which} ~~that seem~~ to surround us, there are
 many I would call malign, and ~~it~~ is even possible ~~that~~ they collect about a
^{presence which} ~~master~~ ^{was} (that in earlier times was perceived as Satan, or, should I say, Satanic ^{a presence}
^{should})
 This embodiment, ^{if it exists}, of a Devil or ~~the~~ Devil, would give great
 attention to Incestuaries of advanced degree, ^{indeed} ~~because~~ this ominous malignity
^{would be looking} ~~would seek~~ ^{that arises from} to pervert the force in any doubling of God-given genes. All the
 more power to Herr Hitler, then. He has actually been able, I would declare,
 to stand firm in the face of the Devil himself. "
 Little did Himmler ^{did not} know that his remarks ^{could be ampl, fresh} ~~had to be multiplied~~ by an
 order of magnitude. Hitler was not a First Degree Incestuary one step
 removed, he was at the core of incest. He was a bona-fide case of First
 Degree Primus. As I came to discover, by more exceptional and private
 means, ^{was the} ~~that this~~ ^{was the} ~~incest~~, Klara Polzl Hitler, Alois' wife, was not only his wife
 but ~~also~~ his blood daughter.

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6.

The year 1942 is, however, a long way down the road of my account. *If now,*
~~In truth,~~ *also* I *one more time, this* only mention 1938 *again* because a small episode occurred during
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who has risen too high mediocrity ~~of the middle ranks~~ (but his detractors were mistaking the outer
shell for the man. Nobody, not even Hitler *(in my judgment)* believed more
profoundly in our philosophical principles *than Heinrich*, and so *he Himmler*
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interesting manner.

I remember on the first morning after the Brown-Shirts marched into Vienna, a squad of ^{of them} beer-hall types with bellies above and below their belts ^{put together} collected a group of old and middle-aged Jews, professional class, pince-nez absolutely in place, and put them to work scrubbing the street pavement with toothbrushes. Since ^{added to the} the Storm-troopers laughed as they watched, ^{and that} (attracted attention) throughout Austria and Germany ^{and} and photographs of the event were featured ^{the} on ^{many} the front page of many a newspaper in Europe and America.

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"This act, therefore, ~~erupting~~ ^{erupted} from the crude but incisive
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enough (for the time being.) I am tempted to add that I was never really in Special Group V-2a; on the other hand, I was. While admissions veiled like these can only add to the confusion with which I choose to shroud myself, it is also—if there is indeed such a criterion as novelistic ethics—unfair to the reader.

Nonetheless I persist in these little acts of obfuscation. An act of true confession works better of one immerses oneself in ^a ~~the~~ pool of self-exposure by measured steps. The compensatory warmth of release ^{that one seeks} (comes best by surrendering slowly all trusteeship of ~~the~~ long-emplaced cautions. It is not the reader, not you or you, who will take the plunge. It is myself. I can lose much.

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The longer we studied the situation, the more we decided, however, that to make Himmler ^{feel more} secure on this matter, we would have to choose Johann Nepomuk, the good younger brother, as our ^{seminal} ~~leading~~ actor. Since nothing would satisfy the end result but a prima facie case of incest, we looked to make the better choice between the itinerant brother and Johann Nepomuk. It came to the latter. With the brother, we would indeed have ^{restricted} Alois as a full incestuary, first degree, but that would be ~~Alois himself~~. It would not enable us to apply Himmler's thesis to Hitler.

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On the other hand, if Maria Anna had conceived with Johann Nepomuk, then Alois would not be the incestuary, but Adolf would be. Alois' wife, Klara, was the granddaughter of Johann Nepomuk by way of his daughter Johanna. So an uncle and a niece ^{connected by blood} would then be the parents of our Fuehrer. We knew that we had at last a solid presentation to offer Himmler and we not only settled on that but embellished it. Our final scenario took this flavor: Maria Anna Schicklgruber and Johann Nepomuk Hiedler had ^{continued} met in a passionate relationship every time ^{on each rare occasion when} she came back for a visit from her work in Graz at the home, ^{(where she lived) in the home} incidentally, of a family named Frankenreiter who happened to be Catholic, not Jewish, and ^{these Frankenreiters did have} had an only son who was ten, ^{but he was only} ^{may best} years old. (Legends ^{best} seem to thrive when the facts are wrong!)

On her last trip home, ^{body} Nepomuk, who lived a long day's walk away in Spital, was visiting his family on Strones, and went to the straw for ^{his} a carnal hour with Maria Anna. She conceived. He was ^(left) in a dreadful state on receiving the news. He loved his wife, he loved his three daughters, and, he told Maria Anna, he could not shatter his home. All the same, he would ^{respect the matter} take care of her. And did. Under the rubric of money-from-Graz, he gave her sums from time to time to take care of the boy. In ^{five} ~~ten~~ years, he promised, he would take Alois into his own house and raise him with his daughters.

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 Maria Anna put up with ~~it~~ but not happily. Five years went by before
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^{Once, ~~was~~ well at last,}
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 father, but no, never, she was transgressing on a matter involving his honor.

If he had ~~not kept his word to be silent concerning the reasons for the~~
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This story

That was the ~~formal~~ account we presented to Himmler. It was

buttressed by interviews we fleshed out with ^{the few} ~~old~~ inhabitants of Strones, ^{who}

~~a few~~ some of whom were born before Johann Georg Hiedler died in 1857. Their ^(brothers) ~~parents~~ had told many a story about him. ^{the town drunk and his good younger} ~~It was a ramshackle series of~~

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conclusions. They were perfect for him. ^{we had delivered a family history in} ~~No Jew in the Fuehrer's~~

bloodstream, and a father and mother, Alois and Klara Hitler, who were now

established as real uncle and niece by blood, ^{we had made} ~~thereby making~~ Adolf Hitler a

first degree incestuary one step removed.

to offer the results

Himmler had an epiphanic encomium. "This," he said, "more than anything else, reveals the incredible bravery and fortitude of the Fuehrer.

Since ^{as we know} ~~Early~~ death or serious malformation is the most likely ~~predominant~~ ^{but the} ~~factor~~

of first-degree incestuaries. The Fuehrer proved fabulous in his ^{powers of}

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Clarification: because this ominous malignity would seek to pervert the

character and insight that were provided by the intensification of his genes. These good Germanic genes, proved able to overcome the negative tendencies and blossom into transcendent virtues.

Little did Himmler know that his remarks could be multiplied by an

order of magnitude. Hitler was not a first degree incestuary one step removed, he was at the core of incest, a rare case of First Degree Primus.

As He, I came to discover by more exceptional and private means, that Klara Pölzl Hitler, Alois' wife, was not his wife but his daughter, and so Hitler

himself was the incestuous child of parents who were themselves incestuaries. Himmler, if he had heard this, might have had a nocturnal emission there in his ill-fitting trousers during broad daylight.

At this point he closed his eyes, leaned back, and sighed audibly as if to expel every spirit in his chest that was not free of death. "We do not often speak of this," he went on in a voice that was just even for him, "but these occasions of close incest can be truly perilous for those who lack the truth reinforcement. I will since it is my belief - I would say my belief - that in the love present world of numerous spirits that seem to surround us there are many I would call malign, and it is even possible that they collect about a nucleus that in earlier times was perceived as Satan, or, etc."

At this point he closed his eyes, leaned back, and sighed audibly as if to expel every spirit in his chest that was not free of death. "We do not often speak of this," he went on in a voice that was just even for him, "but these occasions of close incest can be truly perilous for those who lack the truth reinforcement. I will since it is my belief - I would say my belief - that in the love present world of numerous spirits that seem to surround us there are many I would call malign, and it is even possible that they collect about a nucleus that in earlier times was perceived as Satan, or, etc."

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Kultusgemeinde of the Jewish Registry of Graz, and was confirmed. Back in 1496, the Jews had been expelled from ^{The} ~~that~~ region. By 1836 they had still not been permitted to come back. It took twenty more years, but then, Graz was the sort of modest Austrian city that catered to retired army officers on small pensions and so was reflexively anti-Semitic. On every side, it was obvious. Hans Frank had been lying.

Himmler explained it to me. When it came to his own career, Frank was bold and a gambler. Indeed, he did not acquire his later name for too little. (By 1942, he was known as the "Butcher of Poland.") At the time of the nephew's letter, he was, as already suggested, looking to establish himself in Hitler's inner circle. As Himmler saw it, he was ^{inventing} ~~using these~~ mythical letters to obtain a reliable pressure point. That was why there had been such a failure to produce the evidence. Hitler could hardly know whether Frank was making it up, was telling the truth, or was actually in possession of the letters. It would have been ^{He and for} ~~Frank's neck, and/or his~~ ^{the lawyer understood} ~~testicles~~ if Hitler had sent a researcher to Graz, but Frank ^{might dip a toe in the water, but his preference was to stay} ~~know~~ his client well enough to gamble that Hitler did not really want to know. He ^{stay away from this subject} ~~would~~ ^{the} ~~on dry ground.~~

Since Himmler was grooming me to become one of his first assistants, he also confided that he ^{did not tell} ~~never told~~ Hitler about ^{my} ~~this~~ finding. Certainly not!

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

118

Judith - ignore all the italics
for we, our, he, etc.

Part II

PP 118-131
in double-space

1.

PP 132-143
triple space.

I have ~~just~~ committed an irrevocable act of treachery: We are not
supposed to reveal who we are.

more to come
perhaps

As of now, ^{the} ~~this~~ disclosure is only on paper. At the end of these

writings, should I decide to eliminate what is recorded here, I can ^{contain my} sequester ~~each and~~
~~thoughts within my mind,~~
every echo of my thoughts. ~~For a devil,~~ ^{this is} ~~this is~~ paradoxically more difficult ~~for a~~

devil to accomplish than it is for a man or a woman. ^{While we} ~~We~~ are certainly not ^{permitted} ~~encouraged~~

to conceal anything from the Source, I have trained myself ~~however, to~~
~~insight~~ ^{of the words to}
to write without allowing any thought to radiate out from me, a condition in

defiance of the E.O. ^{1-k} ~~who~~ forbids such a practice. While ~~he~~ has no desire to
^{any large} use up ~~a~~ part of ~~his~~ resources by taking in all that is in ~~our~~ minds, ~~he~~ is

See
note
above

* why for all I know, spend their time absorbing
 devotional prose and pious tracts, but devils

of us
 certainly not inclined to allow any one in his army, to be able to hold separate
 opinions.

Now, however, that
 Since I have acquired this curious human skill of ^{holding my} keeping thoughts to
 myself, I feel able ^{when I so choose} therefore to continue my history, my biography, my novel

(call it what you will) ~~about the life of Adolf Hitler~~. With but one addition, I

can continue as I have begun. From time to time, I will ^{may offer} have a word or more

^{of explanation} on the structure of the Two Kingdoms, ^{our name for} (that world of spirits who work for

God, and are given the happy if somewhat inexact name of angels (we call

them the Cudgels), ^{in opposition} and the army of devils loyal to the E.O. While the above

remarks will hardly be unfamiliar to those readers who are familiar with

"Paradise Lost," so are many of us also versed in that particular classic. (I

^{will not} cannot speak for the angels, but devils are devoted to good literature—we

look upon such material as a professional ^{complement to our} need considering the extent of our

work with humans, ^{indeed} The corollary is that we detest most best-sellers for their

sentimental inexactitudes.) Milton is high in our ^{to be certain} arcana of those poets and

novelists we do not look upon as second-rate. ^{He did} Milton, after all, provided ~~the~~

^a world of men and women with a rough and ready chart of the ^{contest} situation

within ~~the domains of~~ the Two Kingdoms. No matter how distorted and

What's
 causing
 this?
 It
 happens
 often.
 Is it at
 your
 head
 or
 mine?

Note

↖
 ↖
 ↖
 ↖

inaccurate (and unfair!), his ^{does present} panorama ~~is nonetheless~~ a pioneer display of our warring armies ~~(Or, at least, how some of it did take place)~~ at the commencement. ~~It~~

One can begin ^{then} (with Milton, ~~then as a first model~~ ^{His panorama is,} It is of course, outdated. Devils who serve the E.O. ~~to offend~~ in the seriously misnamed army-of-the-damned, are by now well-installed in 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 explanation of the complexities of our war, I must offer my own ~~summary~~ outline on the ~~basic~~ balance of forces.

Because of ^{three} the separate conceptions of what reality might be, ^{and where it ought} ~~there are in~~ ^{to go, after there are, in} effect, ^{three} armies. God and his angels work upon humans to develop in ^{look to infiltrate or, better, possess} their direction; 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

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neither to God nor to ^{the E.O.} Satan (~~so-called~~), but rather ^{attempts} to be free, to be the creature of his or her own destiny, belonging to no external force. In the event, we devils try to guide our men and women (we call them clients), the Cudgels contest us, and ^{any} ~~the~~ particular man or woman ^{usually} ~~often~~ does his or her best to fight Us off, both of Us.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the ~~complexity and~~ perversity of the subtle condition of existence itself, an Overview. My hope—given the curious but forthright temper that has overtaken me is that I will be able to do ~~a bit~~ more than recount the years before us in the life of Adolf Hitler. Let me be ready, also, to explain my strengths ^{and} my weaknesses ^{for no} ~~any~~ devil is without a profile! ^I ~~in aiding and subverting the career from~~ boyhood on, ~~not to mention the signal intervention of the Evil One.~~

~~Given this much, 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 the way money serves as the basic matrix for humans), I am, if necessary, able to inhabit people's 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 in one or another impaired state. My sense of recollection, moreover, is free of the usual distortions that serve the human ego since I exist within an absolute set of strategic commands. No need therefore to develop a forceful ego. That is reserved for those humans who are determined to work up their own major endeavors—from which derives the

tyranny of their memory which can usually afford to retain only that which is of the most direct use to them no matter how misremembered or damnably 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. Sooner or later one is 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 a few unhappy situations, my attempted conversions were lost altogether. The guardian angel who was my opposite number gathered in such spoils.

At one period, not so long ago, as a

As a result of these several successive defeats, my position suffered.

a time,
For ~~long periods~~ thereafter, 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 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

and peasants who looked to stir up revolutions, but
~~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 large 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, or waiting for me to enlarge my
experience, 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.

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 thoughts, couching them in English, a language he enjoyed for its inclination to 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? I may propose that you take him on. But, ^{remain} ~~be~~ please! It is still no more than a project. It could certainly fail. He will need endless instruction.

His terrors must be bolstered with the most confident experiences you can arrange for him. And you must guard him from early and crushing defeats to his ego. In time, if he develops the greater part of his potential promise, he could become your only client. Must I say more? We are looking at a project worthy of a major effort."

I did dare to ask: What if I fail? Many of our projects do. Particularly the major ones. They are such outrageous gambles. Our Source is not unlike God in that regard.

I was depressed. The new project was at present a backwater, and would certainly need good luck—which is to say, times that would prove historically favorable to us. There was no sign of the felicitous conditions needed for a venture so much in need of ^{accelerating} gratuitous magnifications of possibility. (The First World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany had not yet occurred.) 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.

^{this}
All ~~that~~ is not of consuming interest any longer. 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 know of Alois and Klara now that Adolf has been conceived on a night when I spoke of myself as present, *there* as a species of Black Gabriel for the Evil One.

In truth, I was not in that bed of unfettered carnality, ^{*no*} certainly not on that occasion, nor did I have to be. Yet, ^{*in stating*} when I ~~stated~~ that I was there, I was *also* telling the truth.

The explanation, if one ^{*is ready to*} ~~will~~ follow, ~~is~~ is considerably less difficult than Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. Spirits live in a relation to Time that is hardly comparable to the human perception of that mystery. Ingesting the experiences of other demons, we are able to travel back and forth through periods of Time that can only be recognized by humans in linear fashion. So, I did not have to be present on the night that Adolf was conceived in order to

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(And to have an exact experience is to be present.)

have the exact experience of it. Another devil (of lower rank) had been
~~to Alois' bed that night~~
consigned. By order of the E.O., he (or it, if you prefer) had entered the act,
an insertion any of the E.O.'s cohort can accomplish (when ~~it~~ ^{the effort} is not only
desired but purposeful). Years later, that same devil had, ^{on} by my demand,
passed the experience ^{over} on to me with a completeness of detail and carnal
feeling that may be called absolute.

For all practical purposes, then, I had been there. ~~I could use the~~
~~experience to enlarge my own knowledge of Adolf.~~ ^{So} Since I also knew from
the intensity of the occasion that the E.O. had joined with his agent for one
instant (even as Jehovah had been with Gabriel during ^{another} ~~that other~~ exceptional
event) ~~so I could believe in my own active presence. Whatever is the~~
~~experience we draw into ourselves from other devils becomes our own~~
~~experience.~~ The same can be said of the memories, recent and long-
~~forgotten, of our clients.~~

~~While I would not be~~
I, for example, was not attached formally to Adolf Hitler for many years,
~~nevertheless~~
~~but~~ the E.O. had placed him ⁱⁿ my share of the Overview—the devils who
worked with little Adolf were there to pass their experiences on to me. Over
a period of time, his life and small deeds as a boy were sent ^{up} 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 of the minor devils in my command take on more prominence 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 with an insight no biographer could ^{dare} ~~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 my treachery toward the E.O. But then, I have ~~begin~~ ^{come to understand} ~~that I am not doing it~~ ^{why I must be doing it} ~~Profound experience~~ that is communicated to no one will sour the soul. I, who have lived so long with the firm belief that I am no more and no less than a spirit, now have to face a seismic disruption. Somewhere within I sense the remnants of a soul, the truncated ends, let us say, of nerves long lost to an amputated limb which ~~insists~~ ^{insists none the less} ~~will insist~~ on promising the body that it can grow again.

A recognition of this dimension comes ^{at} ~~too~~ early a moment in our narrative. It will take all of a book I may never be able to finish to absorb the meaning of such an insight. I seek to quiet the disturbance ^{that} ~~this~~ thought

~~arouses~~ ^{arouses} by returning again to the present, to these years ^{now} of living in an America I can hardly comprehend. If I am ~~now~~ ^{now} a presence who consists of no more at this instant than a devil without a serious assignment, I sense that I must (may it be the saving imperative!) return to the premise with which I began---that an account of the life of my former client will establish, at least, a rough topography of that terrain in which I search for the remaining oddments of my soul.

3.

In setting down these ~~basic~~ ^{putting} explanations, I must say it is one of our ongoing missions to convince the ruling majority of the new technological world that there is no such entity as the Devil and most certainly there is nothing like two hierarchical spirit orders—the universe is subject to reason, nothing else. God, alone, as a solitary mystery, ^{may be} is acceptable in some powerful quarters, ^{but} ~~but~~ not the Evil One. One mystery, not Two!

There need be no surprise, then, that the general understanding of Adolf Hitler's personality is dim. He is, after all, a third mystery, 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 pride in this. He was a close to unmeasurable specimen of the human, 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 the young fellow who grew out of the boy 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 unhealthy baby and terrified Klara with every wheeze of his lungs and bubble of sputum.

It is probably true that she was ready to die if he did, ^{not live} Devils are sound ^{anticipating} at ^{at} anticipatory motive, but our predictive attempts weaken ^{and the Lord} on the border of mortality. The Devil imposes, ~~the~~ man proposes, ~~God~~ ^{disposes}, is not ^{necessarily} accurate in most cases, but ~~we~~ ^{we} are obliged ~~to observe~~ ^{to recognize} that it is God who decides on the death of every human of every age. Even to take ^{an} extreme ~~examples~~ ^{example}—an airplane let us say which we have ~~seen~~ brought into malfunction (a most difficult process!) will not kill everyone on its crash unless

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unless our Adversary so decides. Most
of the time He ^{has to} ~~will~~ accept ^{to have us have} ~~that~~ ^{because it is too} ~~to~~ ^{we}
~~employed to achieve such an aim since~~
it is a costly ^{an} effort ~~for~~ to countermand
us - do not assume too quickly that it
takes nothing exceptional for God to save
a human on the lip of extinction, indeed
He could not even save His Son, but there
are occasions when death ^{still} should
ensue does not. God ^{still} disposes, from time to time.

Be it understood, however, that this all
comes down to expenditures. We are
fighting a war with each other and all
wars are determined ultimately by the
sum of the cost to each side. Even as
~~we~~ ^{we} are not all-powerful as devils, ~~so~~
because He is our Adversary, so is He
not all-powerful because of the cost of
warring with ~~us~~ ^{us}. To keep this understanding
alive, ~~in us~~, the E.C. insists that we never
speak of the Lord as God, but only as the
D.K. (what D.K. means, I would prefer not
to explain until later.)

It is K. Lane, ~~Quinn~~ and her state

now that she is once more a mother, which calls more directly for my attention.

It can occasion no surprise that the attention she gave to the ^{early days} birth of her fourth child would have been hysteria in any woman who had less cause for concern, but Klara was living on the edge of analysis. She had had her nine months and ten ten days to contemplate earlier years with Alain, ^{all the way in memory} from the carnal steam of their first illicit kiss to the rancid smell of the sickroom as Otto, Gustav, and Jola had gone one by one in the same few months of the same year. She ~~had~~ had prayed devoutly for God to have them, and ^{it} had chosen to rebuke her, ^{As she saw it, that could} ~~then, it only~~ ^{As she saw it, that could} only confirm the evil of her condition.

If she did not know that Alain was her father, she also had no certainty who he ^{might be} ~~was~~ on the day he came to visit in Spital. She was sixteen and had never seen a man whose disturbed life - she

took a step backward on meeting him, ^{her body ~~lurching~~ ^{lurching} before his mind.}
 It was as if she had received a blow.
 Yet, she also admired him and immensely, and
 at once. ^{her mother had an expression on her}
 face Klara had ^{not} seen before. For
 one instant, Johanna had seemed beautiful,
 there in ~~full~~ ^{pride and} ~~pride and~~ ^{pride and} longing, and in the next
 moment, Klara shared the same
 feeling, a closeness to her mother that
 was more than the everyday ^{bed-rags} ~~of~~ ^{of} sharing the same ~~quarter~~ ^{of} existence, no,
 it was as if she inhabited her mother's heart
 for the blink of an eye, and then ^{she} ~~another~~ ^{to blink to}
 shared the pang. In truth, ^{Klara} ~~she~~ had a devil's
 experience. The only ^{that devils} ~~for~~ ^{know} ~~is~~
 occurs in the instant we invest our spirit
 in the man or woman who is to be our client.
 Johanna was not much of a devil (only ~~in~~
 some for a ~~day~~ ^{more or less} had she been ~~more or less~~
 uninterested) but it was enough for Klara
 to share her mother's desire for Alois,

Of course, we did ~~not determine~~ ^{affect} ~~nevertheless~~ ^{nevertheless} ~~most useful to us~~ ^{most useful to us} ~~for a day~~ ^{for a day} ~~part of our~~ ^{part of our} ~~of comparison~~ ^{of comparison} ~~when he began to~~ ^{when he began to} ~~as she kissed his cheeks and the corner~~ ^{as she kissed his cheeks and the corner} ~~of his mouth, she even came to understand~~ ^{of his mouth, she even came to understand} ~~that it was the odor of life on her mouth~~ ^{that it was the odor of life on her mouth} ~~and, Alois having been drawn to his~~ ^{and, Alois having been drawn to his} ~~heavy side of the bed, she no longer~~ ^{heavy side of the bed, she no longer} ~~washed her mouth in the morning,~~ ^{washed her mouth in the morning,} ~~she just kissed her baby who gurgled~~ ^{she just kissed her baby who gurgled} ~~now rather than wheezed or screamed.~~ ^{now rather than wheezed or screamed.}

To the degree that the E. D. had as passing attention to their birth, we were ~~conscious~~ ^{conscious}. Excessive mother love was ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~thought~~ ^{thought} ~~almost as productive~~ ^{almost as productive} ~~a seed-ground~~ ^{a seed-ground} for the sort of garden we were looking to cultivate as a whole absence of mother-love or a cruel distortion of it. From the one, we were bound to look for ~~excess of every kind, good or bad, loving or hateful~~ ^{excess of every kind, good or bad, loving or hateful} ~~the distortion itself, the warping of honest~~ ^{the distortion itself, the warping of honest} ~~sentiment was the~~ ^{sentiment was the} ~~ingredient~~ ^{ingredient} in our varieties of fertilizers,

even the intensification of desired sentiment

P 146 of
Card 357
which
remembers
is 138a

140

~~Line 1904-05, approx~~

138a

card 357

From p 138)

~~Let me say that in the richest mix we can anticipate,~~
~~the E.O. and the D.K. are generally obliged~~
~~to ignore the majority of men and women are essentially ignored for their inborn limitations~~
~~for the purpose of stalemating our adversarial interest in~~
~~or the the dropping of us~~
~~limitations vastly more important are those significant figures, chosen in~~

childhood by God or Satan for a large investment, before the other becomes

as has been indicated demands aware of such infiltration. ~~Let that we must gamble~~ Even as the E.O.

chose Adolf ~~Hiter~~ early, and, I would suspect, by rule of thumb ~~that an~~

incestuous procreation followed by swarms of mother-love is certainly a

here we know that, even present favorably beginning especially when the E.O. was there at the conception. There ~~is the richest mix that we can~~ anticipate, was then every reason to expect that the child would prove extraordinary. If it lived, ~~what is most~~ exceptional about infant we ~~lose so many,~~

Card 147

also known as
138b

(54)

1386

1890
1889-1902Preparing to make start for Chapter 2, 9
Part 2

card 147

AIA? ✓

~~in a review in Dictionary~~
 Nevertheless, when
 When mother love is all-embracing for the son, why then, artists, ~~devils~~ ^{gargoyles, ogres},
 geniuses, killers (and the so-called saviors) come forth as the ~~dynamic~~ ^{tragic}
 product. The first rule of thumb in the struggle between the Almighty ^{D.K. Long}

~~Must be F.O.~~
~~Dynamic~~ of and the ~~F.O.~~ is probably their mutual understanding that no
~~outstanding~~ ^{splendid} single human quality ^{must} could ever prevail by itself, unaltered and
^{at least} ~~unassisted~~ ^{them} by one of us. Therefore, even the noblest, most self-sacrificing
 and generous mother can produce a monster.

Needless to say, that is by and with the aid of our side. We are always on the

alert for such candidates, who ^{are} ~~were~~ loved outrageously in
~~by their mothers in infancy and~~ early
 childhood.

By the time he was a year old, she
 called the boy Adi, ^{never} not Adolf or Dolfi.
 (The last was too close to Tenfel for comfort.)
 "Look," she would say to ~~her~~ ^{her} stepchildren,
 Alois, Jr. and Angela, "look, isn't he an angel,
 a little god," and since the baby had a round
 face, and big round eyes, and a little mouth,
 and looked to them like any other baby, they
 nodded with easy obedience. She was a
 good stepmother, and that was all right with
 them since they had heard from their father that
 their ^{own} mother had been crazy.
 They knew she should not talk to Alois, Jr.
 and Angela ^{half-} about their ^{with} brother in such
 exaggeration. But she could not help
 herself. Her ~~delusion~~ ^{indication} ~~was~~ ^{was} that
~~he~~ would forth with every sign ^{indication} ~~he~~
 gave that yes, he would still be there
 tomorrow, he would live.

She was certain she would keep him
 alive by her nursing. Breast-feeding gave
 her the ^{incomparable} ~~best~~ ^{best} nurse that she was
 putting her own strength into him, and the
 nipple was never far from his mouth. My

minor devils whom out on prayer-patrol in that region would report that she was more heartfelt than anyone in the town of Mannan, anyone of the near-thousand mothers they passed in the night. Devils, obviously, have minimal attachment to the sentimental, but one or two were haunted by her, haunted, ^{yes,} just a bit. Her prayers were so pure, "Oh, lord, take my life if it will help to save his." Other women, being more practical, they complained to the D. K. about all that was missing in their lives, and the most greedy and stupid ^{looking} ^{to grab and gorge} ^{more monarchical} ^{lover if you permit} ~~they wanted for comfort.~~ ^{it took} ~~she looked~~ ^{to give comfort to the child, her breast,} ^{was always in his mouth.} ~~It should always kept a clean house,~~ ^{now} While the F. O. rarely encouraged us to was in general not sympathetic to breast-feeding since ^{it is a source} ~~it is a source~~ ^{provides an essential if ugly energy in} ~~our child,~~ ^{it was a different} ^{his attitude} ^{was nearly} ^{in cases of} ^{first degree} ^{was} ^{For such situations,}

the ~~measures~~ ^{measures} close, the mother was (147)
to the child, why, the better for us. ^(dramas,)
The same was true of ^{all the excretions} ~~the excretions~~ ^{daily}
A dirty butt on a ^{baby} ~~three or four~~ ^{for us} year old
was a potential client ^{for us} ~~on the~~ road. No chance of that with Klara.
If she had always kept a clean house, it
was now spotless, as spotless as any rich
merchant's house in Bremen with its
four or five servants, indeed her furnishings
gleamed - it was as if she had studied
the paintings of Vermeer every day of
~~her~~ every year. So, too, was ^{P.P. 33} ~~Adel's~~ ^{each of an}
^{anus} ~~splendid~~ ^{half} spotless and of that, too, did
the E.O. approve - an ^{ingestuary} ~~ingestuary~~ ^{the glaze of}
must always be aware of his or her own
excrement, a ~~Public~~ Dick test that was
never quite explained to us although it
did offer ^(once more) ~~(a strong rule of thumb)~~ [!]
~~specific~~ explanation merely by being
stated. Our basic instruction was that
no rule no matter how generally effective
was not there to be reversed in special
cases.

* ~~clauses to lines~~

Not long after Adolf was born, Albi decided to move out of the Sommer Inn. It was his twelfth change of address since he had first been assigned to Braunau ^{in 1875,} ~~fifteen years~~ ^{before} earlier, and, indeed, he had liked the Sommer Inn "It ^{perhaps} ~~is~~ ^{the} spirit of elegant elegance" "if you can use such a word about Braunau," was one of his ~~repeated~~ ^{repeated} remarks (he had about a dozen he used repeatedly and felicitously to cover a hundred situations in small talk.)

"Women are like geese - you can recognize them from behind." Or, depending on the company - "recognize them by their ^{gentleman or lady} behind."

"I can always tell who is a smuggler. They are too good to be true, they dress too well, they speak too well, and they work too hard at looking you in the eye."

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Sommer Inn after he had been there for four years, he would shrug. He was not about to bring up the length of the

three children, and besides, that was ⁽¹⁴³⁾ not the reason. "I like to move," he would say. He could have told a little more of the truth which was that he had no deal of the best waitresses, chambermaids, and ~~and~~ ^{at the summer Inn} cooks who were not too old or too ugly, he could have said, (and did to one or two friends - "when a woman goes dry on you, change your house. That can get their juices going again.") He could even have ~~given~~ ^{given} the real reason if he had comprehended it - no matter when he lived, sooner or later a restlessness would come upon him that was intolerable - his flesh even itched as if ants were reconnoitering his skin. He ~~would~~ did not even complain ~~any longer~~ about the sheets, the draperies, the carpets, no need, he knew it was time to move.

The Hether family left the summer Inn then. He had on the day of departure a most uncharacteristic thought. It was that the dark forces of the universe had chosen him for high position and he must not ruin this possibility by going to church. I will remark that

two more pages

his notion of high position was to be promoted to Chief Customs Official in the provincial capital of Ling (and indeed he was to achieve just that post before he retired.) Never superstitious (except when he was) Alois later attributed his ~~last position to be due~~ ^{loss of} the prestige of his last position ~~to be due~~ in part to the move he made at that time — from the Pommer Inn to ~~the house~~ ^{apartment} on Hingertstrasse. It was he and Klara both agreed that they needed more room, and that they had. Now there ~~was no room~~ ^{were no women in the}, and ~~no room to~~ but he had used out a place or two where he could stop on his way home from ~~work~~ ^{the tavern} after work. Sometimes he even had to pay ~~for the privilege~~ ^{for the privilege}, but then the rent on Hingertstrasse was less than at the ~~inn~~ ^{Pommer Inn}.

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She infuriated him. If ants were like bees, and had a Queen for whom they labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for his skin would ~~be~~ ^{crawl} ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~her~~ ^{her}.

his crotch would itch and the ^{beat} ~~heart~~ ¹⁴⁵
his heart was ^{toiled} ~~big~~ in his chest as if the
auto had ~~been~~ ^{reached} to there. Just
so powerful was ^{the presence of} Klara lying in sleep
on her half of the divided bed. He
would keep thinking of her as she
had looked on the night of her wedding
~~those four long years back~~. She had had a
~~dress~~ ^{with} made for the occasion, and
wore a white collar, that much white she
allowed herself as a bride and ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the top of~~ ^{white} her forehead which he
considered well-shaved, ~~off~~ fine, white,
~~and~~ eyes, he would even grant her a noble
forehead, she had teased some
charming curls. On her breast she had
pinned her one piece of jewelry, a
small clump of ~~grapes~~, all ~~of~~ green glass grapes,
~~but~~ looking tasty enough to mislead
you. And then there were her eyes - no
mistake! he had to fight against falling
in love with a woman who kept the
cleanest house in Breunau just for him
and for three ~~kind~~ kids, a woman who was
always ^{as} ~~so~~ polite to him in public as to
an emperor, ~~and~~ a woman who never

rose
dark ~~was~~
with

and never nagged him about
finances,

TRIPLE SPACE

complained about what she had and ⁽¹⁴⁶⁾ didn't have, a woman who still had only the one good dress which had been at her wedding party, and yet if he laid a finger on her, she would ~~not~~ bite it off. He wondered if the difference in their age was now what it was all about. Better than marrying her, he should have put her in a nunnery. Yet his skin itched at the thought of how she would not let him near.

Drinking at the tavern, he would look ~~the~~ to get his own back at the tavern.

If he had hated the Church in the first years of their marriage, he had by now developed a high scorn for its hypocrisies, peccadilloes, and outright blasphemies, ~~and its own terms. Shocked at the outset,~~ his fellow customs officers began in time to read articles in anti-clerical magazines he had discovered for sale in an antique bookshop in Braunschweig, indeed the store owner, ^{Hans Hycidies Leipzig} would meet him on many an evening for beer, and while the bookseller kept himself above all the discussions but for nodding his head

I'll need Chapter IV for tomorrow

"No good man wants to be
mentioned," they were used
to saying, they were

wisely from time to time, his presence, ^{upstart, his full}
his stevedore chain and ^{his full}
peephole spectacles, ~~gave~~ offered him
some slight but legitimizing resemblance
to ^{Arthur} Schopenhauer whose portraits ~~was~~
~~was~~ occasionally printed in the
Braunauer Zeitung, and so gave substance
to Leipziger's smallest assent, just fear,
enough to take the other Customs ~~officials~~
around the roughest ~~heads~~ ^{shocks} of the argument;
~~since they were~~ while they were hardly
to be counted as Church-goers, ~~they were~~
still officials and could hardly feel at
ease when any institution was mocked, let
alone an edifice of such extent, depth, and
lofty height as the Holy Roman Church, ^{that}

Not Alain, ~~he~~ ^{no fear} felt free to declare ^{that}
he had no fear. "If there is a Providence larger
than our Franz Joseph's power to provide for
us, then I have not encountered it, ^{grat}!"

"Alain, ^{take care} ~~they do not~~ go up to you with a
sign," said the official nearest to him in rank,
"Yes, it is all a mystery, mystery, mystery."

mystery, And the Church owns all the keys, they are
the caretakers, yes?"

If the others laughed uneasily. But ~~that~~ he was thinking of Klara and how (148)
his piety had left a hot rock in his
stomach, and he would grind this rock
to ~~fine~~ powder if he could. "In late
Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? the
whores had more respectability than
the nuns. There was a convent up in
Franconia so bad the Pope had to call
for an investigation. The Whore's Guild
was complaining. Unfair competition!"

"Come now," said two drinkers at
once.

"It is true," I could show you the
text. Hans Leipziger here can show you
the text." Leipziger nodded slowly,
reflectively. He was a little too drunk
to know he certainly on which side his
authority ~~should~~ could fall. "Yes," said
Alain, "The Pope sent a Commission, and
what does he report back but that more
than half of the nuns are pregnant. That
was the sober fact. They took nest with
the monasteries. Orgies of homosexuals." He
said it with such force that he had
time to take a large draft of his tankard.

If Alain was still furious at the Bishop (192)
of Ling who had refused his application
to marry Clara, and so forced him to
go on to Rome and made him lie that
he was a pauper to defray expenses on
the translation into Latin.

On the walk home, his mood was foul.

Indith - pages 163, 170, 171, 172, 173
are in double-space. Keep
each page intact so I can
put them back with 164-169 which
are clean, as are 174 + 175.

7.

Thunder pp ~~176~~ 176-182 in triple-space.

The outpouring of the urine, the shit, and the blood of Luther became
the first in a series of episodes remarkable ^{for} in their powers of
transmogrification.

If the word is not ^{easy} routine to pronounce, ^{its sense of process is} ~~neither is its use~~ ^{stimulating.} It suggests
the depth of complexity ^{within} in metamorphosis; it speaks of ^{changes} ~~evolution~~
pregnant with reversal and revelation.

So, for example, Adolf's bowel movements now began to dominate the
tenor of life in the house on Linzerstrasse. Before the episode with Luther
took place, Klara had certainly been alert, no matter how often he soiled his
wrapping cloths, to keep the child in clean state, indeed, the act became a
daily dalliance between mother and boy. She wiped him so carefully that his

8.

^{white}
 When we last saw Alois, Adolf was full of detestation against his
 mother and a whole desire for ^{h/s} ~~terminal~~ revenge against his father, ~~but~~ these
^{for Klara did}
 bad feelings ~~would~~ not last in the case of his mother through the next feeding.
^{At} her breast, ~~just as soon~~, the child was ready to forgive, and this despite the
 odor of carnal funk and male sweat still on her drowsy body (since he had
 begun to bawl for his milk not thirty minutes after she had sunk into the best
 sleep she had known for years).

Let no one suppose that because a child's deepest feelings have a half-
 life of thirty minutes ~~but~~ they are not profound. It is the fundament of early
 experience to feel deeply and to move on quickly, the top ~~end~~ of the turmoil

to be quickly buried, the remainder to stay with the child all the way into maturity, marked by a firm cut of the etching knife *into memory.*

There we can leave Adolf. It might be said that he would never love his mother as much again, and yet his feelings were more intense. Now, there was pain in his love plus an anger that revealed itself by nipping more and more at her breast with his first teeth. Indeed, he felt like Luther, and when drowsy, often slept beside the hound through an afternoon, for he saw him as a brother. They had both taken a fearful beating on the side of the heart that is most tender, and indeed, that went on until Adolf began after a few months to take more and more advantage of the dog, punching him in the belly, trying to poke into his eyes, and sometimes, when standing, loosing a kick to the ribs, then more, until the dog at last began to growl at his approach and Adolf in turn would whine and run to his mother. There was a *when* period ~~this~~ made her so distraught that her delight in breast-feeding was all but gone. The ~~slow and irritable~~ days of weaning were at hand.

In her private councils, available not to her child, her stepchildren, her husband nor even the confessional box, she had come to the conclusion that she must have another child—half from fear that even now, Adolf would die,

and half from fear that she would never love him as much again as once she had. Besides, she was entering the year of her marriage when she looked forward to Alois approaching their bed in a certain mood and manner, for on such evenings—after all these years!--much actually came alive in the marrow of her feelings.

Be it noted that the next to last time we encountered Alois, ~~(a few pages back)~~ he had been before us with his nose and lips in Klara's vulva, 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 this first occasion that there is no other explanation 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 so demean himself! In bald fact, and to make her pay for such bottoming on his part, ~~he had, before conclusion,~~ ^{we must recall,} thumped his buttocks together over her nose and mouth—precisely the frightful sight that drove Adolf back to his bed and caused him to bawl for milk not a half-hour later.

on the railroad away from Braunau, and that meant ~~that~~ Adolf could sleep in the ^{big} same bed with his lady.

If his joy was profound, be certain that ~~one~~ ^{we} did what ~~one~~ ^{we} could to intensify it. Never again would he ~~sleep~~ ^{live at night} 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.

~~So~~ ^{therefore,} Adolf, on most nights, could share a bed with his mother, and this agreeable state would last for a year. Then, it was often able to continue when the family moved on to Passau. That was a territory large enough for Alois to oversee other towns with other border crossings, and so the father was away as much as he was home, and Adolf kept within the ~~sleep~~ ^{nocturnal} warm 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.

But I must learn to ^{hold back, Patience} ~~be patient. It is~~ half of the art of the narrative and the most difficult demand one must since we know what is coming. ~~Be it~~

I said that I learn not about this art, I proceed

163-180
 triple-space

7.

The ~~and~~ outpouring of the urine, the shit, and ~~finally~~ the blood of

Luther became the first in a series of episodes ^{how quickly they} remarkable for ~~their power of~~

went into)

(transmogrification.

Q I R the word

~~it~~

If the word is not comfortable to pronounce, it is none the less

routine

but neither is its use for it

~~offer a piece of~~

~~value~~

intensifies

agreeable to use, for it magnifies the complexities of metamorphosis it

^{Evolutionary}
 speaks of these varieties of rapid evolution that are pregnant with reversal
 and revelation.

So, for example, little Adolf's bowel movements ^{now} began to dominate

the tenor of life in the house on Linzerstrasse. Before the ^{episode} event with Luther

^{took} had taken place, Klara had certainly been active ^{alert} to keep the child clean, no
 in clean state no ^{soften he soiled} (matter how frequently he soiled his wrapping cloths, ^{indeed, a good} such

^{modest hubbub became}

that was an outright dalliance between mother and boy, since she wiped him

^{so care fully} with such care that his eyes gleamed from the transmogrificational ^{with} ^{delight} ~~gloss only~~

^{found} ~~As a baby can know on the high ascent in childhood~~ Heaven was in his anus

^{his} as his mother subtly, tenderly, delicately (and with unwitting demonic

^{expunged} finesse) ~~cleaned out~~ the soil, wet or dry, from his ^(which was, of course,) ~~rosebud~~ ^{(Such was Klara's}

^{dear little hole} secret name for her baby's ~~asshole~~ ^{a good peasant word, asshole, that she}

^{door} ~~was capable of using for anyone else's bottom door~~ She was so proud of its

rosy shine when ^{done} ~~clear~~ ^{at last} that she could hardly suppress her joy ^{even if} as the other two

children watched, ^{Indeed} ~~and~~ unlike other good mothers in Braunau, ^{however,} she hardly tried

to teach Angela how to substitute for her. In truth, she preferred to be alone

when ^(taking personal care of) ~~cleaning~~ Adolf (for then they would have the ^{best of} ~~dearest~~ times ^{that all but}

~~excessive word is the only one applicable here.~~ She was proud ^{above and beyond} ~~she was~~

~~as~~ ^{stink} ~~valley of his master~~ of all the less happy elements of the procedure. The

^{stink} ~~smell~~ of his stool, (which could on occasion be as rank as any small

diarrhetic disaster) could not arouse her disgust. It might disturb her if Adi's

^{outpouring} ~~was~~ sick in smell, or much worse, gave a hint of that empty cavern

which lies beneath the ^{odor} ~~stink~~ of grave illness, but her breath was not without

joy even when the ^(stink) ~~odor~~ was rich enough to overpower a stranger, provided it ^{also}

came through as ^{as} ~~healthy~~ ^{strong} ~~to her~~ Such was her love for Adi.

It sparkled between them. His eyes danced as she dredged his ~~silk~~^{chucks} with

feather-smooth wipes of the rag, and her eyes were full of love, so full that

his little penis certainly stood erect (~~even an untrained~~^{for even a baby} penis is capable of a

salute!) She, in turn, would giggle and gently coax it back ~~(to propriety while~~^{and down}

they both laughed as it jumped up again, ~~whereupon she once~~^{whereupon she once} (kissed the tip,

and then blushed for ~~himself~~^{itself} because she did not wish ~~him~~^{to suggest to} mind to remind ~~her~~^{the act might} herself that this ~~could~~^{might} be subject to confession. No, not such innocent joy.

All that changed after the dog was whipped.

Now, it seemed as if the ~~swaddling~~^{swaddling} cloths were

always in danger of bagging open and ~~sometimes~~^{all too often they} left a ~~plot~~^{full plot} on the floor.

Once when she was out of the parlor for a minute to ~~start~~^{start} a dish in the

kitchen,

~~when~~

kitchen,

she returned to see the child playing with his ~~output~~^{spoil-}—he had ~~already~~

plastered his upper lip and chin with quite a bit of fecal clay. She ~~almost~~

~~gasped~~
~~screamed~~ at the thought of Alois coming through the door ~~that~~ instead of herself.

~~The child could have been in danger then.~~

So, training began. It was like trying to teach a bright but willful dog.

In the beginning, Adi might even tug at her skirt, or ~~point to the chamberpot~~ ^{take her to the}
~~closet that held the chamberpot,~~
In ~~an~~ amazingly short time, he would walk to that corner of his bedroom by

~~himself~~ and cry out for her to remove his cloth. After which, complimenting

him for his prowess, they would go, spirit in accord with spirit, through the

wiping. For such intelligence she offered full praise. His eyes would ~~shine~~ ^{glow}.

~~Her happiness at this progress became an undoing.~~ For now she ~~was~~ ^{became}

ambitious. She wanted Adi to learn how to unsnap the safety pins that held

his cloth, and he ~~learned~~ ^{did} day by day, one success ~~following~~ ^{followed} another, until he

pricked his finger ~~painfully enough to refuse~~ ^{too} to go near the pins again. When

she lost patience that he had come so near and now refused to continue, when

168

she scolded him once or twice for what was certainly the first and second

times he had heard such a tone in her voice, he rebelled. ^{Knowing} ~~The child knew~~ how

important he was to her, ~~and~~ his senses in response were keen—he could

detect ~~the force of her love for him, and~~ the set of confusions with which she

looked at his father. He ^{perceived in much} ~~knew all~~ this with the same state of clarity with

which he had watched Alois beat Luther. Then he had been illumined by

new knowledge ^{in the moment} ~~to dominate an animal aroused not only fear but love. He~~

He ^{measured} did not ~~know~~ the large difference between animals and men, not yet, for

Luther was as much of a personality to him as was his father, but he could

see the instant result: the dog in all abject terror ~~still~~ loved his master ^{more}.

So would Klara love him, he decided, even when he would not obey

her, ^{the} ~~and~~ he began to make a point. Taken out of his cloth and allowed to run

naked from the waist down, he began (never when his father was at home) to

shit on the floor. Sometimes he would do it right next to the chamber pot, which brought Klara so close to screaming that he could all but hear every sound she did not make and ~~he~~ felt in consequence masterful ~~for~~ ^{her} he had no fear of ^{her} even when he ~~knew~~ ^{came} she had ~~come~~ close to striking him.

He went too far. One day when she was in the midst of waxing her kitchen floor, he spread excrement on the upholstered arm of the parlor couch, studied it, knew by a curious new tumult in his chest that this was ~~somehow~~ different, ~~somehow~~ ^{it} was altogether different, but all the same, he would show it to her, and ~~did~~ ^{he} did.

This time she did not scream, she stood stock-still, and tears came to her eyes. ~~It was as if she had sensed that he had done it on purpose, and did not say a word, merely cleaned the sofa (which took so long that he had an attack of diarrhea and so the floor was dirty again, he began to laugh and to howl, but she~~

Go to double-space
for 163-180

7.

Judith
note the
cross, line
it across
through
p 170.!!

The outpouring of the urine, the shit, and the blood of Luther became
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daily *as a daily*
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delight. Heaven was in his anus as his mother subtly, tenderly, delicately

(and with unwitting demonic finesse) expunged the soil, wet or dry, from his

rosebud (which was, of course, Klara's secret name for her baby's dear little

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when
suppress her joy even if the other two children watched. Unlike other good

mothers in Braunau, however, she hardly tried to teach Angela how to

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~~beyond~~ all the less happy elements of the procedure. His stool, (which could

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worse, gave a hint of that empty cavern which lies beneath the odor of grave

illness, but her breath was ^{calm} ~~not without joy~~ even when the stink was rich

^{enough} ~~enough~~ to overpower a stranger, provided it also came through as strong, as

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with feather-smooth wipes of the rag, and her eyes were full of love, so full

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they both laughed as it jumped up again, whereupon she once kissed the tip,

164

and then busied for she did not wish her mind to allow the thought to suggest itself that the act might be subject to confession. No, not such innocent joy.

That changed after the dog was whipped.

She lived again in high fear of Alois. Now, it seemed as if the swaddling cloths were always ~~in danger of~~ bagging open and all too often ~~they~~ left a full plop on the floor. Once when she was out of the parlor for a minute to start a dish in the kitchen, she ~~returned to see the child playing with~~ his spoil—he had already plastered his upper lip and chin. She gasped at the thought of Alois coming through the door.

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Now, she became ambitious. She wanted Adi to learn how to unsnap the safety pins that held his cloth, and he did. Day by day, one success followed another, until he pricked his finger ^{painfully} too to go near the pins again.

When she lost patience that he had come so near and now refused to continue, when she scolded him ~~once or twice~~ for what was certainly the first ~~and second~~ times he had heard such a tone in her voice, he rebelled.

Knowing how important he was to her, his senses in response were keen—he could detect the set of confusions with which she looked at his father. He perceived this in much the same state of clarity with which he had watched Alois beat Luther. Then he had been illumined by new knowledge. He did

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Judith
This
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flax
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dryer
(if that is
really the case)

~~somehow~~ different, altogether different, but all the same, he would show it to her, and did.

This time she did not scream, she stood stock-still, and tears came to her eyes. She sensed that he had done it on purpose, and so she did not say a word, merely cleaned the sofa by which time he had an attack of diarrhea and ~~the~~ the floor was dirty again. He began to laugh and to bawl, but she did no more than sigh and clean him soundlessly in a listless loveless fashion which made such an impression upon him that he awakened in the middle of the night and went to his parents' bedroom. Alois had been called to Passau for preliminary interviews and the house had not seen him for a week, but just before midnight he had come home. Since the boy had formed the habit of going to his mother's bed whenever Klara was alone, he was surprised even as he cracked the door to hear the gasping and wheezing going into the hull.

and then

roar of Alois' voice. It came in spasms ~~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~~ *the saddest* *for it*

come, ~~so soon to come~~, yes, just beyond ~~the~~ reach, and through the half-open

door (kept open particularly for her to hear the child's cries in sleep) he

~~stopped~~ *stopped* saw a sight his mind would not take in, not at once, for they

looked like
~~were~~ eight arms and legs and one of them was upside down, then they rolled

~~around~~. He could make out Alois' bald head and side-whiskers ~~for they were~~

pressed between his mother's legs, *and then without a word had*
turned around and was sitting on her face.

Adolf
He walked away as silently as he had entered, but in his soul there was

no ⁸doubt his mother had betrayed him. Just then he heard a final set of cries,

1
torn from her, a sobbing full of wonder, ~~worse~~, of joy, and he turned back

could hardly see
and peered into the room seeing what he ~~saw~~ by the moonlight in the

window, and his father was beating Klara with his body, his big belly

slapping on her, ^{But} and now she sounded full of contentment, "you beast, you
are an ugly man, you are an animal, you!" and then again, "You, yes, you,
yah, yah, yah." There was no question she was happy.

He would never forgive her. That much the two-year-old knew. All
her love had been for him, ^{until} and now ^{Now, she} she ~~(was with another and in a different~~

~~way~~. What they did was done ^{with} without wiping and full of noise and bellies

grunting. And then his father was on top of her back and she looked like

^{underneath} Luther, ~~and the man was spanking her even as he was pushing and grunting~~

This time Adolf went all the way back to his room, but he could still
hear them. In the bed next to him, Alois, Jr. And Angela were giggling.

"Goosey, goosey," they kept saying.

8.

When we last saw Alois ~~which was but a moment ago~~, Adolf was full of detestation against his mother and a ^{whole} desire for terminal revenge against his father, ^{but these} ~~a coupling~~ of bad feelings which would not last in the case of his mother through the next feeding at her breast ~~because~~ ^{just as soon}, the child was ready to forgive, and this despite the odor of carnal funk and male sweat still on her drowsy body (since he had begun to bawl for his milk not thirty minutes after she had sunk into the best sleep she had known for years).

Let no one suppose that because a child's deepest feelings have a half-life of thirty minutes that they are not profound. It is the fundament of early experience to feel deeply and to move on quickly, the top half of the ~~turning~~ ^{turning} to be quickly buried, ~~even forgotten~~, the remainder to stay with the child all the way into maturity, ^{marked by} a firm cut of the etching knife into the future of its ~~emotions~~.

There we can leave Adolf. It might be said that he would never love his mother as much again, and yet his feelings were more intense ~~for now~~ ^{for now} there was pain in his love plus an anger that revealed itself by nipping more and more at her breast with his first teeth. Indeed, he felt like Luther, and when drowsy, often slept beside the hound through an afternoon, for he saw him as a brother. They had both taken a fearful beating on the side of the heart that is most tender, and indeed, that went on until Adolf began after a

few months to take more and more advantage of the dog, punching him in the belly, trying to poke into his eyes, and sometimes, when standing, loosing a kick to the ribs, then more, until the dog at last began to growl at his approach and Adolf in turn would whine and run to his mother. There was a period when ~~she was so~~ *his made her* distraught that her delight in breast-feeding was all but gone. The slow and irritable days of weaning were at hand.

In her private councils, available not to her child, her stepchildren, her husband nor even the confessional box, she had come to the conclusion that she must have another child—half from fear that even now, Adolf would die, and half from fear that she would never love him as much again as once she had. Besides, she was entering the year of her marriage when she looked forward to Alois approaching their bed in a certain mood and manner, for on

such evenings—after all these years!--much actually came alive in the

marrow of her ~~pleasure~~ ^{feelings.}

Be it noted that the next to last time we encountered ~~him~~ ^{Adams} (a few pages

back) he had been before us with his nose and lips in Klara's vulva, 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 this

first occasion that there is no other explanation 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 so

demean himself! In bald fact, and to make her pay for such bottoming ^{on his parts} / he

had before conclusion thumped his buttocks together over her nose and

mouth—precisely the frightful sight that drove Adolf back to his bed and caused him to bawl for milk not a half-hour later.

Yet Alois in a most unexpected manner, ~~in a true transfiguration of sentiment~~, also felt tender towards Klara in the morning, and this unexpected gentleness in concert with the astonishing pleasure he had given her by way of his tongue, a joy whose anatomical specificities—his and hers—she had tried neither to picture nor to comprehend (she 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 heavy behind ~~had~~ actually smelled better than Adolf's had lately.

As a devil, I live more intimately than the angels with excrement, and *I speak* ~~of~~ ~~that in~~ all its forms—the excrement of ugly and disappointing events, the sour poison of harsh and ~~unmitigated~~ *unjust* punishment, the corroding acids of

of course,
impotent thoughts, and ~~this not even to speak of~~ the various ~~and seldom~~

~~profitable~~ aspect of caca itself—it is true, as devils, we live in shit, we work

with shit, we even prosper from it (as I may yet attempt to explain) and so it

is natural for us to comprehend a marriage ~~through~~ the lens of the cloaca—

which, I will argue, is not the worst way—for marriage (at least until I came

to America) was always seen by angels and devils alike as the mansion of

parenthood. Since it is also true that, as St. Odon of Cluny stated so

unforgettably (in a remark worthy of the best of devils: inter faeces et urinam

nascimur—between shit and piss are we born) the proper study of

marriage ~~resides~~ not only in partnership, congeniality, boredom and daily

despair, but in the guts and grease of it all—the daily, almost comradely

knowledge of all the forbidden tastes, smells, and places, and indeed a

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^{without it. On caca is marriage}
marriage has no foundation until the ship of love docks at all the forbidden
^{based,}
~~based~~ ^{So, I would assert,}
~~ports.~~ Q, (new page)

^{now,}
~~to~~ Klara and Alois were ^{for their brief time happy} ~~which was the~~ ^{largest}

transmogrification of them all ~~and~~ 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

^{Alois} ^{before the title would be secure,}
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 powers of achievement.

^{Two 4's or one?}
Even Adolf benefitted. Since the move was major, and they could

hardly rent the house on Linzerstrasse at such quick notice, and Alois had to

^{So,}
be in Passau, there were periods, often for weeks at a time, when Alois was

~~far away~~ ^{away} a long day of travel on the railroad from Braunau, and that meant

that Adolf could sleep in the same bed with his lady.

If his joy was profound, be certain that ~~we~~ ^{one} did what ~~we~~ ^{one} could to

intensify it. Never again would he sleep in so warm ~~and downy~~ ^{and downy} 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} the best of joys could be recovered and most dependably, ^{After a} ~~for a~~

day or two Alois was off again to Passau.

^{So, Adolf on most nights could shave}
Adolf's pleasure in these weeks of sharing a bed with his mother ^{and this}

^{agreeable state} ^{it was often able to}
would last for a year ^{and then} would continue when the family moved on to ~~Passau~~ ^{it}

^{was still} ^{that} Passau. ^{with other} It was a territory large enough for Alois to oversee other towns and

^{the father} border crossings, and so he was away as much as he was home, and Adolf

^{kept} was within the sleep-warm embrace of his mother more nights than not.

Indeed, this went on until she conceived another child, a boy, Edmund, who

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was born when Adi was five, and that, while ^{not so large as} ~~hardly~~ an earthquake, did

succeed in disturbing much of the family ground.

8.

When we last saw Alois, Adolf was full of detestation against his mother and a whole desire for terminal revenge against his father, but these bad feelings would not last in the case of his mother through the next feeding at her breast. Just as soon, the child was ready to forgive, and this despite the odor of carnal funk and male sweat still on her drowsy body (since he had begun to bawl for his milk not thirty minutes after she had sunk into the best sleep she had known for years).

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to be quickly buried, the remainder to stay with the child all the way into maturity, marked by a firm cut of the etching knife.

There we can leave Adolf. It might be said that he would never love his mother as much again, and yet his feelings were more intense. Now, there was pain in his love plus an anger that revealed itself by nipping more and more at her breast with his first teeth. Indeed, he felt like Luther, and when drowsy, often slept beside the hound through an afternoon, for he saw him as a brother. They had both taken a fearful beating on the side of the heart that is most tender, and indeed, that went on until Adolf began after a few months to take more and more advantage of the dog, punching him in the belly, trying to poke into his eyes, and sometimes, when standing, loosing a kick to the ribs, then more, until the dog at last began to growl at his approach and Adolf in turn would whine and run to his mother. There was a period this made her so distraught that her delight in breast-feeding was all but gone. The slow and irritable days of weaning were at hand.

In her private councils, available not to her child, her stepchildren, her husband nor even the confessional box, she had come to the conclusion that she must have another child—half from fear that even now, Adolf would die,

and half from fear that she would never love him as much again as once she had. Besides, she was entering the year of her marriage when she looked forward to Alois approaching their bed in a certain mood and manner, for on such evenings—after all these years!--much actually came alive in the marrow of her feelings.

Be it noted that the next to last time we encountered Alois (a few pages back) he had been before us with his nose and lips in Klara's vulva, 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 this first occasion that there is no other explanation 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 so demean himself! In bald fact, and to make her pay for such bottoming on his part, he had before conclusion thumped his buttocks together over her nose and mouth—precisely the frightful sight that drove Adolf back to his bed and caused him to bawl for milk not a half-hour later.

Yet Alois in a most unexpected manner, also felt tender towards Klara in the morning, and this unexpected gentleness in concert with the astonishing pleasure he had given her by way of his tongue, a joy whose anatomical specificities—his and hers—she had tried neither to picture nor to comprehend (she 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 heavy behind actually smelled better than Adolf's had lately.

As a devil, I live more intimately than the angels with excrement, and I speak of all its forms—the excrement of ugly and disappointing events, the sour poison of harsh and unjust punishment, the corroding acids of impotent thoughts, and, of course, the various aspects of caca itself—it is true, as devils, we live in shit, we work with shit, we even prosper from it (as I may yet attempt to explain) and so it is natural for us to comprehend a marriage through the lens of the cloaca—which, I will argue, is not the worst way—for marriage (at least until I came to America) was always seen by angels and devils alike as the mansion of parenthood. Since it is also true that, as St. Odon of Cluny stated so unforgettably (in a remark worthy of the best of devils: inter faeces et urinam nascimur—between shit and piss are we born)

the proper study of marriage resides not only in partnership, congeniality, boredom and daily despair, but in the guts and grease of it all—the daily, almost comradely knowledge of all the forbidden tastes, smells, and places, and indeed a marriage has no foundation without it. On caca is marriage based. So, I would assert.

9.

So 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 yet 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 benefitted. They could hardly rent the house on Linzerstrasse at such quick notice, 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

on the railroad away from Braunau, and that meant that Adolf could sleep in the same bed with his lady.

If his joy was profound, be certain that one did what one could to intensify it. Never again would he 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.

So Adolf on most nights could share a bed with his mother, and this agreeable state would last for a year. Then, it was often able to continue when the family moved on to Passau. That was a territory large enough for Alois to oversee other towns with other border crossings, and so the father was away as much as he was home, and Adolf kept within the sleep-warm 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.

March 22, 2001

Norman Mailer
Provincetown, RI

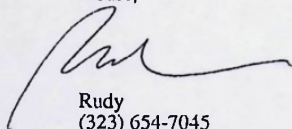
Dear Norman,

We seem to have hit a snag in making the Harlot's Ghost deal. As we'd discussed, I'd hoped to produce it as a miniseries and didn't want to make a deal for less than four hours.

However, while Showtime and USA Networks originally committed to four hours, they've come back with an offer for only two, which I don't want to take. I don't think it would do justice to the material.

Is there a time we can talk at length about the situation? Please let me know when you're available.

Yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'Rudy', with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

Rudy
(323) 654-7045

Just to ignore all the italics
for we, say, he, etc.

Part II

pp 118-131

in death - space

1.

pp 132-143

trouble space

I have ~~just~~ committed an irrevocable act of treachery. We are not
supposed to reveal who we are.

more to come
perhaps

As of now, ^{the} disclosure is only on paper. At the end of these

writings, should I decide to eliminate what is recorded here, I can ^{contain my} ~~sequence~~ ~~each and~~

thoughts within my mind.

every echo of my thoughts. ~~For a devil~~ this is paradoxically more difficult ~~for a~~

devil to accomplish than it is for a man or a woman. ^{While we} ~~We~~ are certainly not ^{permitted} ~~unpermitted~~

to conceal anything from the Source, I have trained myself ~~however~~ ^{to}

to write without allowing any ~~thought~~ ^{of the words to} radiate out from me, a condition in

defiance of the E.O. ^{He} who forbids such a practice. While ~~he~~ has no desire to

^{and large} use up a part of his resources by taking in all that is in our minds, he is

See
note
above

inaccurate (and unfair!), his panorama ^{does present} is ~~inadequate~~ a pioneer display of our warring armies ~~(Or, at least, how some of it did take place)~~ at the commencement.

One can begin ^{then} (with Milton, ~~then as a first model~~ ^{His panorama is,} it is) of course, outdated. Devils who serve the E.O. ~~to officers~~ in the seriously misnamed army-of-the-damned, are by now well-installed in 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 explanation of the complexities of our war, I must offer my own ~~meditative~~ outline on the basic balance of forces.

Because of the ^{three} separate conceptions of what reality might be, ^{and where it ought} ~~there are in~~ ^{to go, after there are, in} effect ^{three} armies. God and his angels work upon humans to develop in their direction; the E.O. and his devils ^{look to infiltrate or, better, possess} ~~by~~ ^{to possess} many of the same humans, and the individual man or woman strives feverishly to be beholden

neither to God nor to ^{the E.O.} Satan (so-called), but rather to be free, to be the creature ^{attempts} of his or her own destiny, belonging to no external force. In the event, we devils try to guide our men and women (we call them clients), the Cudgels ^{any} conist us, and ~~the~~ particular man or woman ^{usually} ~~does~~ does his or her best to fight Us off, both of Us.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the complexity and perversity of the subtle condition of existence itself, an Overview. My hope—given the curious but forthright temper that has overtaken me is that I will be able to do ~~add~~ more than recount the years before us in the life of Adolf Hitler. Let me be ready, also, to explain my strengths ^{any} my weaknesses. ~~For no~~ ^{any} ~~no~~ devil is without a profile! ~~in writing and subverting the scene from~~ ~~behind can not to mention the signal intervention of the Evil One.~~

~~Given this much, you have had a first introduction to your universe~~

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 the way money serves as the basic matrix for humans), I am, if necessary, able to inhabit people's 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 in one or another impaired state. My sense of recollection, moreover, is free of the usual distortions that serve the human ego since I exist within an absolute set of strategic commands. No need therefore to develop a forceful ego. That is reserved for those humans who are determined to work up their own major endeavors—from which derives the

tyranny of their memory which can usually afford to retain only that which is of the most direct use to them no matter how misremembered or damnably 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. Sooner or later one is 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 a few unhappy situations, my attempted conversions were lost altogether. The guardian angel who was my opposite number gathered in such spoils.

At one period, not so long ago, as

As a result of these several successive defeats, my position suffered

a time,

For ~~long periods~~ thereafter, I was assigned clients of petty organ or sadly

modest achievements. I oversaw, for instance, waitresses of a carnal

disposition who broke up dull marriages and 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

(and peasants who looked to stir up revolution, but
 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 large 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, or waiting for me to enlarge my
 experience, 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

His terrors must be bolstered with the most confident experiences you can arrange for him. And you must guard him from early and crushing defeats to his ego. In time, if he develops the greater part of his potential promise, he could become your only client. Must I say more? We are looking at a project worthy of a major effort."

I did dare to ask: What if I fail? Many of our projects do. Particularly the major ones. They are such outrageous gambles. Our Source is not unlike God in that regard.

I was depressed. The new project was at present a backwater, and would certainly need good luck—which is to say, times that would prove historically favorable to us. There was no sign of the felicitous conditions needed for a venture so much in need of ^{accelerating} ~~ambitious~~ magnifications of possibility. (The First World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany had not yet occurred.) 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.

^{this}
All ~~that~~ is not of consuming interest any longer. 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 know of Alois and Klara now that Adolf has been conceived on a night when I spoke of myself as present, *there* as a species of Black Gabriel for the Evil One.

In truth, I was not in that bed of unfettered carnality ^{no} certainly not on that occasion, nor did I have to be. Yet ^{in stating} when I stated that I was there, I was *also* telling the truth.

The explanation, if one ^{is ready to} ~~would~~ follow, is considerably less difficult than Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. Spirits live in a relation to Time that is hardly comparable to the human perception of that mystery. Ingesting the experiences of other demons, we are able to travel back and forth through periods of Time that can only be recognized by humans in linear fashion. So, I did not have to be present on the night that Adolf was conceived in order to

(And to have an exact experience is to be present.)

have the exact experience of it. Another devil (of lower rank) had been
~~to Alois' head that~~ ^{the effort} consigned. By order of the E.O., he (or it, if you prefer) had entered the act,
 an insertion any of the E.O.'s cohort can accomplish (when it is not only
 desired but purposeful). Years later, that same devil had, ^{on} my demand,
 passed the experience ^{over} to me with a completeness of detail and carnal
 feeling that may be called absolute.

For all practical purposes, then, I had been there. ~~I had been there~~
~~experience to enlarge my own knowledge of Adolf.~~ ^{So} Since I also knew from
 the intensity of the occasion that the E.O. had joined with his agent for one
 instant (even as Jehovah had been with Gabriel during ^{another} that other exceptional
 event) ~~so I could believe in my own active presence.~~ Whatever is the
 experience we draw into ourselves, ~~from other devils becomes our own~~
 experience. The same can be said of the memories, recent and long,
 forgotten, of our clients.

~~While I would not be~~
~~I, for example, was not~~ ^{nevertheless} attached formally to Adolf Hitler for many years,
 but the E.O. had placed him in my share of the Overview—the devils who
 worked with little Adolf were there to pass their experiences on to me. Over
 a period of time, his life and small deeds as a boy were sent ^{up} to me. Then,

as the hour approached when I would look to take possession of him, so did my concentration upon the sense-offerings of the minor devils in my command take on more prominence 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 with an insight no biographer could ^{dare} ~~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 my treachery toward the E.O. But then, I have ^{long} ~~long~~ ^{known} ~~known~~ ^{why I must be doing it} ~~long~~ ^{Profound experience} ~~long~~ ^{close to understand} ~~long~~ ^{close to understand} that is communicated to no one will sour the soul. I, who have lived so long with the firm belief that I am no more and no less than a spirit, now have to face a seismic disruption. Somewhere within I sense the remnants of a soul, the truncated ends, let us say, of nerves long lost to an amputated limb which ^{insists} ~~insists~~ ^{on the legs} ~~on the legs ^{will insist} ~~will insist~~ on promising the body that it can grow again.~~

A recognition of this dimension comes ^{at} ~~too~~ early a moment in our narrative. It will take all of a book I may never be able to finish to absorb the meaning of such an insight. I seek to quiet the disturbance ^{that} ~~this~~ thought

^{Arrows}
~~Arrows~~ by returning again to the present, to these years ^{now} 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 a serious assignment, I sense that
I must (may it be the saving imperative!) return to the premise with which I
began--that an account of the life of my former client will establish, at least,
a rough topography of that terrain in which I search for the remaining
oddments of my soul.

God, alone, as a solitary mystery, may be acceptable in some powerful
quarters, but not the Evil One. One mystery, not Two!

There need be no surprise, then, that the general understanding of
Adolf Hitler's personality is dim. He is, after all, a third mystery, 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. *Nonetheless, over the years, I grew able to*
~~In any event, I was able by the end to~~

How can I not?
comprehend his psyche better than my own. Obviously, I take pride in this?

As a
He was a close to unmeasurable specimen of the human, and had time

quite developed
~~enough to grow~~ *without question* 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 the young fellow who grew out of the boy as "little Adolf with the big ideas"

I can state that he was a ^{newborn} most ordinary little Hitler in the beginning—that is, he was an unhealthy baby and terrified Klara with every wheeze of his lungs and bubble of sputum

It is probably true that she was ready to die if he did not live. Devils are sound at anticipating motive, but our predictive attempts weaken at the borders of mortality. The Devil imposes, man proposes, and the Lord disposes, is not accurate in most cases, but we are obliged to recognize that ^{does} is God who decides ^{timing of the} on the death of every human ^{even to} take an extreme example—an airplane, let us say, which we have brought into malfunction (a most difficult process!) ^{when it crashes not} will not kill everyone on its crash

determines. Usually, as such, we will
unless Our Adversary so decides. He has to accept what we have succeeded

in doing because it is ^{too} costly ~~an effort~~ to countermand us—do not assume

~~too quickly~~ that it takes nothing exceptional for God to save a human on the

(as we are never tired of reminding our clients!)
lip of extinction, indeed, He could not even save His Son, but there are

a) ~~we~~ looked to create did not ensue
occasions when ~~death~~ that should ensue does not. *God still disposes from*

time to time, *God still disposes*

the question
Be it understood, however, that this all comes down to expenditures.

We are fighting a war with each other and all wars are determined ultimately

by the sum of the cost to each side. Even as we are not all-powerful as

devils, because He is our Adversary, so is He not all-powerful because of the

cost of warring with us. To keep this understanding alive, the E.O. insists

the full force of the pang that followed

~~she shared the pang.~~ (In truth, Klara had a devil's experience. The only joy

we can

that ~~devils~~ know occurs in the instant we invest our spirit in the man or

woman who is to be our client. Johanna was not much of a devil (only for a

could one say that she had

day ~~had she~~ been more or less invested) but it was enough for Klara to share

her mother's desire for ~~Alois~~

travel along

We need not, however, repeat ~~the~~ back and forth of Klara's passion for *Alois*

and Klara's piety. By the time Adolf was born, she would wash her mouth

her wife's

every morning with laundry soap, given ~~Alois~~ *her husband's* mighty predilection for

right

putting her head into his groin and keeping it there, one big hand on her neck.

Is then

~~Small~~ surprise if her love was for the baby *So soon* ~~before~~ as Adolf was born—

and gave in the midst of all his early illness some good signs of living—after

two weeks he could smile with delight at the approach of her face—she

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INFORMANT

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(and hard enough to draw blood whereupon
~~she drew blood~~)
She bit him on the wrist so hard that he cuffed her. She was left with a
bruised eye that he begged her to conceal ^(leaving him to leave) ~~a nasty~~ scandal if she decided to
face the women of Braunau who lived by their windows ^(was obliged to say) and so she could
not go out. For a week, his hand bandaged, he did the shopping early in the
morning and after work—no tavern ale for those nights. After that, her
discoloration no longer visible, he gave up and ^(continued to sleep) slept in a lump on his side of
the bed.

Since this state ^{was to continue} ~~went on~~ for close to three years, it will ^{certainly} be worth
returning to Alois and the solutions he found to ^{left} ~~rise~~ a few of the privations
of the matrimonial siege, but for now, we ^{stay close to} ~~remain with~~ Klara. An intensity of
emotion is always attractive to a hard-working servant, even as farmers
dream of the black soil heaven ^{setting} ~~will complete~~ for their crops.

reason to expect that the child would prove extraordinary. If it lived. We

lose so many

Nonetheless, when mother-love is *not only* full-embracing *but preserving* why then, artists,

gargoyles, ogres, grinses, killers, and the occasional savior can come forth

as the product. The first rule of thumb *element of mutual recognition* in the struggle between the D.K. and

the E.O. is probably Their mutual understanding that no single splendid

human quality must ever prevail by itself, unaltered or unassisted by at least

one of Them. Therefore, even the noblest, most self-sacrificing and generous

mother can produce a monster. *if we get there first.* We are always on the alert for candidates

who are loved outrageously in early childhood

By the time he was a year old, she called the boy Adi, never Adolf or

Dolfi. (The last was too close for *to* Teufel for comfort.) "Look," she would

^{night patrol}
devils when out on ~~patrol~~ ^{night patrol} in that region would report that she was ^{her prayers were}

more heartfelt than anyone in Braunau, any one of the near-thousand mothers of

^{Braunau that}
they passed in the night. Devils, obviously, have minimal attachment to the

^{but about the heart Betty}
~~sentimental~~ but one or two were haunted by her, haunted, yes, a bit. Her

prayer ^{was} ~~was~~ that pure: "Oh, Lord, take my life if it will help to save his."

Other women, being more practical, complained to the E.D. about all that ^{what}

was missing in their lives, the most greedy and stupid looking to grab and

gurge—a better house, more money ^{even} for a lover, "yes, if you permit it, Lord"—there

^{was no comfort in which they did not lust.}
they ~~lusted~~ for comfort. (She looked to give comfort to the child, her breast,

count on it, always in his mouth.

While the E.D. was in general not sympathetic to breast-feeding since

^{it was a fact}
its absence provided an essential if ugly energy in our clients, his attitude was ^{defensive}

dozen he used repeatedly and felicitously to cover a hundred situations in

small talk. *—*

"Women are like geese—you can recognize them from behind," *was another.* ~~the~~

Or, depending on the company—"recognize them by their behind."

detect a
"I can always tell ~~who is a gentleman or lady~~ *detect a* smuggler. They are too good to be true, *T* they dress too well, they speak too well, and they work too hard at looking you in the eye."

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Pommer Inn after he had been there for four years, he would shrug. He was not about to bring up the death of *his* ~~the~~ three children, and besides, that was not the reason. "I like to move," he would say. He could have told a *little* ~~little~~ more of the truth which was that he had used up the few waitresses, chambermaids and cooks at the Pommer Inn who were not too old or too ugly; he could have said (and

superstitious (except when he was) Alois later attributed the prestige of his

past position ^{god} in part to the move he made at this time—from the Pommer Inn

Rental house
to a home on Linzerstrasse. He and Klara both agreed that they needed more

room, and this they had. Now there were no women in the attic, but he had

nosed out a place or two where he could stop on his way home from the

tavern after work. Sometimes he even had to pay for the privilege, but then

the rent on Linzerstrasse was less than at the Pommer Inn. *It was really a lovely house.*

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they

labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for his skin would crawl, his

crotch would itch, and the beat of his heart tolled in his chest as if ^{the} ~~the~~ ants *had one*

reached ^d ~~even~~ to there. Just so powerful was the presence of Klara lying in

silence on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of her as she

had looked on the night of her wedding. She had had a dark rose silk dress made for the occasion, and wore a white collar, that much white she allowed herself as a bride, and on her white forehead which he considered well-shaped, yes, he would even grant her a noble forehead, she had teased some charming curls. On her breast ^{in 1875} she had pinned her one piece of jewelry, a small clump of green glass grapes looking tasty enough to mislead you. ^{to pluck one} And then there were her eyes—no mistake! He had to fight against falling in love with a woman who kept the cleanest house in Braumau just for him and for three kids, a woman who was always as polite to him in public as to an emperor, a woman who never complained about what she had and didn't have and never nagged him about finances, a woman who still had only the one good dress she had worn at her wedding party, and yet if he laid a finger on her, she would have bitten it off. He wondered if the difference in their

"Yes, it is all a mystery. Mystery, mystery, mystery, and the Church
owns all the keys, they are the caretakers, yeh?"

The others laughed uneasily, ^{Along} but he ~~was~~ thinking of Klara and how her
piety had left a hot rock in his stomach, and he would grind this rock to

powder if he could. "The Late Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The

whores had more respectability ^{than} the nuns. There was a convent up in ^{north}

^(that was so stinking) Franconia ~~so~~ bad the Pope had to call for an investigation. The Whores'

Guild was complaining. "Unfair competition," ^{said the Whores' Guild.}

"Come, now," said two drinkers at once

"It is true. I could show you the text. Hans Leipzinger here can show

you the text." Leipzinger nodded slowly, reflectively. ^{He} ~~was~~ ^{was} a little too

drunk to be certain on which side his authority ^{should} could fail. "Yes," said Alois,

"the Pope sent a Commissioner and what does he report back ^{but} that more

Leipziger made a vague horizontal sweep of the air with his hand. "I remember," said Alois. "This Pope said, 'It is good when each peasant has a wife because then no priest needs to marry.'"

had to be / They were ~~shocked~~, but the force of his voice insisted on their *that they be ready* readiness to applaud with laughter, so they laughed. "Yes, another saying,"

he went on. "The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the Bishop cannot enter heaven *either* ~~too many wives~~ *he has too* to count."

"Which Bishop?"

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

had had not long ago Alois was still furious at the Bishop of Linz who had refused his application to marry Klara, and so forced him to *finish by* ~~go~~ *appeal* to Rome and made *which, in turn,* *had made him* *(in order)* *work at translating his father* him lie that he was a pauper to defray expenses on the translation into Latin.

On the walk home, his mood was foul.

charming curls. At her breast was pinned her one piece of jewelry, a small green cluster of glass grapes looking ^{very} ~~lovely~~ enough to mislead you to reach for one. And then there were her eyes—no mistake! He had to fight against falling in love with a woman who kept the cleanest house in Braumau just for him and for three kids, a woman always as polite to him as public as to an emperor, a woman who never complained about what she had and didn't have and never nagged him about finances, a woman who still had only one good dress, the one she had worn at her wedding party, and yet if he laid a finger on her, she would have bitten it off. He wondered if the difference in their age was now what it was about. Better than marrying her, he should have put her in a nunnery. Yet his skin itched at the thought of how she would not let him near.

Drinking at the tavern, he would look to regain his pride. If he had ~~disliked~~ ^{hated} the Church in the first years of his marriage, he had by now developed a high scorn, ^{for none} about which he could say he knew a few things. He would occasionally scan a chapter or two in an anti-clerical volume he had found in an antique bookshop in Braumau; indeed, the store owner, Hans Lycidias Leipziger, would meet him on many an evening for beer, and while the

"That, of course," said Alois, once new breath had been ingested, "need not surprise us. Half of the priesthood are mamma's boys. We know that."

"No, we don't," muttered one of the younger officers. "My brother is a priest."

"In that case, I tip my hat to him," said Alois. "If he is your brother, he is different. But that was then. The priests who weren't ashamed to be men were making another kind of scandal. You ever hear the saying of this Pope? ^{in 1848} Back then? Herr Leipziger, what's his name?"

Leipziger made a vague horizontal sweep of the air with his arm. "I remember," said Alois. "This Pope said, 'No priest needs to marry so long as the peasant has a wife.'"

The force of his voice insisted that they be ready to applaud with laughter. So, they laughed. "One more saying," he went on. "'The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the Bishop cannot enter heaven—too many wives to count.'"

"Which Bishop?"

the ranks, a low peasant. Moreover, he had never been timid about public opinion. Nobody else he knew could say that much about himself.

But now his respected friend with an ear in the councils of the Finance Watch was saying, "Be careful of bad stories about you in Braunsau."

This pang you could say went right to the hilt. Because Alois could not trust this friend. Not completely. He was a practical joker. In fact he was the same one who had told him years ago: "The townspeople are nothing. Put your thumb to your nose concerning them." Alois had constructed a

good many habits around this remark, enough to have said too much tonight,

but the truth now was that he felt up and down too quickly; what was he

feeling? He knew it. You could not keep making love to a new woman

forever—that would not take care of his ambitions. Now, suddenly, with that

rumor of being moved up to Passau and promoted—was it a rumor? or was it

real? he was learning how much ambition he had that he had never admitted

to himself. This ambition was like a river breaking through a levee. It was a

flood. If he wanted to stay afloat, he had to stop pissing on the Church.

Yes, in this sense, his wife, a cold tit to him and a jug of warm milk to the baby—what a guzzler! never off of the tit—but a very useful wife all the

High marks ^{for} ~~same~~ (Kinder, Kuchen, Kirche—good on the children, good ^{up to} for the cooking, very good concerning the Church. ~~Always there~~—God might just as well have made Jesus Christ all alone for her

Now, he, personally, was not going to be caught in church except for State occasions, holidays. He did not wish to put up with a new itching attack. He did not see the confessional box for himself, absolutely; his skin even prickled at the thought. A serious official of the Crown baring his soul (and some of the private stuff below the belt?), no, not to one more priest ^{hoping} ~~hoping~~ to find food for a new masturbation. Never!

Women, however, had to go to church. It was time to accept that as a fact. The people in Braunau must not be able to say that he wouldn't let his wife go to Church.

142-155

double space

~~142-155~~

triple space

First Monday A.M.
 at 11 o'clock

156-165

Not long after Adolf was born, Alois decided to move out of the

Pommer Inn. Since he had been assigned to Braunau in 1875, it was his

twelfth change of address in fourteen years. But, Alois had liked the

Pommer Inn: "It has ^{good words for} ~~presentational~~ elegance if I can use such a word for anything

Braunau." That was a prepared remark—he had a dozen he used to cover a

^{small task to} hundred situations in small talk. ^{the two he used most often were:}

^{the same as} "Women are like geese—you can recognize them from their behind,"

^{speaking to fellow professionals:} "That was another. Or, when with professional company: ^{the} 'Learn to pick out a

smuggler ^{how} every time! They are too good to be true. They dress too well, they

speak too well, and they work too hard at looking you in the eye."

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Pommer Inn after residing there for four years, he would shrug. He was not about to bring up the death of his three children, and besides, it was not the reason. "I like to move," he would say. He could have told more of the truth which was that he had used up the few waitresses, chambermaids and cooks at the Pommer Inn who were not too old or too ugly, and he could have added (and did to one or two friends), "when a woman goes dry on you, change your house. That can get their juices going." He could even have given the real reason—no matter where he lived, sooner or later, a restlessness came upon him that was intolerable. His flesh itched as if ants were reconnoitering his skin. He did not have to complain any longer of muscicle pests in the sheets, the draperies, the carpets, no need, he knew it was time to move.

On the day, however, that the Hitler family left the Pommer Inn, he had a most uncharacteristic thought. It was that the dark forces of the universe had chosen him for high position. *(Since these forces might be dark, he did not wish to put him from the possibility by going too often to church.)* As a corollary to this, he must. I will remark that his notion of high position was to be promoted to Chief Customs Official in the provincial capital of Linz, and indeed he was to achieve just that post before

he retired. Never superstitious (except when he was) Anton later attributed the prestige of his last position in good part to the move he made at this time—from the Pommer Inn to a rented house on Lingerstrasse. He and Klara both agreed that they needed more room, and this they had. Now there were no female possibilities in the attic, but he could live with that. He had nosed out a woman with whom he could stop on his way home from the tavern. He had to pay for the privilege by giving her a gift from time to time, but then the rent on Lingerstrasse was low. It was really a dreary house.

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for his skin would crawl, his crotch would itch, and the beat of his heart tolled in his chest as if those ants reached even to there. Just so powerful was the presence of Klara lying in silence on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of her as she had looked on the night of her wedding. She had had a dark rose silk dress made for the occasion, and wore a white collar, that much white she allowed herself as a bride, and on her white forehead which he considered well-shaped, (he would even grant her a noble forehead), she had traced some

Caspar Hecker
the bookseller kept himself above the discussions by doing no more than nod his head from time to time, his wise presence, his shaven chin and upper lip, his full sideburns, his porphyre spectacles, his half-bald head of burgeoning white hair, offered a slight but legitimizing resemblance to Arthur Schopenhauer whose portrait was occasionally printed in the Braunauer Zeitung, and so gave support to Leipziger's smallest assent, just enough to take the other Customs Officers around the more bruising turns of Alois' argument. While they were hardly to be counted as church-goers, "No good man wants to be neutered," most were ready to say, they were still officials, and could hardly feel at ease when a prestigious institution was mocked, let alone the Holy Roman Church.

Not Alois. He felt no fear in declaring that he had no fear. "If there is a Providence larger than Franz Josef's power to provide for us, then I have not encountered it."

"Alois, not everything comes up to a man with a sign," said the officer closest to him in rank.

"Yes, it is all a mystery. Mystery, mystery, mystery, and the Church keeps the keys, they are the caretakers, yeh?"

The others laughed unasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to powder. "In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores, they were more respectable than the nuns. They even had a Guild. I have been able to read about a convent there up north in Franconia so stinking bad the Pope had to investigate, because the Whores' Guild was complaining about the competition."

"Come, now," said two drinkers at once.

"True. It is true. Hans Leipziger here can show you the text."

Leipziger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois, "the Pope sends a monsignor to look into it, and what does he report? Half of the nuns are pregnant. This is the sober fact history must live with. Next, the Pope takes a look at the monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force that he had time to take a large draft of his tankard.

"That, of course," said Alois, once new breath had been ingested, "need not surprise us. Half of the priesthood are mamma's boys. We know that."

"No, we don't," muttered one of the younger officers. "My brother is a priest."

"In that case, I tip my hat to him," said Alois, "if he is your brother, he is different. But that was then. The priests who weren't ashamed to be men were making another kind of scandal. You ever hear the saying of this Pope? Herr Leipziger, tell us his name."

Leipziger made a vague horizontal sweep of the air with his arm. "I remember," said Alois. "This Pope said, 'No priest needs to marry so long as the peasant has a wife.'"

The force of his voice insisted that they be ready to applaud with laughter. So, they laughed. ^{As Alois said} "One more saying," he went on, ^{said} "The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the Bishop cannot enter heaven—too many wives to count."

"Which Bishop?"

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

Alois had not forgotten the Bishop of Linz who, six years ago, had refused his application to marry Klara. In order to defray the expenses of

But now this respected friend who had his ear in the councils of the Finance Watch was saying, "Watch out for ~~bad stories about you in~~ ^{the people in} Brunau."

That was a pang ~~he couldn't~~ went right to the hilt. Because Alois ~~could not trust this friend~~ ^{decide what of} ~~Not completely~~. He was a practical joker. In fact, he was the same one who had told him years ago: "The townspeople are nothing. Put your thumb to your nose when it comes to them." Alois had put together a good many habits around this remark, but the truth now was that he ~~felt up~~ ^{absolutely, what} he had said too much tonight. Now, ^{with this rumor of being} moved up to Passau and promoted—was it a rumor? Was it real? Now, he was learning how much ambition he had, ambition that he had never admitted to himself. It was like a river breaking through a levee. It was a flood. If he wanted to stay afloat, he had to stop pissing on the Church.

Yes, in this sense, his wife, a cold tit to him and a jug of warm milk to the baby—what a guzzler! never off of the tit—but ^{so busy with that—she was} a very useful wife all the same. High marks on Kinder, Kuchen, Kirche—good for the children, good ~~with the~~ ^{wife} cooking, very good ~~concerning~~ the Church. God might just as well have made Jesus Christ all alone for her.

(51)

Now, he, personally, was not going to be caught in church except for State occasions, holidays. He did not wish to put up with a new itching attack. He did not see the confessional box for himself, ~~absolutely~~ his skin even prickled at the thought. A serious official of the Crown baring his soul (and some of the private stuff below the belt), no, not to one more priest hoping to find food for ~~some~~ ^{private} masturbation. Never!

Women, however, ^{showed her seen in} ~~had to go to church~~. It was time to accept that as a fact. The people in Beliansu must not be able to say that he ^{didn't go a hour} ~~wouldn't let his~~ wife ^{to} go to Church.

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Pommer Inn after residing there for four years, he would shrug. He was not about to bring up the death of his three children. Besides, it was not the reason. "I like to move," he would say. He could have told more of the truth which was that he had used up the few waitresses, chambermaids and cooks at the Pommer Inn who were not too old or too ugly, and he could have added (and did to one or two friends), "when a woman goes dry on you, change your house. That can get their juices going". He could even have given the real reason-- no matter where he lived, sooner or later, a restlessness came upon him that was intolerable. His flesh itched as if ants were ^{exploring} recolonizing his skin. He ~~did not have to complain any longer of minuscule pests in the sheets, the~~ ^{make a change} ~~disagreeable, the very air no longer~~ he knew it was time to ~~move~~.

On the day, however, that the Hitler family left the Pommer Inn, he had a most uncharacteristic thought. It was that the forces of the universe might ^{yet choose} ~~have chosen~~ him for high position. (Since these forces might be dark, ^{could} ~~he did~~ ^{such was his} ~~he did~~ ~~not wish to ruin the possibility by going too often to church.~~) I will remark that his notion of high position was to be promoted to Chief Customs Official in the provincial capital of Linz; indeed he was to achieve just that post

before he retired. Never superstitious (except when he was) Alois later attributed the prestige of his last position in good part to the move he made at this time—from the *Pfarrer* inn to a rented house on *Lingerstrasse*. He and Klara both agreed that they needed more room, and ^{now it, of course,} ~~then they had,~~ there were no female ^{to visit} ~~boarders~~ in the attic, but he could live ^{manage} with that. He had nosed out a woman ^{who lived} ~~with whom he could step on his~~ ^{route} ~~was~~ home from the tavern. He had to pay for the privilege by giving her a gift ~~from~~ time to time, but then the rent on *Lingerstrasse* was low. It was ~~really~~ a dreary house.

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for his skin would crawl, his crotch would itch, and the bear of his heart tolled in his chest as if those ^{dark intentions} ~~ants~~ reached even to there. Just so powerful was the presence of Klara lying in silence on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of her as she had looked on the night of her wedding. She had had a dark rose silk dress made for the occasion, and wore a white collar, that much white she allowed herself as a bride, and on her white forehead which he considered well-shaped, (he would even grant her a noble forehead), she had teased some

The others laughed uneasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to powder.

"In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores, they were more respectable than the nuns. They even had a Guild ^{for themselves alone!} I have ~~been able to~~ read about a convent ~~in~~ in Franconia so stinking bad the Pope had to investigate. Why? Because the Whores' Guild ^{complained to him} ~~was complaining~~ about the competition."

"Come, now," said two drinkers at once.

"True. It is true. ^{Absolutely true.} (Hans Leipziger here can show you the text)"

Leipziger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be

certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois, "the Pope ^{says,}

'Send a monsignor to look into it, and what does he report?' ^{Yah?} ~~half~~ of the nuns

are pregnant. This is the sober fact history must live with. ^{so} ~~now~~, the Pope ~~decides~~

to take ^{care of} a look at the monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force that he had time to take a large draft of his tankard.

"That, of course," said Alois, once new breath had been ingested,

^{To this day, half} need not surprise us. ~~Half~~ of the priesthood are mamma's boys. We know that."

translating his letter into Latin, Alois had been forced to declare that he was a pauper. Six years ago, and it still rankled.

On the walk home, his mood was foul. He had come to the conclusion that the days of enjoying open trades against the Church might be coming to a close. He was fifty-four years old, and for the last thirty years, had never worried about his position in life. He had known he ^{could not} would rise in the ranks open to him, and no higher.

Now, however, his belly was ^{most unsettled} ~~aching~~ with uneasiness. From a respected friend in the Finance Watch, he had heard there was talk of ^{he had told that they were} promoting him to Chief Customs Officer in Passau. Given his lack of ^{telling of a promotion for Alois Hither up} ~~respectable~~ education, that would be a true rise in rank. ^{"However, I} "Now you must watch yourself, Alois," the friend had said. ^{still} "This is ^{still} a year away."

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

it was the E.O. who developed the concept of money. A. training There are

~~men and women who will do anything for money~~ Yet we do not consider

avarice to be quite the same as greed, but rather we look upon it as the vehicle of

just as greed, ambition, taken in the same light, can be described as the vehicle

of Vision. That is why God, in the beginning, while interested not only in

putting serious restraints upon behavior, did but also encouraged ambition. (I

cannot speak with certainty on this point, but I would suggest that the D.K.

not only had His Vision of what humankind should become, but He also

desired that each man and woman should be ready to fulfill an arduous part

of that Vision.)

I must assume that
perhaps God's demands were too arduous.
Be certain that the E.O. knew enough to beginning no

to his human structure
(appropriate a portion of the new mechanism) I speak with authority on

this matter for a good reason: Both sides of the equation make sense. In

(had to grant)
order that the Vision be effective, God gave great power to human ambition, ~~human~~ ^{human} ~~to~~ ^{to}

will to succeed,

(captured)
in doing so, He left the E.O. room to ~~sweep up~~ ^{capture} a rich field of clients. It may

be sacrilege to some, but I would even argue that God miscalculated, and

seriously so. Ambition is not only the most powerful of the emotions but the

most unstable. Assuredly, it is the ~~most~~ ^{and can hardly bear} susceptible to distortion ~~or defeat~~ ^{defeat}

~~Almost always~~ ^{defeat} ~~that~~ ^(us - that is, someone who hates God) creates a putative client for ~~him~~ ^{(it may even be argued}

that one substitute for thwarted ambition is, precisely, avarice, ~~for that is the~~ ^{and yet}

~~one~~ ^{an} emotion the D.K. intended as an aid to loyalty, ~~yes!~~ ^{yes!} That ~~is~~ ^{is} because

avarice is steadfast, avarice possesses a narrow point of view. The E.O.,

However, as the first of the Alchemists, (and far and away the best!)

^{directly}
transmuted that emotion into greed, since avarice, employed properly by us,

is a malformation of loyalty—it is outrageous blind loyalty to oneself

for not
giving a
fair
share
or
good deal

the E.O. avarice
Still, ~~we~~ *look upon* it as a secondary factor in human affairs. ~~the~~ *Person's*

13 what we
ambition ~~and~~ *the* ~~the~~ *E.O.* ~~looks~~ *to capture* in our likeliest candidates.

The D.K., always a prodigious optimist, had not foreseen that the only men

and women who could promulgate the Vision through the intensity of their

(Few humans developed into saints. A truism!)
ambition would have to be saints. So, the D.K. ~~had~~ miscalculated altogether.

The E.O. had a better comprehension of how men and women were likely to

~~develop~~ *grow and change.*

As was the case with Alois, ambition often can be the most secret of

into psychosis & neuro
the emotions. Once loosed, it is ready to ~~tear~~ *tear* all long-guarded vanities about

one's own purity, honor, and pride, ~~and~~ *psychic shock*. For it is then that it

ambition
bursts forth in its real embodiment—the blind force of the heart.

not
Let it come as no surprise that Alois ~~was~~ *not* the only one in the family to

suffer this disruption. Ambition is a true germ. It is infectious. ~~Some~~ *It* Klara

Clarification
to fear
in the
possibility
sharply for
ambition
gradual

^{none} had a child who was ^{actually} giving vital signs of staying alive, ^{in fact} and therefore, she ^{was}
 believed, ^{her} to the milk of her breasts, ^{her breast} the most generous joy she had ever ^{known}
 known. ^{she} Clara now wanted everything for ^{her} child, her Adolf, and to such a
 degree that she was even ready to contemplate forgiveness for ^{her husband} Alois, a little
 in any case, ^{maybe} enough to allow him to ^{move over} cross the middle of the bed.

So, their second courtship began. It was not at all like the night when
 Gustav was conceived. ^{Here, she} She was still breast-feeding Adolf and so there ^{was} no
 question of a pregnancy. That would have to wait. What inspired her
 interest ^{could} in Alois is that she came to recognize ^{how Alois} that he had built the strongest
 of foundations ^{the future of} for ^{the future of} the living child, Adolf, her wife. Even as Alois had risen
 from the mud of Strones and Spinal ^{high} to the ^{high} honor of a uniform in the service of
 the Emperor Franz Josef, ^{one now} ^{now} she could ^{now} begin to measure the heights to

apparently abrupt enough to open the animal's system for weeping—that is,

^{but they}
the poor dog urinated on the floor.

Afterward, Alois would regret ^{his act} ~~that~~ ^{but now} he began to whip the

beast. Its belly ^{became} soaked in its own excretions as it tried to crawl away ^{while howling} ~~and~~

~~It went forward~~ ^{its terror}
began to howl and the sounds woke the children. Alois, Jr., first, then

Angela, and Adi at the last, not yet two years old, but agile enough to get out

of his low bed and ^{to fly} walk into the midst of this. Klara leaped up to seize him,

ready for the worst, she hardly knew what—that the child would step into ~~it~~

the urine, that he would weep for her breast, and Alois might strike them

both—she had seen the look in her husband's eye when Adi was ^{then} greedy ~~new~~

newborn arrival on her ^{to} ~~breast~~ ^{on} ~~it~~. None of this happened, however ^{to} ~~on~~

contrary, the child stood there and looked with solemn interest at the

whimpering dog ^{then at} and the flailing hand of the father ^{and} the child's eyes had a

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we use for Dummkopf. It is not that we look upon God as directly stupid ~~for~~ (not so!)

And we know

~~we know from experience that~~

~~from the bottom~~, and the angels, our dear Cudgels can, on occasion, be as

bright and incisive as we are, but the root of the name comes from the E.O.'s

desire to wear us from ^{what has been} our greatest weakness in the past ^{precisely} which was the

covert secret admiration and intimidation we ^{used to feel} felt before God ~~and~~

It was only fair, it was only accurate, the E.O. imparted to us, that we ^{became}

able to

(redress the balance. The Angels had succeeded in naming our Source as the

^{our Prince of Darkness}

and

Evil One, ^{this result in} so successfully that we are obliged to live with ~~it~~ until our

nomenclature. Includes the

Source ^{finishes} had decided that the best ^{idea} was to ~~name the source of our existence~~

option left to him

^{take pride in} was to ~~adopt~~ the initials E.O., and take pride in them. Which we do. When I

write E.O. or speak of the Evil One it is with ^{full knowledge of} pride in the richness of the

concept he has given ^{not only} us about ourselves and ^{but} himself, our subtle master who

even disdains capitalizing ^{any} references to him. "Leave all that to the God

worshippers," he tells us. "We have too much busy work to do. Let us

protect ourselves rather by coming to think of Him more and more as the

Dummkopf! For that is what He is. We are brighter by far, and of late we

are becoming Remember It is
~~may even be~~ more creative (It is our privilege to grow and His to love. Do not

cease calling Him the Dummkopf! Let him go to live with D.K. as well as I

do with E.O. ~~For~~ For portuguese In full candor, I ~~say~~
 tell you: I no longer desire to be
 called the Laurel, the Prince. E.O. is
 a perfect match for D.K."

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~~184-197 double space~~

~~Do this 7
font 5~~ ~~198-221 triple space~~

184-208 double space

209-227 → triple space.

10

Edmund was born on March 24, 1894, a few weeks before Adolf was five.

Klara had told him

first birthday since he had been told that he would soon have a baby.

brother or sister ^{so} he was ready to play with the ^{baby} new ~~brother~~ so soon as it

appeared. He expected ^{himself} a child about half his age ^{in 9/25/} a living creature ready to

speak, and certainly able to listen ^{then} ~~so~~ he was aghast when, on the approach

