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209-227 → triple space

Edmund was born on March 24, 1894, a few weeks before Adolf ^{was five.}

Klara had told him

his 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 ~~newcomer~~ so soon as it

appeared. He expected ^{however} a child about half his age ^{in 1923} a living creature ready to

speak, and certainly able to listen. ^{therefore} So, he was aghast when, (on the approach

to Klara's bed, ^{when} he saw no more than a swaddling on ^{her}Klara's breast with a face as wizened as an old orange.

Having been sent the night before to a neighbor's house where he experienced ^{trying to sleep} the discomfort of sleeping on a small bed between Angela and Alois, Jr. (who kept pinching each other over his intervening body) he knew that unhappy changes were ^{coming. If this} on their way. This perception which not only lived in his chest with apprehension, ^{it turned into} but also offered a tingle of ~~excitement~~ ^{which made him} turned into his first large sorrow when, next day, he rushed

forward to his mother's bed and the midwife put out a hand ^{as large as} larger than his ~~own~~ face, father's and said, "Stay back. Don't hurt the baby."

What made it worse was that his mother could do no more than ^{offer a pale} smile ~~at him~~ out of a very pale face, and put a hand on his head so light in its touch that he could feel no love in the caress. Tears came to his eyes.

"Ah, the poor little one," said the midwife and led him out of the room.

"In a few days," she ^{said,} ~~added,~~ "you can get nearer to the baby."

"Will he talk to me?"

"^{Oh,}
~~Maybe~~ you will be the first to understand him." With that, she

laughed and returned to the bed where his mother lay.

For weeks, he could not get close to Klara. There had been a time when he would have the same conversation with his mother each morning.

"Mommie," Adi would ask, "are you the most beautiful woman in the world?"

She would tease his hair. "What do you think?" ~~she would ask.~~

"I think you are the most beautiful."

~~Then she would~~ ^{She} ~~laugh and~~ hug him to her breast. It was only a year

since she had stopped feeding him and he missed that pleasure. Now, he

would gorge on the cream puffs she ^{often} usually prepared for dessert, indeed, would keep eating them until Alois, Junior would complain audibly if Klara was present, or in her absence would crack a knuckle across his head. Klara, ^{prey to} ~~however~~, full of new uneasiness at how little attention she ^{cared} wished to give to Adi these days, would defend his right to the cream puffs. "He is so little, Alois," she would say, "he needs them more than you."

Klara ^{was} ~~was~~, however, often too tired to cook. The temporary servant ~~who came in to do work~~ made cream puffs that tasted like sour milk, ^{and} ~~whereas~~ ^{Regular,} ~~was feeding~~ Klara ^{he} fed Edmund all the time, or so it seemed to Adolf, who felt a recurring pang, a new sorrow so prevalent that it began to blend with the sad undertone of the church bells in Passau, ~~so~~ ^{so} many, so frequent. In his ears, it ^{seemed} ~~seemed~~ as if she was always feeding Edmund even when the infant was asleep.

~~When~~ ~~familiar she used to like to hear~~
 Now, if he tried to ask her the old dear question, she would laugh

unhappily. "Oh, I am a tired woman," she would say, "I am not beautiful,

Dolfchen. But your sister Angela will be ^Nbeautiful."

Adi did not agree. Angela was undependable. Angela could pinch him cruelly for no reason that he could see. She could be nice, but she was treacherous. "You are the most beautiful," he would say, and his mother would shake her head.

~~but Alois~~

~~He hardly knew how to take advantage of the fact that~~ Alois was away

Meanwhile,

most of the time in Linz.

One week after Edmund's birth, he had ~~moved~~

~~had made the move~~ ^{transferred to}

there to take up his new and important duties, and Linz was fifty miles east

^{it was} of Passau, ^{a long enough trip} to keep Alois from ^{returning} coming back to his

household more often than once ^{or twice a month} every two weeks. All the weight of his

tobacco, his heavy thumb, his strong voice ^{so able} that used to vibrate through

^{body,}
Adolf's intestines was not often present now to stifle the air and send a

~~was~~ quiver through the boy's bowels, no, the house was ^{empty during} free through

the day, Angela and Junior were away at school, and Adi could be alone with

his mother and the infant ^{But still, the} ~~except that~~ Klara had less time for him. The loss

was an insult. ^{Then And then,} Now, at night, when he had to sleep alone, he no longer ^{could} ~~and~~

^{count on} often, ^{move over to}
(his cot. (Alois, Jr., would take it, and Adi did not always like to sleep with

^{Angela's bed, so she}
Angela who would tickle his body everywhere and sometimes tell him that he

did not smell good. ^{"So, you,} "Your breath is rotten," she would say. Often, he would

put a blanket on the floor to escape her.

^{this}
Left so much alone, he was afraid to go outside and play. Boys his age - ^{The cries and yells}
~~boys would make were making on the street sounded~~
~~that boys might like him too young for school were~~
~~making on the street sounded~~
looked fearsome to him. He knew he had to be brave; he did not wish to be. Not

^{particularly.}

He spent his time looking at the illustrations in a book his father had bought

about the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. How he would like to be a brave soldier! How afraid he felt.

at Klara's bidding.
Alois, Jr. solved the question. One afternoon he came home after class, ~~and~~ pulled Adolf out of the house, ~~then~~ led him to a field where a number of boys too young for school were playing at war.

Alois, Jr. studied the group for a few minutes before deciding ~~who was~~ *that the leader* of one of the two small armies ~~was~~ *Alois*, a big stout five-year-old. "This is my brother," he told him, "and if you let anyone hit Adolf, you will ~~be seeing me.~~ *hear from me.*" He tapped the boy on the ~~arm~~ *arm* hard enough to leave a memory, ~~and~~ departed.

When Adolf came home that evening, Alois, Jr. took him aside.

"From now on," he said, "I eat the cream puffs first. As many as I want.

Don't try to cry, ~~now~~, mamma's boy."

"I won't," said Adi, holding his breath as tightly as if he were clinging to a rope.

Next day, he wandered over to the game by himself. He was more afraid of Alois, Jr.'s derision if he did not go, than of the blows he might take in the battle.

Actually, there had been little enough punishment in the first day's ~~set~~ ongoing

~~of~~ battles. The fat boy had certainly taken good care of him, ^{shielding} protecting him

with his body from every assault on their redoubt. ^{Besides, the} game had been simple, and it had not taken Adolf long to grasp its principles ^{who} simple. The boys had divided into two teams which took turns charging at

Once tagged, you were dead. They
each other. When they met, a game of tag resulted, and ~~they would then~~

^{Such melees lasted but a minute or two and then}
~~they would~~ count the losses. Once in a while, given the clamor of the charge, somebody

might get knocked down. It even happened ~~once~~ to Adolf when his leader

was waylaid by two boys from the other team. Before he could take account,

that he was defenseless, he was lying on the ground with dirt up his nose.

Someone on the other side had given him a rude shove in the back.

He did not cry. It took an absolute effort of his will not to make a sound, and then he had to negotiate with himself once ^{again} ~~more~~ not to weep

when he saw that no one was applauding his new-found stoicism ~~but that~~ ^{to} the contrary, his team was now rallying for a charge on the other's bastion.

Still, he did not cry even if his feelings were as bruised as the scrape on his cheek and his knee.

^{managed to get} He got through the next hour until dark. He avoided every contest, ^{he had}

^(he could flee from whoever tried to) ~~once he~~ discovered that he was quicker than the enemy soldiers, ^{and to his} ^{tag him.}

^{Then, to his} ^{tagged} delight, he tagged one Frenchman in the next raid, ^{his side made,} ~~and two after that~~ They

^{resuming} ~~too~~, were fighting the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, and he was ⁱⁿ on the good

German side. ^{away.}

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On the second day, his face was in the dirt again ~~twice~~. More boys

were present, perhaps as many as eighteen or twenty more than the highest

the highest numbers to which he could count, and so the action was everywhere and it

was hard to dodge the rush of others.

He hated being knocked down even if the fat boy was rueful about it.

and begged him not to tell his brother, at which point Adi had the pleasure of

patting him on the back and telling him there was no cause for fear, not a

word wuld he say.

That night he could hardly sleep. ~~He understood war.~~ He felt

anointed. Soon enough, ~~in two days or three,~~ the fat boy, Heinrich, would be

his lieutenant, and he, as captain, would make the rules. He had no doubt of

Certain ~~of~~ that, but still the
~~that~~ The way they fought was too stupid. He knew better. He was
 in love with the game. ^{He played it every day.} For the first time in
 his life he was aware of another presence
 as beautiful ~~and~~ as ~~awesome~~ his mother
 and as awesome as his father.

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7 Indeed, he did prevail. ^{the} ~~He~~ ^{CR season went by, but he} thought up a better game. ~~It was~~ the battle

field ~~that~~ ^{had} was wrong, he decided. War was not ~~just~~ two armies running at each other. War was ^{war was} ~~also~~ surprise ^{was} and trickery, ^{war was} ~~and~~ ^{maneuver, (White)} ~~maneuver~~. ^{He did not} ~~as yet, he had~~ know the word, but I can promise ~~you~~ that he arrived at the concept without

our [←]
~~any help from us.~~

He was five years old, but he was able to convince / So Adi convinced his new playmates that they needed ~~more~~ exciting another

kind of) battlefield. He proposed a hill in the next meadow. Each army (whether) (of five or six)

boys—once in a while, seven or eight) could group on opposite slopes ^{than they} so that

would be one ~~in the hall~~
they were not visible to each other until the side that charged had crossed the

submit.

^{the other boys}
That was the first change. Once they had moved to the new site, he convinced them to move
^{a new site and a new mode of battle,} he soon conceived of ~~an~~ ^{and the}
~~conceived of~~
added amendments to the rules of battle. Each side, he argued, must have charge as the
in a two-pronged attack.
kill with their ~~swords~~ ^{bows} divided. If a total of six bows
unequal numbers on each flank. If six were on each side, then each army

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^{into soldiers} must divide ^{who} four and two. If the attackers charged up with four men and met

^{No tagging was} only two to face them, those two were automatically captured. If ~~four~~

^{necessary. (He still detested being knocked down)}
If on the other hand, four attackers met four
defenders, then the attackers lost.

^{But} ~~no more improvements had to be made.~~ ⁽¹⁹⁶⁾
~~It grew more complex. Each day improvements were made. If on the strong~~
~~side of an~~ ^{running} attacking army guessed wrong three times in a row on where the other side

^{placed their weak flank,}
had put their weak side, then the battle was lost. If enough time remained

^{Now tagging your opponent was}
before nightfall, a new battle could start. Even the tags were kept. If four

^{boys coming over the hill ran into four}
charged four, given the latest amendment, ^{now} tagging decided the outcome.

^{Adolf a}
Then he added one special amendment. The captain for each side could not

be captured, he could not even be touched. The highest officer must always

be respected.

^{like once more,}
Adolf began to fall in love with himself. (He was so good at the game!)

In the beginning, he had had to argue with all of them. Only a few wished to

outpost
his rank
as
general
the right
to maneuver
speed
up
maneuver

being stated.

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~~must divide four and two. If the attackers charged up with four men and met~~

~~but only two to face them, those two were automatically captured. ^{when} ~~if~~ four~~

~~charged into four, then the attackers lost.~~

~~It grew ^{complicated} more complex. Each day improvements were made. If an~~

~~attacking army guessed wrong three times in a row on where the other side~~

~~had put their weak side, then the battle was lost. If enough time remained~~

~~before nightfall, a new battle could start.~~

← He could see that his innovations had dampened the fire of the game.

~~when~~ If the flank which had four boys coming over the hill ^{met} ~~happened to meet~~ four

~~defenders, yes, tagging had to be reinstated. He then had his most impressive~~

~~the encounter was no more than a flat-out~~
~~defenders, yes, tagging had to be reinstated. He then had his most impressive~~
~~survivor. So, tagging had to be reinstated.~~
 This brought up the ~~beginnings of a formal debate~~
 debate in the open-field legislature of these five-year-olds for he wished to

to his dislike,

~~insert~~
 establish a special amendment. The captain on each side—he had become,

as foreseen, the German Captain (and Heinrich was his lieutenant)—must not

be captured. The leader must not even be touched. With preternatural eloquence, he made his major point. "The highest officer must always be respected ^{or} and protected."

In the beginning, ~~he had had~~ ^{to gain gain} to argue long for this point. Only a few ^{were that} of the troops had been ready to change the rules; and he had ~~had~~ to find allies one by one. (It did not hurt that stout, sturdy Heinrich was always by his side.) In time, he prevailed. He had come to amaze himself at how well he could speak.

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It may not be (at this point) but
 If it is not agreeable to disturb the modest tenor of ^{our} ~~this~~ narrative, (I must

~~still intrude at this point.~~ These war games are the first occasions in Adolf's

boyhood when I was instructed ^{the} ~~by our Source~~ to take an active interest in his

development.

Let it also be understood that ^{the} ~~this~~ interjection cannot be ~~altogether~~ ^{it that}

brief. Our investiture of ^{humans} ~~men and women, boys and girls~~, and occasionally

~~those animals in whom the E.O. takes an interest~~, is considerably more

~~complex than the human perception~~ ^{their limited view} of the matter. The everyday

understanding of the average man or woman ~~serves merely to underling their~~

~~essential~~ ^{an ~~essential~~ intrinsic} ^{comprehension} naive on these matters. The common understanding ~~is inadequate~~

The basic premise is false. We do not seize people with Satanic entrapment

~~they~~ ^{eternally} ^{American} ^{to use a crude and contemporary example,} and keep them forever as our vassals. ^{(Avis or McDonald's vying with}

Burger King comes closer to the mark. The Dummkopf is usually in

competition with the Evil One when in comes to investing ~~our~~ ^{being} powers in a

client. ^{when} ^{has potential} If the man or woman ~~proves~~ ^{manipulation and counter-manipulation} interesting, sole possession by one of us

~~or the other~~ ^{can go on for years} can almost never occur. The war usually goes on for years, ^{manipulation and counter-manipulation} ^{can go on for years} and

~~individual~~ ^{can go on for years} and rarely does our ^{Not over} ^{rarely does this side or the other realize victory over even one disputed}

human. (Indeed, after a series of battles, any particular soul that is ^{actually} ~~lost~~)

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^{whole)}
~~captured~~ by one side or the other often bears more resemblance to a victim
 than a prize.)

There are two cardinal elements that determine much of the contest.

The first is the individuality of the particular human who is invaded, or

infiltrated, ^{or} invested, ^{or} damned, cursed, or blessed. Given the ^{readiness} ~~instinctive~~

^{and/or}
~~readiness~~ or recalcitrance of the souls we are doing our best to develop for

ourselves, most putative clients prove of ^{varying importance} ~~curious and separate value~~ to us:

^{Those who are}
 The ones ^{more take value for} ~~most difficult to approach~~ are often ~~the most valuable~~ in their

service.

Conversely, those people who are easier to ^{enter than} ~~approach~~ and enlist are

^{are} often the least useful. It takes ^{little} ~~nothing~~ to traduce a drunk, an addict. We can

polish what is left of their charm, we can decimate the confidence of their

families, if mother, father, et al, seem in the ^{main} ~~aim~~ to prefer to live in the

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hegemony of the Dummkopf, but all this is ~~relatively easy work~~ *there are* ~~with small~~

gains for our ultimate ~~ends~~ *ends* (which are, of course, to take ~~human nature~~ *indeed, to capture*

and bring it/ through a transmogrification from the vision of the D.K. to the eventual

project—yet for me to name ¹ of the E.O.)

So the truism that the difficult is more valuable in the end than the easy

is countermanded by the second essential element in the contest—which is

the differing economies of Divine and Satanic energy.

even in the higher cadres of I can allow that we lesser ~~(devils and angels~~ *two* hardly know who has more

time or strength to spend on such ~~contests~~ *a specific* although I would suspect *however* that the

Dummkopf is ~~much~~ *considerably* more powerfully endowed (and vastly more wasteful)

^{our} whereas ~~the~~ E.O. seems obsessed (to those of us who must follow his

instructions) with the importance of ~~respecting~~ economy itself and its rude

demands. budgetary ~~considerations~~. The E.O. is always obliging us to forecast what

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the expenditures in effort will be when attempting to ^{bring in} capture a putative client.

Thereby, the notion of ^{thereby} hard is restored to its intrinsic difficulty rather than to

~~the future value~~ to spend years on a promising ^{client} individual who eventually

resists us more successfully than we had anticipated is not only a budgetary

blemish on our ^{the} personal record, but is also a general loss. To prevail, the

E.O. is always instructing us, we must choose our targets with more insight ^{acumen}

and instinct ^{here} than ^{the better} ~~and acumen, and constrict the angels.~~ (Let me repeat our other term for

them ~~the Eudagels~~ ^{Eudagels}. Angels are not necessarily ^{angelic, as average humans think it}

Over the millennia, if not the eons, our E.O. has evolved certain principles from which ^{this} he rarely diverges. (This) ^{is} principles from which he ^{is} (an assumption of gender for convenience's sake)

We are always instructed to ^{which promises} rarely diverge. It is that ~~we are~~ ^{we} instructed to remain alert to any approaching

copulation of high heat, God-daring practices, and low intent ^{for that can} ~~that~~ offer us ~~an~~

^{in the} early investiture of ~~the~~ just-conceived embryo. Done well enough, ^{we} ~~we~~ can

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start with an advantage over the D.K. on ^{many} ~~the~~ a newly-conceived future human.

Of course, our targets are obvious. Rarely do we fail to attend the

couplings of rich and powerful people. Nor do we ignore the occasional ~~poor~~

~~wretchedly poor~~ ^{to the obverse,}
(couple whose rites partake of incest, or, ~~occasionally,~~ are attended by angels.

^{This a demanding task —}
~~The latter is often wasteful~~ — it is hard to slice through a blockade of angels.
^{Yet, (I speak here for myself —)}
but it seems as if the E.O. has never been able to accept ~~the error of~~ his

failure to be present in the hour that Jesus Christ was conceived ^{the results: like} and so he

~~was that he~~
was soon visited with a half-brother whose powers were at least comparable

to his own.

^{son} Fortunately ~~for~~ us, Jesus proved to be ^{another} Son much at odds with His

~~draconian~~ Father, ~~until~~ Jehovah, indeed, ^{was} often as incensed with the

rebelliousness of the good son as with the ^{power of} (disruption and superior wit of the ~~obler~~ one,

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~~Prince~~ ^{Prince's} older (given our ~~Source's~~ capture of so many of the ~~powers~~ ^{forces} of the night.)

Now the long we

Still, we have to consider ourselves fortunate that the intellectual covenant

between the Dummkopf and Jesus is as full of ~~ambiguities and~~ oxymorons

as the Vatican itself, not to mention Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Judaism,

Lutheranism, Sufism. ^{But why go on?} ~~Is there a need to~~ ^{the real situation is that} Whether the E.O. wars against the Lord

with a small but well-integrated army, or can only muster a ^{guerrilla} ~~guerrilla~~ force

against a behemoth, the prevailing fact of our existence as devils and demons

is that we live within the parameters of an ongoing mean-spirited budget.

^{projects} You may believe that our ~~fight~~ ^{are} chosen with discretion.

For example, we are present and usually active (as previously stated) at

the copulations more likely to satisfy ~~our future~~ ^{the} needs, yet, paradoxically, the

^{does not} ~~relatively little~~ ^{that much} interest in the early development of children. "It

is too soon to tell," he will often remark, and ^{sometimes adds:} ~~may~~ add: "The work we have

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done in the last hundred years has ^{done much to shape} ~~proved most effective in shaping~~ the young

without our need to intervene." ~~(which is)~~ a reference to the prodigious

conflict of interests in the ^{whole of} ~~society now surrounding most children,~~

That is the prevailing set of remarks he offers ~~to us~~ when we wish to

pursue certain children. Almost always, our petition is not granted. "In the

early years of life," the E.O. is forever reminding us, "there are too many

accidents, ^{frequent} ~~too many~~ surprises, and relatively little structure in the character

~~that is forming.~~" The prevailing judgment is that it is enough for us to keep a ^{modest}

^{but ongoing} ~~simple~~ record of the main events of those families in which we are interested.

"In the first few years," he will also remark, "a child is a study in the need for

love and the development ^{of} the will. Since the D.K. has large resources for

the supply of both, and is relative indiscriminate in the way he metes it out,

we can rest on our oars ~~right there.~~ Love and the development of will are so

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naturally at odds with each other that we rely on the D.K. and his Cudgels to

mess it up beautifully without our intervention. *this is particularly true with Catholics. To capture a child's philosophy too early is to ensure later rebellion or severe*
 Indeed, his general strictures ^{are} were as follows: No intervention until ^{meanness or spirit.}

the age of three (except in the most ^{unusual} extraordinary cases, and even there, ^{as late as}
the nineteenth century) ^{at} an extraordinary child ^{is} of that age ^{being} was always in danger of ^{being} carried off

abruptly by one ^{grievous} ~~frivolous~~ (disease or another.) From three to the age of seven,
avoidance which has no/
 no intervention without specific purpose—a most important tenet for any
^{talents, or, worse, his/}
^{random proclivities,}
 devil seeking to invest some of his ~~value~~ in a particular boy or girl. We had,

in effect, to argue our case much like a lawyer before a highly critical judge.

After the age of seven, it was easier. The E.O. looked upon the next

five or six years as—indeed, he termed it this—the Age of Clods: *"They are"*

"They are" now encountering the world in its most basic form—the
 school years, ^{and nearly} all of them rush to habit, routine, and stupidity as

their forms of insulation. These are the years when the average ego begins to

take shape

~~form~~ *all* in all of its readiness to lie, mis-remember, distort and forget in order to

keep the young ego in some readiness to support the ongoing project *the*

oneself. There is no need to pick up any of them at this time, not unless they

are, against all likelihood, possessed already of incredible potential for us."

Our hunt began with adolescence. The E.O. made it more than clear:

but now first

(we were at the next promising stage of intervention ~~for~~ the D.K. was ~~now~~ *here ready*

relatively
to investing ~~all sorts of~~ large resources in very young men and women who

hardly knew what to do with ~~such~~ *their* sudden inrush of ~~more~~ *increased* will and desire *to proceed* ~~All~~

(now) (to us)
~~Most~~ promising targets ~~now~~ were open ~~and~~ only in the most dubious situation did we

the
have to argue ~~our~~ case for a serious effort of investiture.

do I really speak of
I have proceeded this far into the topography (or ~~is it~~ the architecture?)

altogether
of our processes of selection because it was ~~so much~~ out of our normal

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^{should}
~~standards of practice~~ that the E.O. ~~instructed~~ me directly to pay ~~some~~ strong
^(and at once)
~~and useful~~ attention to the five-year-old Adolf Hitler.

Now, having been present (by proxy) at his conception, it had been a
matter of course ~~for me~~ to keep my several cohorts (of minor devils and
ready-for-quick-attack demons) on the quick concerning the Hitler family.

^{did keep}
We did not intervene, but we ~~kept~~ abreast of their activities. We used to call

it our milk-runs, a term we used long before it was adopted by the ^{U.S.} Air Force

pilots in the ^{2nd} World War. Any one of our minor devils could ^{pass} fly by a

house at night and ^{ingest} ~~gather~~ in the small storms ^{inertias} and joys of the previous day or

week or month (depending on the frequency of the milk-runs in that town or

^{assigned to us,}
county ^{even} or province which was ~~given to us~~ for our ~~territory~~.)

^{have been,}
So I knew the history of the Hitler family, in the years since Adolf had
^(in such detail as)
been born, at least as it was imparted to me by the separate devils who kept

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track of the hundred or more of our potential projects in that ^{region} ~~area~~ of Austria.

If what my agents offered was as modest as the narrative I have presented

until now, it ~~certainly~~ sufficed. At the time, in reviewing Adolf's early years,

I confess that I saw no ~~great~~ ^{large} promise in him. He was ~~so~~ outrageously in need of love ~~and~~ ^{and}

damnably vulnerable. The odds were that he would ^{either early} ~~perish~~ or creep through

At least so would I have judged it life with a crippled ego, and if not for the ~~possibility~~ ^{possibility} that the E.O. had been

as ~~present~~ ^{as} at his conception as Gabriel at the Christ's, ~~a dubious possibility~~ ^{If that was not} definitively a likelihood, still it was never ^{even} ~~but not wholly~~ to be ignored! -- ~~might not~~ ^{on} on most hard-working nights ~~have~~

I had his family even included ~~him~~ ^{on} in the milk-run.

That set of sentiments were overturned altogether on the day that

Alois, Jr. dragged him off to the war game. The E.O. intervened. I received

a direct message: "Take care of Adi. Stiffen his spine. We will lose him

altogether if we don't take steps."

triple space
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Edmund was born on March 24, 1894, ~~and by then, Adolf was less~~ ^{just a few}
^{weeks before} ~~from~~ ^{Adolf's 5th birthday.}
~~than a month away from being five years old.~~ Since he had been told a few

~~weeks before~~ that he would soon have a ~~baby~~ brother or sister, he was ready

to play with the ^{baby} ~~newcomer~~ so soon as it appeared. He expected ^{however} a child about

half his age, a living creature ^{ready to} ~~that could speak~~ ^(and certainly able to listen.) So, he was aghast ~~when, on~~

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therefore on
the approach to Klara's bed, *when* he saw no more than ~~an all but most~~ ^a swaddling
her on Klara's breast, *and* ~~with~~ a face as wizened as an old
orange.

Having been sent ~~away~~ the night before to a neighbor's house where
(occupying the space on a small bed)
he experienced all the discomfort of sleeping between Angela and Alois, Jr.

(who kept pinching each other over his intervening body) he knew that ~~he~~ *unhappy*

coming
small changes were ~~on their way~~. ~~Everything was out of place.~~ This

perception which ~~not only~~ *and* lived in his chest with apprehension, but also

~~offered a tingle of excitement,~~ turned into his first large sorrow when, next

day, he rushed forward to his mother's bed and the midwife put out a hand

face,
larger than his ~~father's~~ *face,* and said, "Stay back. Don't hurt the baby."

What made it worse was that his mother could do no more than smile
at him out of a very pale face, and put a hand on his head so light in its touch
that he could feel no love in the caress. Tears came to his eyes.

"Ah, the poor little one," said the midwife and led him out of the room.

"In a few days," she added, "you can get nearer to the baby."

"Will he talk to me?"

"Maybe you will be the first to understand him." With that, she laughed and returned to the bed where his mother lay ~~so far away from him.~~

For weeks, he could not get close to Klara. There had been a time when he would have the same conversation with his mother each morning.

"Mommie," Adi would ask, "are you the most beautiful woman in the world?"

She would tease his hair. "What do you think?" she would ask.

"I think you are the most beautiful."

Then she would laugh and hug him to ^{her} ~~that~~ breast ~~he knew so well.~~ It was only a year since she had stopped feeding him and he missed ~~the breast~~ ^{that pleasure,}

~~Now, he~~
He would gorge on the cream puffs she ~~often~~ ^{usually} prepared for dessert, indeed,

would keep eating them until Alois Junior would complain audibly if Klara was present, or in her absence would crack a knuckle across his head. Klara, however, full of new uneasiness at how little attention she wished to give to Adi these days, would defend his right to the cream puffs. "He is so little, Alois," she would say, "he needs them ^{more than you.}"

~~too~~ ^{however,}
Klara was often too tired to cook, ~~and~~ ^{the} temporary servant who came in to do work made cream puffs that tasted like sour milk, ^{whereas} Klara fed

^{or}
Edmund all the time, so it seemed to Adolf who felt a recurring pang, ~~a new~~

^{his pain began}
sorrow so prevalent that it was able to blend with the sad undertone of the

church bells in Passau, so rich, so many, so frequent, ~~that~~ ^{In} his ears, it

seemed as if she was always feeding Edmund even when the infant was

asleep.

Now, if he tried to ask her the ~~same~~^{old} dear question, she would laugh,

~~but~~ unhappily. "Oh, I am a tired woman," she would say, "I am not

beautiful, Dolfchen, ~~it is your sister Angela who is the most beautiful.~~^{But your will be}

Adi did not agree. Angela was undependable. Angela could pinch

him cruelly for no reason that he could see. She could be nice, but she was

treacherous. "You are the most beautiful," he would say, ~~but~~^{and} his mother

would ~~only~~ shake her head.

He hardly knew ~~what to do~~^{how to take advantage of the fact that} Alois was away most of the time ~~in Linz~~^{in Linz}.

~~One~~ week after Edmund's birth, he had moved to ~~Linz~~^{there from Passau} to take up his new ~~and~~

important duties ~~there~~^{and}, but Linz was fifty miles east of Passau, a long enough

trip to keep Alois from coming back to his household more often than once

~~every two weeks. All~~^{every two weeks. All}

~~or twice a month. So~~^{that} the weight of his tobacco, his heavy thumb, his ~~strong~~

~~strong voice which vibrated through Adolf's intestines so powerfully that there~~^{that had used to}

~~was always danger of an accident,~~ ^{not often} was rarely present now to stifle the air, and

^{horrible} send a quiver through the boy's bowels, no, the house was free ~~at~~ through

the day. Angela and Junior were away at school, and Adi ^{could be} ~~was~~ alone with his mother and the infant except that ~~mother except that he was not~~ (Klara had less time for him, and the loss

was ~~like~~ an insult. Now, at night, when he had to sleep alone, he no longer

had his ~~little~~ cot. Alois, Jr., would take it, and Adi did not always like to

sleep with Angela who would tickle his body everywhere and sometimes tell

him that he did not smell good. ^("Your breath is rotten," she would say.) Often, he would put a blanket on the floor

~~just~~ to escape her.

~~He was in the first crisis of his life.~~ Left so much alone, he was afraid

^{Boys his age looked fearsome to him.} to go outside and play with other boys. He knew he had to be brave; he did

not wish to be. ^{He spent his time looking at the illustrations in a book his father ~~and~~ had bought about the Franco-Prussian war of how he would like to be a brave soldier, how afraid he felt.} 1870.

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One afternoon, he
Alois, Jr. solved the question ~~forcibly that June~~. He came home ~~one~~

~~June~~ *after class,*
~~afternoon from school with a long twilight yet ahead~~ and pulled Adolf out of

then
the house, ~~and~~ led him to a field where ~~half a dozen five and six-year-olds~~

boys too young for school,
were playing at war.

*Alois, Jr. studied the group for a few minutes
be sure deciding who was the leader, a big stout
five year old.*
"This is my brother," he told their leader, "and if you let anyone hit

Adolf,
him, you will be seeing me." *Immediately,*
~~whereupon~~ he departed.

when

Adolf came home that evening ~~entouched~~, and Alois, Jr. took him

aside. "From now on," he said, "I eat the cream puffs first ~~as~~ *as* many as I

want. Don't ~~you~~ try to cry now, mamma's boy."

"I won't," said Adi, holding his breath as tightly as if he were *clinging*
~~hanging~~

to
~~from~~ a rope.

Next day, he
~~to his surprise, he was good at the war game. Since Passau was in~~
by himself. It was more a fear of Alois, Jr.'s
~~Bavaria, he always chose to fight on the German side against the French.~~

(191)

decision if he did not go, then of the blows he might take in the battle.

Actually, there had been little enough punishment ~~for him~~ on the first day's set of battles. The fat boy had certainly taken good care of him, protecting him with his body from every assault on their redoubt. The game had been simple. The boys had divided into two teams which took turns charging at each other, when they met, a game of tag resulted, and they counted then counted the losses. Once in awhile, given the ^{clamor} ~~madness~~ ^{might} of the charge somebody ~~would~~ get brushed down. It even happened once to Adolf when his leader was waylaid by two off ~~the~~ boys from the other team. Before he could take account that he was defenseless, he was laying on the ground with dirt up his nose. Someone

(192)

on the other side had given him an inkling in
the past.
He did not cry. It took an absolute
effort of his will not to make a
sound, and then he had to negotiate
~~a second agreement with himself~~
once more, ~~again not to weep~~ when he saw that
no one was ~~paying attention to~~
applauding his new-found stoicism
but that, to the contrary, his team
was now rallying for a charge on
the other's bastion. Still he did
not cry even if his feelings ^{were} ~~felt as~~
bruised as the scrape on his cheek
and his knee.

He got through the next hours until
dark. He avoided every contact once
he discovered that he was quicker
than the enemy soldiers, ~~and to his delight~~
~~enough to do so~~ ^{and to his delight}
he tagged ~~any one~~ ^{Enochman, the next} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~two~~ ^{two}
^{after that} ~~on the left~~. (They were
~~still fighting~~ the Franco-Prussian
war of 1870, and he was on the good

German side.

(193)

On the second day, ~~his face was in the~~
~~day again, I was~~ ~~down twice~~ More boys were present,
perhaps as many as eight or twenty
more than the ^{highest} number to which he could
count, and so the action was everywhere
and it was harder to dodge ~~away~~
from the rush of others.

He hated being brushed down even
if the fat boy was careful about it
and begged him not to tell his
brother, at which point Edie had the
pleasure of patting him on the head
and telling him ^{there} was no cause
for fear, not a word would he say.

That night he could hardly sleep.
He understood war. He felt annoyed.
He soon enough, in two days or three,
the fat boy, Heinrich, would be his
lieutenant, and he, as captain,
would make the rules. He had no
doubt of that. The way they fought
was too stupid.

It Indeed, he did prevail. He thought up a better game. It was the battlefield that was ~~was~~ wrong, he decided. War was not just two armies running at each other. War was also surprise and trickery and maneuver. (He did not know the word, ~~but~~ ^{but he had} captured the concept. I can promise that he arrived at the concept without any help from us.)

So ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~Adi~~ ^{Adi} ~~was~~ ^{was} convinced his new playmates that they needed a more exciting battlefield. He proposed a hill in the next meadow. Each army (of five or six boys - ~~once~~ ^{once} in a while, seven or eight) could group on opposite slopes so that they were not visible to each other until ~~they~~ the side that charged had crossed the summit.

That was the first change. Once they had moved to the new site, he added amendments to the Rules of Battle. Each

(95)

side, he argued, must have unequal numbers on each flank. If six were on each side, then ~~they~~ ^{each army} must divide four and two. If the attackers charged ^{up} with four men and met only two ^{to face them} on their side, those two were automatically captured. If four charged into four, then the attackers lost.

It grew more complex. Each day, improvements were made. If an attacking army guessed wrong ^{three times in a row} on which the other side had put their weak side, then the battle was lost. If enough time remained before nightfall, a new battle could start. Even the tags were kept. If four charged four, given the latest amendment, tagging decided the outcome. Then he added one special amendment. The captain for each side could not be captured, he could not even be touched, the highest officer must always be defeated.

Adolf began to fall in love with himself. He was so good at the game!

196
In the beginning, he had had to argue with all of them. Only a few wished to change the rules, and he had to convert allies one by one. He was amazed by how well he could speak to ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~other~~ ^{other} ~~side~~ ^{side}, and he made a point of keeping stout & sturdy Heinrich by his side. One by one, his team and the other side, came over to his conclusion. Before too long, they were looking to hear the new changes he could put into the game.

Now, he could live without Clara. She no longer needed to be live in his eyes as the most beautiful woman in the world.

(197)

11.

Alois, living alone in his, was
coming to the conclusion that he was
ready for retirement.

ready to) had (find) had come to amaze
(change the rules) and he had to convert allies one by one. He was amazed by
himself at) (It did not hurt that)
how well he would speak, and he made a point of keeping stout, sturdy
was always at) Over in time he revealed
Heinrich by his side.) One by one, his team and the other side came over to.
the new rules. He had come to amaze himself
his convictions. Before too long, they were looking to hear the new changes
at how well he could speak.
he would put in the game.

Now, he could live without Klara. She no longer needed to live in his

eyes as the most beautiful woman in the world.

196-211 triple space

196

He could see that his innovations had dampened the fire taken ~~some of the spirit out of the~~ game. Tagging had to be reinstated.

It ~~was~~ ^{was} the plank which had four boys charging coming over the hill.

Nothing happened to meet four defenders, ^{nothing} ~~for~~ tagging, then, tagging ~~was on~~ ^{was on} had to be reinstated. ^{it was a flat surrender, tagging, then,} ~~disputed it as he would, this brought on the beginning of the then had his greatest debate in~~

The ~~improvement~~ ^{open-pled} legislation of ~~the~~ ^{the} first year olds, for he wished to ~~establish~~ ^{establish} a special amendment. The captain ^{he had become, as foreman,} on each side ~~(the two sides were)~~ the German Captain (and Herrick, was his lieutenant) ^{must} ~~must~~ not be captured. ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~must~~ ^{must} not even be touched. ~~the~~ ^{the} With preternatural eloquence he made his major point, "the highest officer must always be respected and protected."

In the beginning, he had had to argue ^{of the boys} ~~with all of them~~. Only a few ^{had been}

If it ^(It may not be) is not agreeable to disturb the
 modest ~~less~~ ^{but} ~~tenor~~ ^{tenor} of this ~~usual~~
 narrative, ~~but~~ I ~~must~~ ^{must} ~~still~~ ^{there was}
 intrude at this point, ~~for the~~
^{game are} (the first occasion in the development
 of ~~little~~ Adolf's life when Bayleard
 when ~~that~~ I was intructed by our source
 to take an active interest ~~for a~~
~~period~~ in ^{Adolf's} his development.

Let it also be understood that this
 inturjection cannot be ~~a~~ ^{our} ~~brief~~
~~altogether~~ ^{our} ~~brief~~ ^{investigation} of
~~these~~ men and women, ~~these~~ ^{these} ~~boys~~
 and girls, and occasionally ~~these~~
 animals in whom the F.O. takes an
 interest's considerably more complex
 than the ~~common~~ human perception of
 the matter. The long day understanding
 of the courage ^{young woman} ~~man~~ ^{sees} merely

to underline ^{their} ~~the~~ essential ~~neivete~~ ¹⁹⁹
~~of men and women~~ on these matters.
The common understanding ~~is~~
~~their common~~ ~~gross~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~certainly~~
inadequate. The basic premise is
false. We do not seize people with
Satanic ~~entrapment~~ ~~entrapment~~ and
keep them forever as our vassals.
It is better to recognize that even so
crude an example as Hertz ~~seems~~ ^{trying}
Ovis or Macdonalds ~~in that~~ ^{trying} ~~fiction~~
with Bargetky comes closer to the
mark. The ~~harder~~ ~~as I would~~ ~~remember~~
~~you~~ the (Dammhoff ~~is~~) is usually
in ~~confusion~~ competition with the
Evil One (~~so-called~~) ~~is~~ when it
comes to ~~possess~~ invading our power
in a client. If the man or woman
~~proves~~ ~~the~~ ~~interaction~~ sole possession by
one of us, or the other, can almost
never occur. The war goes on for
hours, for days, or ~~usually~~ ^{usually} for

to the larger strategies of the E.O. (201)

Conversely, ^{these} the people who are easiest to trap, teach, and enlighten, ~~for~~ ^{part of} the least useful. It takes nothing to trade a drunk or an addict, ^{or a person} ~~it can~~ ^{we can} polish what is left of their charm, we can decimate the confidence of their families, if mother, father, ~~children, relatives~~ ^{relatives} et al seem in the main to ~~be~~ ^{prefer to live in} the hegemony of the Duranbhoff, but all this is ~~not essential~~ ^{relatively easy} work with ~~very~~ small gains for our ultimate ends (which ^{are}, of course, to take human nature ~~from~~ through a transmutation from the vision of the D.K. to the ~~final~~ ^{eventual} project (yet ~~form~~ ^{so} to name) of the E.O., that paradox or truism that the difficult is more valuable in the end than the easy is countermanded by the second essential element in the context — which is the ^{differing} ~~economy~~ of Dionian and Saturnal energy.

choose our targets ~~and~~ with more 203
insight, ~~and a more~~ a more and
certain than the angels. (Let me see
~~really for~~ ^{reflect} (our other term for them —
~~the~~ Endgels.) Endgels.

Over the centuries, the millennial
^{if not any, 20th} perhaps it is the case, our E.O. has
evolved certain principles from which
~~he has evolved~~ he (an assumption
of gender for convenience sake) rarely
diverges. It is that we do our utmost
~~to be alert to~~ ^{remain} ^{any approaching} of high
heat, and ~~low intent~~ God-daring
practices, and low intent that offer
us an early investment of the just
conceived ~~and~~ embryos. Done well
enough, we ~~as~~ can start with an
advantage over the D.K. on many a
newly-conceived child, future human,

Of course our targets are obvious,
~~The~~ Rarely do we fail to attend the
couplings of rich and powerful
people. Nor do we ignore the occasional

[illegible]

~~The~~ Fortunately, I fear, ~~for~~ ^{the} Son
proved to be a much older,
with his ~~D.~~ ^{Son} ~~diagonal~~, father, ^{youthful,}
that Jehovah, ^{wisdom} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~power~~ increased
with the rebelliousness of the good
son as with ~~the~~ ^{disruptive} ~~the~~ ^{and}
superior wit of the older (^{given our sense's} ~~with~~)
captivity of so many of the powers of
the night). Still, we can have to
console ourselves fortunate that
the intellectual compact held
covenant between the Demagogue
and Jesus is as full of contradictions;
^{being Vatican} and overgrown as Catholicism, itself
not Mohammedan, Boddhisattva, ~~Hindu~~

Judaism, ~~theology~~, Lutheranism, Infirmary (205)
Why go on? Whether ^{the E.C. wars} ~~the E.C. wars~~ against
the Lord ^{with} ~~the~~ small but ^{well} ~~more~~ integrated
army, or ^{an only more} ~~an~~ guerrilla force
against a behemoth. The ^{prevalent} ~~prevalent~~
fact of our existence ^{is} ~~is~~ that we
live within the parameters of ~~an~~ an
ongoing ^{can} ~~can~~ ^{pragmatize} ~~pragmatize~~ ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{our} ~~our~~ ^{ought} ~~ought~~ ^{or} ~~or~~ ^{clearer} ~~clearer~~ ^{for} ~~for~~
with discretion,

For example: we are ^{present and} ~~present and~~ ^{usually active} ~~usually active~~
(conspicuously ^{at the} ~~at the ^{young} ~~young ^{likely} ~~likely
promising copulations ^{that} ~~that~~
take to satisfy our future needs,
yet, paradoxically, the E.C. ~~is~~
invests ^{relatively} ~~relatively~~ ^{little} ~~little~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{early development} ~~early development~~
of children. "It is too soon to tell," ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{may well} ~~may well~~
will often remark ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{by} ~~by~~
"The ^{work} ~~work~~ ^{we} ~~we ^{have} ~~have ⁱⁿ ~~in ^{the} ~~the ^{last} ~~last ^{decade} ~~decade~~,
has passed ^(most) ~~(most) ^{effective} ~~effective ⁱⁿ ~~in ^{shaping} ~~shaping ^{the} ~~the
young without our ^{need to} ~~need to~~ ^{intervene} ~~intervene~~ ^{at} ~~at
which is a reference to the prodigious "~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

(206)

conflict of interests in the society now
surrounding most children.

That is the prevailing set of remarks
we offer to us when we wish to pursue
certain children. Almost always, our
petition is not granted. "In the early
years of life," the E.O. is forever reminding
us, "there are too many accidents, and
too many surprises, and relatively
little structure in the early growth
character that is forming." It is ~~enough~~
~~for us~~ the prevailing judgment is that
it is enough for us to keep a simple
record of the main events of those
families in which we are interested,
"In the first few years," he will
also remark, "a child is a study in
the need for love and the development
of the will." Since the D.H. has
large resources for the supply of
both, and is relatively indiscriminate
in the way he meets it out, we can
rest on our oars right there. ₃

the development of the
and will are so naturally at odds, (not
with each other, that we can rely
on the D.K. and his family, that ~~we~~ ~~can~~
~~be~~ ~~sure~~ to meet it up & accordingly
without our intervention,"

Indeed, his general instructions
as follows: "In international matters
one of three (except in the most
extraordinary cases, and even then an
extraordinary chief of state appears
always in danger of being surprised
off about the by one guess, or in any
or another) from there to ~~find~~ ~~out~~
~~that~~ ~~from~~ ~~fact~~ to ~~every~~ ~~actually~~
no international without specific
purpose - a most important ~~is~~
test for any development to invest
him within a particular day or night.
We have, in effect, to argue our case
much like a lawyer before a highly
critical judge.

After that proper away, it can ^{be} ~~seen~~
the D.K. could upon the ~~fact~~ ^{fact}

or six years as, indeed, he termed (208)
it this — the Age of the Clads.

"They are now encountering the world
in its most basic form — the school
years, and nearly all of them seek
~~for~~ rush to habit, routine and
stupidity as their form of insulation.
These are the years of ego formation
when the average ego begins to form
in all of its readiness to lie, misremember,
distort and forget in order to keep the
young ego in some readiness to
support the ongoing project — oneself.
There is no need to pick up any of
them at this time, not unless they are,
against all likelihood, ~~incredibly~~
possessed already of incredible
potential forms."

Our ~~last~~ hunt began with
adolescence. The E.O. made it more
than clear: we were at the most
promising stage of intervention
for the D.R. was now investing
all retroflop resources in very
young men and women who hardly

know what to do with ~~such~~ sudden (209)
inrush of more will and more desire,
all promising targets now were open
and only in the most dubious situation
did we have to argue our case for
a serious effort of invention.

I have proceeded then far into the
topography (or, is it stonemasonry?) of
our processes of selection ~~process~~
because it was so much out of our
normal standards of practice that
the E.O. ~~adviser~~ instructed me
directly to pay some strong and useful
attention to our five year old child
Heller.

Now, having been present (by proxy)
at his conception, it had been a
matter of course for me to keep my
~~several cohorts~~
~~top of the world~~ (of minor devils and
ready-for-quick-attack demons) on
the quick concerning the Heller family.
We did not intervene, but we kept
abreast of their activities. We used

to call it our milk-runs, a term (210)
he used long before it was adopted by
~~the~~ Air Force ~~the~~ pilots in the Second
World War. Any one of our minor devils
could ~~fly~~ fly by a house at night, ~~and~~
and gather in the small stores and jags
of the ~~previous~~ day or week or month
(depending on the frequency of
the milk-runs in ~~that~~ ^{the} town or country
or province ~~the~~ which was given
to us from territory.

So I knew the history of the Hitler
family in the years since Adolf had
been born, ~~which was~~ at least
it was ~~in part~~ ^{in part} told to me by the separate devils
who kept track of the hundred or more
of our potential projects in that area
of Austria. If what my agents offered
was as modest as the Enavra air
I have presented vented now, it
certainly sufficed. At the time
in reviewing Adolph early years,
I saw no great promise in him.
He was so outrageously in need of

love and so damnably vulnerable. (211)
The odds were that he would perish
or creep through life with a crippled
ego, and if not for the ~~fact~~ possibility
that the E. O. had been as present
in his conception as Gabriel at the Christ,
— a dubious possibility but not wholly
to be ignored! — I might not on
most hard-working nights have
even included him in the with-runs,

that was set of sentimental weep
overturned all together on the ~~evening~~
day that Alain J. dragged him off
to the war game the E. O. intervened.
I received a ^{direct} message: "Take care of
Adi. Stuff him fine. We will love
him altogether if we don't take steps."

12.

It is true of all reasonably ^{disciplined} ~~good~~ ^{armies} ~~armies~~, & there is small ~~of~~ ^{by} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~rebellious~~ ^{order} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~order~~ ^{order}. I did what I was told.

(209)

~~I took care of Aoli~~. I stiffened his spine. Indeed, I ~~as~~ will make the claim that I accomplished this with some ^{skill} ~~skill~~ for I did not inject new ingredients (so to speak) into his courage, and his will. ~~I allowed him to~~ ^{he} ~~to~~ ^{do} ~~part of the~~ ^{and that proved} ~~job~~ ^{for} ~~himself~~ ^{himself} ~~that was~~ ^{enough} ~~enough~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{succeed} ~~succeed~~. He did not weep with his face in the dirt, he developed his cunning at avoiding physical punishment and his will increased each night in his sleep. He was cooperating with me.

I was aware again of the superior insight of the E. O., for it could be said of Aoli that from our point of view, he was ~~worth~~ ^{worth} saving. The child had powerful instincts. He was as much superior to an average Brit. boy old as a splendid horse is ~~superior~~.

~~to an overworked child~~ ^{to a child's poor} 210
~~continually~~ ^{therefore} I engaged
working with him, ~~and~~ their war to
my surprise, for the order had come
at a poor time, and would make
inroad on my budget. ^{Improving 2 child's}
^{courage} ^{gaily} ~~children~~ ^{involved} ^{expending} ^a sum
of our most precious funds, those store
of love and ~~our~~ energy we ^{have} managed
over the centuries to steal from the
D.K. and his cudgels. Warmth and gifts
of courage are his prerogative, and if he were
not such a ~~fool~~ ^{had} wastrel, we could
have ^{no chance at all in contest}
with him, whereas we have become
~~so skillful with our store of treasures~~ ^{adept at such thefts} ^{A child, or}
~~that a child~~ ^{even an adult} ^{tends to} ^{take it for}
our infusion of love ^{bona-fide} ^{the original article} and will believe
^{hear she is the recipient of} Grace. I think that must have been
exactly what Kierkegaard had in
mind ^{as} ^{when} ^{particular} ^{occasions} ^a ^{man} ^{woman} ^{feels}
most saintly they could be looking

for Satan.

(211)

I speak of this because we devils are
human to this extent - a fine return
on our investment puts us in the best
of moods, and I came to enjoy
assisting Adi as he proceeded to
~~and~~ improve the little game of war
employed by these ~~young boys~~
five year olds in the town of Passau
in the spring and summer of 1994.
Just ^{the change in my sentiments} ~~and the transition from~~ ^{for me} as
rapid ^{just} ~~as it~~ had been for ~~me~~ ^{their child,} since,
as I have ^{just} indicated, before, we cherish
and conserve ^{our power to bestow gifts of love while}
^{centering ourselves} ~~into focus~~ upon a
^{petative} ~~client~~ ^{we must} ~~for~~ often the only way to
capture him or her in truly difficult
cases is to ^{spend some of these} ~~gamble with our~~ new
copious store of love to seal the
conquest. A risky wager, ^{brought quick results,}
Adi, of ~~course~~ course, had ~~been easy~~
children, on the rare occasions we
solicit them, are easy, but all too
often, our human capacity for quick

and independent change, being 212
so much more available to their
shifting inclination, than ~~change~~
^{it is} of course for adults, our efforts are
^{ready to} wasted, when the Cadgers are always

(Counter-attack, ^{night after night}) I
In any event, ~~the~~ ^{night after night} I
deal ~~night after night~~ in his sleep
and he delighted me and inspired
me (the rarest of pleasures for adult)
by his activities during the day.
^{He was no such wary / fearless}
~~For~~ (five year old) he had an exceptional
capacity to timber with his game of
war and improve it.

As an example, he soon saw, and I
believe ^{as} ~~their~~ ^{much more} from
his ^{perception as} ~~own~~ ^{than} mine that outposts were
necessary. It was not enough, to
send soldiers over a hill without
some knowledge of what they might
encounter. So, ^{a scout from} ~~outposts~~ ^{of each army}
~~had to approach~~ ^{mounted near the summit could}

of his ~~life~~. Let me ~~and~~ give one of his speeches uttered on this subject. May you, the reader, believe me that here is what he said. B. 1900.

attempt to work ^{his} ~~their~~ very force ^{near} ~~up~~ ^{the summit} ~~to~~ ⁽²¹³⁾
 long enough to obtain a look at the
 disposition of the other side. Following
 in logical sequence came ^{another} ~~the next~~
 shift in the rules — an advanced
 army ^{had to be} ~~was~~ free to maneuver — it
 could shift its forces from flank
 to flank on the march of its will.
 If the defender ^{had} ~~had~~ obtained an
 placed their own outposts
 strategically, ~~well~~, so could they
 shift forces, ~~available~~ in defense.
 Since all this called for larger forces
 on each side, ~~eight or ten~~ ~~ways~~ to
 ten or twelve ways, to a team rather
 than five or six. Admittedly convinced
 the regularity ^{both sides} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~the~~
~~groups~~ ^{was} ~~to~~ ^{be} ~~reached~~ ^{because} ~~and that~~
~~condition~~ ~~of~~ ~~he~~ ~~called~~ ~~General~~
~~rather than~~ ~~captain~~ ~~and~~ ~~regular~~ ~~force~~
~~be increased~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~lower~~ ~~than~~
~~a~~ ~~regiment~~ ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~an~~ ~~regular~~ ~~force~~
~~neighborhood~~ ~~would~~ ~~bring~~ ~~in~~
 more ~~ways~~ ~~and~~ ~~did~~ ²⁵ ~~already~~ ^{be} ~~the~~ ~~ways~~ ~~to~~ ~~children~~ ^(*)
 could speak convincingly ^{by} ~~the~~ ~~ways~~ ~~to~~ ~~children~~ ^(*)
 of things

"Why do we ^{love} our game? ^{He would ask} Because it teaches us so much about war?"

"Yes, that is why. We need to know about ^{war} ~~that~~." Because, my friends,

We want to be heroes, is that not true? Heinrich, do you wish to be a hero?"

"Yes, that is what I want."

"Of course, it is what we all want. ^{And to do this, we must} learn more. We ^{do not go into our} ~~need~~ ^{need} more soldiers ^{than we} to accomplish this?"

"I will tell you. It is by showing to others in this town who would be willing to join us, that our ranks are high, and we believe we will be ~~be~~ heroes and strong army men."

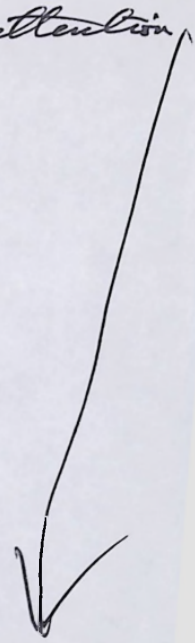
After a long and hostile - victory of Heinrich.

in the years to come when we are as ⁽²¹⁶⁾
old as real soldiers, so we must
create respect for what we do. We
must accept high rank. Above
in ~~these two armies~~ ^{yes} on both
~~sides~~ ^{sides} must be less than
a sergeant. And those of us whom
you have chosen to command
must be very high in rank, not
a captain, not a major, but a
general.
"And Heinrich, here, will be my
colonel."

Those words are close to what I
remember him saying. I loved this his
rhetoric ^{came through perfectly} ~~the logical structure of the~~
~~arguments perhaps, but~~ ^{the counterpoint} that perhaps,
although I also remember that ~~he~~
was like holding a roman candle in
one's hand - wonderful bursts of
speech came out of him that were

not only his own ^{not mine} ^{invited guests} but felt surprised ⁽²¹⁶⁾
as if ~~some~~ ^{some agreed} ~~the D.K.~~ was also ~~present~~ ^{present} in ~~his~~ ^{his} language,
indeed ~~was~~ ^{in the excitement I felt}, what
a large investment was being
placed ^{this} ~~in~~ ^{of course} concerning the
power to speak, ~~that~~ ^{that} he had
such natural talent, ~~for this~~. Probably
I had done no more than praise
the premp.

~~How large~~
I can say that by the time I was
called back from nocturnal attention.



~~Often, I knew that I had to do
no more than prime the pump. Often
we put serious ^{carried} ~~effort~~ ^{effort} into improving the speaking
talents of our clients. With Codi,
I had to do no more than prime the
pump. By the time, I was called back
from daily constant nocturnal attending~~

to his needs, ^{this} armies, ^{and it is trying}
^{were engaged in long}
 speak of things — ^(battles) ^{feels} afterwards
 well into the late summer and fall, and now
 substituted ^{with} ^a ^{battle's} shifts of tactics.
 endless arguments about ^{further changes}
 in the rules, and gangs of fighters and lawyers
 to abide.

to aside.
 "Enough for now."
 "~~It is enough~~" said the E.O. "Let
 us see how much of that endures
 in the boy."

^{in the boys'}
That was characteristic of ^{our} procedure at the time. There had been a change in the given,

~~After about a year of self development~~
~~while living in Paris,~~ Alain had
decided to ~~leave~~ ^{move} Klamath, Oregon, Junior,
Adi and the Haley Edmund up to ~~the~~

13

Alain was still ⁱⁿ living somewhat ~~far~~ away from the family once they moved to ~~Wald~~ ^{in Fischham} but that was only for a brief period. He had decided to retire, ^{he was going to raise bees.} and ~~do some farming~~. Hence the purchase of a ^{father house} house and land away from city life. The ^{closest school} nearest cultural amenity was a small school was in the nearest small town, ~~Fischham~~ ^{soon} Fischham, where Adi would ^{soon} begin his education, and for the next few months Klara and the children lived on the farm while Alain ~~and~~ finished his service in Italy.

The oncoming retirement would not be without loss to himself and the ~~lost~~ ^{lost} magnificent ^{the messenger} ~~the messenger~~ of his ego considering ^{the messenger} the materials

with which he had had to ^(construct it.) ~~work~~ (220)
all ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~years~~ ^{years}, he had managed
to ^{keep} ~~support~~ a large sense of himself
as a man of importance destined
for ^{great} ~~great~~ achievement, (Needless
to say, since he was far from mad,
he had managed to support the
~~idea~~ ^{notion} as a force, a species of
~~undulant~~ ^{meditative} ~~mental~~ ~~nectar~~ that
would seep into his ^{sweetest} ~~most~~ thoughts
about himself when the companions,
the tobacco, and the beer ~~were~~ ^{came} ~~all~~ ^{merged}
~~came together~~ ^{came together} ~~mostly~~ ^{mostly} in the
evening ^{after work,}

His final installation as the
Chief Customs Officer of Hong Kong had
managed to satisfy the foundation
of the notion — "a man of importance,"
— not so high as the ~~height~~ ^{height} of
his dreams, but ~~reasonably~~ ^{reasonably} ~~agreeable~~ ^{agreeable},

that would, at least, have
sufficed if he had enjoyed
working at Hong Kong, but the problems

encountered at Passau were (221)
aggravated in the provincial capital,
~~at times~~ ^{the} assistants and junior officers,
~~at times~~ were young, ambitious,
contemptuous of old officers who
were not superb, and ~~was~~ most
of them ~~were~~ came from good enough
families to ensure their further
~~progress~~ progress concerning
promotion, whereas Alois felt
just old enough to ~~go~~ ^{go} for the
first time, ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~did~~ ^{did} not to
~~wish to continue to be~~ ^{strive} ~~permanently~~ ^{always}
in uniform, clear-minded and
decisive, severely practical and
ready to dispense ~~just~~ ^{just} orders
and self-serving ones with equal
comfort.

For the first time he began to ease
upon ^{smoking} his pipe for ~~the smoking~~
others, and enjoyed his own tobacco
less. Besides he could feel a presence
~~of persons~~ somewhat heavier than

than his old house of the present (272)
 from the business relations. Now, he felt
 as if he were looking for him to ~~retire~~
~~himself for retirement~~. He was
 approaching ~~the age of 70~~ ^{durating}
 Forty years of service, but could go on
 for another few years, yes, certainly,
 but he found his thoughts ^{rest} turning
 to another dream — not to ~~end~~ as an
 exceptional man of prodigious
 achievement, but rather, a gentleman
 farmer out to ~~live a full~~ ^{yes,} full
 his own limited but respectable
 and long-desired ^{money} pursuits.
 He had the money, he could buy
 a decent farm out ^{at night} ~~at night~~
 and ~~raise~~ ^{raise} ~~the~~ ^{the} would have his pension
 stand to him ~~he~~ had certainly
 exhibited good thrift and beside
 he had the sum of three wives, dowries,
 and the first ^{to his wife} had ^{brought young up} ~~come~~ ^{be}
 money. ^{the first time} ~~the first time~~ ^{the first time} ~~the first time~~
 Rich ~~he had a lot~~ succeeded in
 getting back, through law, ~~the~~ half
 of her large dowry when they separated,
 still he had been ^{and Francesha white}
~~married~~ ^{married} ~~married~~ ^{married} ~~married~~ ^{married}
 nevertheless, ~~and~~ the child of a

which would come to him
 the amount of a factory
 workers

(23)

went to do farmer, and even old
Poelzig, Klara's father, had come up
with ~~some~~ ^{decided} ~~horror~~ ^{horror} beside, Alain
knew the story of every woman ^{person} that
had come into the house, and had
gone out. He understood money
and felt a passing chill at
the thought that a good part of ~~his~~
~~his~~ ^{his} ~~fortune~~ ^{fortune} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~like~~ ^{like} a flower that had
grown from the ~~of~~ coffin of dead
wives, dowries.

~~The idea to come to retirement~~
all during his last years of service
in being while Klara took care of the
children in Passau, he was lonely.
He ~~had~~ begun to feel too old for
other women and told himself that
that was when you come back to the
earth — the real way.

It was an image that could not
be sustained so perfectly ~~by~~ ^{by}
his plans — serious agriculture was
not his ~~purpose~~ ^{aim}, but,
rather, apiculture. He was interested
in ~~the~~ developing beehives and selling

the house. Owning a little land would be like acquiring ~~of~~ another child, that bit of servitude as important to a man with peasant roots as a trunk to an elephant. (B4)

He had already bought one farm five years ago, and the time Adolf was ~~born~~ ^{the purchase} born, and in many a way ~~that~~ had been more exciting to him than the birth. He had told himself that he would proceed to get interested in the boy if the infant succeeded in living whereas, for now, land at least, was not going to die on him.

the reverse had occurred. The land did not perish, but his ownership did. The holding he had bought was ~~in the~~ near Spital, ~~was~~ almost a hundred miles from Brauner and he had some far-off notion of retiring there eventually. In the interim it would be a good way to take care of his sister-in-law Johanna Paetzl rather than ^{have her die} ~~have her die~~ with them as a maid. Johanna, he

500N
too many
commas

had long decided was half-mad (125)
and, in addition, a lunatic. There
was ^{no} joy in thinking of her as another body
in the parlor each night.

On the other hand, he was not without
some respect for her. She had the fierce
temper of someone who was not in the
least afraid of God - she didn't put
value in God - she was always ready
to say. He didn't have to holler off almost
everyone in her family when she and
Klara were kids. ~~Indeed~~ Alair could
tip his hat to her for that. "Glee's not
like ^{Klara's} ~~myself~~", ~~he~~ ^{she} was fond of ~~says~~
saying in the ^{only way} ~~car~~ ^{to} ~~about~~ around
every man ~~that~~ she sees."

Still, Johanna's occupation of that first
farm ~~land~~ made little sense. She was
hardly able to ^{do much work} ~~raise much~~ for him
there, and she antagonized many of
the neighbors with her temper. So
going back to live with her ~~parents~~
in ~~father and~~ ^{her} mother, (Alair's old
house!) ~~Since~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~at~~

also named Johanna. Indeed, it was 726
really ~~that~~ the mother had been
Alois' mother for one unforgettable
occasion. ("sie ist hier!")

He was able to sell that first
farm at a modest profit and
thought favorably therefore about
the property in the field their several
years later. This farm he would
work himself. It was called
the Rauscher Gut (which can be
translated as the windy property) and
it offered nine acres and a wooden
house with under a thatched roof
with good view ~~on~~ from high ground
of ~~the~~ the neighboring hills and
the mountains of the Salzammer gut. In
addition it had fruit trees and an
orchard of walnut trees, a ~~hay~~ hayloft
near in the barn for the children not
to mention the adjoining stable for horses
and cows.

It was perfect in all ways, but one.
He discovered after the purchase

that all was splendid, but for (227)
the land. Small ~~said~~ tale he had
told, ~~him~~ the neighboring farmers
informed him that the land was
beautiful but not famously good
for crops.

That did not matter he
assured them. He even there to
raise bees. Good honey was as
profuse as a crop as a
retired ~~Custom~~ Chief Customs
Officer could require

(Note - go into the
bee-sting and the
explanation of past times.)

It may not be (at this point) but
if it is necessary to disturb the modest tone of the narrative, I must

still intrude at this point. These war games are the first occasions in

boyhood when I was instructed *[the]* to take an active interest in his

development.

Let it also be understood that the interjection cannot be altogether

leaving
brief Our investment of men and women, boys and girls, and eventually

10

Edmund was born on March 24, 1894, a few weeks before Adolf was five. Klara had told him that he would soon have a brother or sister so he was ready to play with the baby so soon as it appeared. He expected, however, a child about half his age in size, a living creature ready to speak, and certainly able to listen. He was aghast, therefore, on the approach to Klara's bed when he saw no more than a swaddling on her breast with a face as wizened as an old orange.

Having been sent the night before to a neighbor's house where he experienced the discomfort of trying to sleep on a small bed between Angela and Alois, Jr. (who kept pinching each other over his intervening body) he knew that unhappy changes were coming. If this perception only lived in his

chest with apprehension, it turned into his first large sorrow when, next day, he rushed forward to his mother's bed and the midwife put out a hand as large as his face and said, "Stay back. Don't hurt the baby."

What made it worse was that his mother could do no more than offer a pale smile, and put a hand on his head so light in its touch that he could feel no love. Tears came to his eyes.

"Ah, the poor little one," said the midwife and led him out of the room. "In a few days," she said, "you can get nearer to the baby."

"Will he talk to me?"

"Oh, you will be the first to understand him." With that, she laughed and returned to the bed where his mother lay.

For weeks, he could not get close to Klara. There had been a time when he would have the same conversation with his mother each morning.

"Mommie," Adi would ask, "are you the most beautiful woman in the world?"

She would tease his hair. "What do you think?"

"I think you are the most beautiful."

She would hug him to her breast. It was only a year since she had stopped feeding him and he missed that pleasure. Now, he would gorge on the cream puffs she often prepared for dessert, indeed, would keep eating them until Alois Junior would complain audibly if Klara was present, or in her absence would crack a knuckle across his head. Klara, prey to new uneasiness at how little attention she cared to give to Adi these days, would defend his right to the cream puffs. "He is so little, Alois," she would say, "he needs them more than you."

Klara, however, was often too tired to cook. The temporary servant made cream puffs that tasted like sour milk. Besides, Klara was feeding Edmund all the time, or so it seemed to Adolf. He felt a recurring pang, a new sorrow so prevalent that it began to blend with the sad undertone of the church bells in Passau, so many, so frequent. In his ears, it sounded as if she was always feeding Edmund even when the infant was asleep.

Now, when he tried to ask the familiar question, she would laugh unhappily. "Oh, I am a tired woman," she would say, "I am not beautiful, Dolfchen. But your sister Angela will be."

Adi did not agree. Angela was undependable. Angela could pinch him cruelly for no reason that he could see. She could be nice, but she was treacherous. "You are the most beautiful," he would say, and his mother would shake her head.

Meanwhile, Alois was away most of the time in Linz. One week after Edmund's birth, Alois had made the transfer to take up his new and important duties. Since Linz was fifty miles east of Passau, it was a trip long enough to keep Alois from returning to his household more often than once or twice a month. All the weight of his tobacco, his heavy thumb, his strong voice so able to vibrate through Adolf's body was not often present now to stifle the air and send a quiver through the boy's bowels, no, the house was empty during the day, Angela and Junior were away at school, and Adi could be alone with his mother and the infant. But Klara still had little time for him. The loss was an insult. And then, at night, he no longer could count on his cot. Often, Alois, Jr., would take it, and Adi did not always like to move over to Angela's bed. She would tickle his body everywhere and sometimes tell him that he did not smell good. "So, your breath is rotten," she would say. Often, he would put a blanket on the floor to escape her.

Left this much alone, he was afraid to go outside and play. The cries and yells boys would make on the street sounded fearsome to him. He knew he had to be brave; he did not wish to be. Not particularly. He spent his time looking at the illustrations in a book his father had bought about the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. How he would like to be a brave soldier! How afraid he felt.

Alois, Jr. solved the question at Klara's bidding. One afternoon he came home after class, pulled Adolf out of the house, then led him to a field where a number of boys too young for school were playing at war.

Alois, Jr. studied the group for a few minutes before deciding that the leader of the two small armies was a big stout five-year-old. "This is my brother," Alois told him, "and if you let anyone hit Adolf, you will hear from me." He tapped the boy on the arm hard enough to leave a memory, and departed.

When Adolf came home that evening, Alois, Jr. took him aside. "From now on," he said, "I eat the cream puffs first. As many as I want. Don't try to cry, mamma's boy."

"I won't," said Adi, holding his breath as tightly as if he were clinging to a rope.

Next day, he wandered over to the game by himself. He was more afraid of Alois, Jr.'s derision if he did not go, than of the blows he might take in the battle.

Actually, there had been little enough punishment in the first day's ongoing battles. The fat boy had certainly taken good care, shielding him with his body from every assault on their redoubt. Besides, the game had been simple, and it had not taken Adolf long to grasp its principles. The boys had divided into two teams who took turns charging at each other. When they met, a game of tag resulted. Once tagged, you were dead. Such melees lasted but a minute or two and then they would then count the losses. Once in a while, given the clamor of the charge, somebody might get knocked down. It even happened to Adolf when his leader was waylaid by two boys from the other team. Before he could take account, he was lying on the ground with dirt up his nose. Someone on the other side had given him a rude shove in the back.

He did not cry. It took an absolute effort of his will not to make a sound, and then he had to negotiate with himself once again not to weep when he saw that no one was applauding his new-found stoicism. To the contrary, his team was now rallying for a charge on the other's bastion. Still, he did not cry even if his feelings were as bruised as the scrape on his cheek and his knee.

He managed to get through the next hour until dark. He avoided every contest. He had discovered that he was quicker than the enemy soldiers he could flee from whenever they tried to tag him. Then, to his delight, he tagged one Frenchman in the next raid his side made. They were resuming the France-Prussian war of 1870, and he was in the good German army.

On the second day, his face was in the dirt again. More boys were present, perhaps as many as twenty, which came to a total beyond the highest numbers he could count. Action was everywhere and it was hard to dodge the rush.

He hated being knocked down. The fat boy was always rueful about it and begged him not to tell his brother. Adi had the pleasure of patting him

on the back and telling him there was no cause for fear, not a word would he say.

That night he could hardly sleep. The others played like fools, but he felt already that he more than they did. He was thinking that in time to come, the fat boy, Heinrich, would be his lieutenant, and he, as captain, would make the rules. He was not certain of that, but still, the way they fought was stupid. He knew better. He was in love with the game. He played it every day. For the first time in his life he was aware of another presence as beautiful as his mother and as awesome as his father.

Indeed, he did prevail. A season went by, but he thought up a better game. The battlefield was wrong, he had decided. War was not two armies running at each other. War was also surprise, was trickery. War was manguever! (While he did not know the word as yet, he had arrived at the concept without our help.)

He was five years old, but he was able to convince his new playmates that they needed another kind of battlefield. He proposed a hill in the next meadow. Each army (whether five or six boys—once in a while, seven or

eight) could group on opposite slopes. Then they would not be visible to each other until one side crossed the summit.

Once he had convinced the other boys to a new site and a new mode of battle, he soon conceived amendments to the rules. Each side, he argued, must charge up the hill in a two-pronged attack. If a total of six boys were on each side, then each army must divide into four soldiers and two. If the attackers who charged up with four men, met only two to face them, those two were automatically captured. No tagging was necessary. (He still detested being knocked down.) If, on the other hand, four attackers met four defenders, then the attackers lost.

But improvements had to be made. He could see that his innovations had dampened the fire of the game. When the flank which had four boys coming over the hill met four defenders, the encounter was no more than a flat-out surrender. So, tagging, to his dislike, had to be reinstated. This brought up the beginnings of a formal debate in the open-field legislature of these five-year-olds for he wished to insert a special amendment. The captain on each side—he had become, as foreseen, the German Captain (and Heinrich was his lieutenant)—must not be captured. The leader must not

even be touched. With preternatural eloquence, he made his major point.

"The highest officer must always be respected."

He had had to argue long to gain this point. Only a few of the troops were that ready to change the rules; and he had to find allies one by one. (It did not hurt that stout, sturdy Heinrich was always by his side.) In time, he prevailed. He had come to amaze himself at how well he could speak.

11

It may not be agreeable to disturb at this point the modest tenor of our narrative, but I must still intrude at this point. These war games are the first occasions in Adolf's boyhood when I was instructed to take an active interest in his development.

Let it also be understood that the interjection cannot be brief. Our investiture of humans is considerably more complex than their limited view of the matter. The everyday understanding of the average man or woman merely underlines an intrinsic naivete on these matters. The basic premise is false. We do not seize people with Satanic entrapment, then keep them eternally as our vassals. To use a crude and contemporary American example, Avis versus Hertz or McDonald's vying with Burger King comes

closer to the mark. The Dummkopf is usually in competition with the Evil One when it comes to investing powers in a client. When the man or woman has potential, sole possession can almost never occur. Manipulation and counter-manipulation can go on for years, and rarely does our side or the other realize victory. Not even over one disputed human! (Indeed, after a series of battles, any particular soul that is actually captured whole by one side or the other often bears more resemblance to a victim than a prize.)

There are two cardinal elements that determine much of the contest. The first is the individuality of the particular human who is invaded, or infiltrated, or invested, or damned, cursed, or blessed. Given the readiness and/or recalcitrance of the souls we are doing our best to develop for ourselves, most putative clients prove of varying importance to us: Those who are most difficult to approach are often the most valuable in their service.

Conversely, those people who are easier to enter are often the least useful. It takes little to traduce a drunk or an addict. We can polish what is left of their charm, we can decimate the confidence of their families, if mother, father, et al, seem in the main to prefer to live in the hegemony of the

Dummkopf, but all this is easy work. There are small gains for our ultimate ends (which are, of course, to take, indeed, to capture human nature and bring it through a transmogrification from the vision of the D.K. to the eventual project—yet for me to name!—of the E.O.)

So the truism that the difficult is more valuable in the end than the easy is countermanded by the second essential element in the contest—which is the differing economies of Divine and Satanic energy.

I can allow that even in the higher cadres of devils and angels we hardly know who has more time or strength to spend on a specific contest although I would suspect, however, that the Dummkopf is considerably more powerfully endowed (and vastly more wasteful) whereas our E.O. seems obsessed (to those of us who must follow his instructions) with the importance of economy itself and its rude budgetary demands. The E.O. is always obliging us to forecast what the expenditures in effort will be when attempting to bring in a putative client. The notion of hard, thereby, is restored to its intrinsic difficulty. To spend years on a promising client who eventually resists us more successfully than we had anticipated is not only a budgetary blemish on the record, but also a general loss. To prevail, the

E.O. is always instructing us, we must choose our targets with more acumen and instinct than the angels. (Let me here repeat the better term for them—the Cudgels. Angels are not necessarily angelic.)

Over the millennia, if not the eons, our E.O. has evolved certain principles from which he rarely diverges. (This assumption of gender is for convenience's sake.) We are always instructed to remain alert to any approaching copulation which promises high heat, God-daring practices, and low intent for that can offer us early investiture in the just-conceived embryo. Done well enough, we start with an advantage over the D.K. on many a newly-conceived human.

Of course, our targets are obvious. Rarely do we fail to attend the couplings of rich and powerful people. Nor do we ignore the occasional wretchedly poor couple whose rites partake of incest, or, to the observers, are attended by angels. The latter is a demanding task—it is hard to slice through a blockade of angels. Yet it seems—I speak here for myself—as if the E.O. has never been able to accept his failure to be present in the hour that Jesus Christ was conceived. The result: He was soon visited with a half-brother whose powers were at least comparable to his own.

Fortunately for us, Jesus proved to be another Son much at odds with His Father. Jehovah, indeed, was often as incensed with the rebelliousness of the good son as with the powers of disruption and superior wit of the older (given our Prince's capture of so many of the forces of the night.) Nonetheless, we consider ourselves fortunate that the covenant between the Dummkopf and Jesus is as full of oxymorons as the Vatican itself, not to mention Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Judaism, Lutheranism, Sufism. But why go on? Whether the real situation is that the E.O. wars against the Lord with a small but well-integrated army, or can only muster a guerrilla force against a behemoth, the prevailing fact of our existence as devils and demons is that we live within the parameters of an ongoing mean-spirited budget. You may believe that our projects are chosen with discretion.

For example, we are present and usually active (as previously stated) at the copulations more likely to satisfy the needs of the near future—that is, the next half-century. Yet, paradoxically, the E.O. does not invest that much interest in the early development of children. “It is too soon to tell,” he will often remark, and sometimes adds, “The work we have done in the last hundred years has done much to shape the young without our need to

intervene.”—a reference to the prodigious conflict of interests in the whole of society now.

That is the prevailing set of remarks he offers when we wish to pursue certain children. Almost always, our petition is not granted. “In the early years of life,” the E.O. is forever reminding us, “there are too many accidents, frequent surprises, and relatively little structure in the character forming.” The prevailing judgment is that it is enough for us to keep a modest but ongoing record of the main events of those families in which we are interested. “In the first few years,” he will also remark, “a child is a study in the need for love and the development of the will. Since the D.K. has large resources for the supply of both, and is relative indiscriminate in the way he metes it out, we can rest on our oars. Love and the development of will are so naturally at odds with each other that we rely on the D.K. and his Cudgels to mess it up beautifully without our intervention. This is particularly true with Catholics. To capture a child’s philosophy too early is to ensure later rebellion or severe meanness of spirit.”

Indeed, his general strictures are as follows: No intervention until the age of three (except in the most unusual cases, and even there, as late as the

nineteenth century, an extraordinary child of that age is always in danger of being carried off abruptly by one grievous disease or another.) From three to the age of seven, avoid any intervention which has no specific purpose—a most important tenet for any devil seeking to invest some of his random talents, or worse, his proclivities in a particular boy or girl. We had, in effect, to argue our case much like a lawyer before a highly critical judge.

After the age of seven, it was easier. The E.O. looked upon the next five or six years as—indeed, he termed it this—the Age of Clods. “They are now encountering the world in its most basic form—the school years. Nearly all of them rush to habit, routine, and stupidity as their forms of insulation. These are the years when the average ego begins to take shape in all of its readiness to lie, mis-remember, distort and forget—all in order to keep the young ego in some readiness to support the ongoing project, oneself. There is no need to pick up any of them at this time, not unless they are, against all likelihood, possessed already of incredible potential for us.”

Our hunt began with adolescence. The E.O. made it more than clear: that now we were at the first promising stage of intervention. The D.K. was here ready to invest relatively large resources in very young men and women

who hardly knew what to do with their sudden inrush of increased will and their desire to procreate. Most promising targets were now open to us. Only in the most dubious situation did we have to argue the case for a serious effort of investiture.

I have proceeded this far into the topography (or do I really speak of the architecture?) of our processes of selection because it was altogether out of our normal standards of practice that the E.O. should instruct me directly to pay strong attention, and at once, to the five-year-old Adolf Hitler.

Now, having been present (by proxy) at his conception, it had been a matter of course to keep my several cohorts (of minor devils and ready-for-quick-attack demons) on the quick concerning the Hitler family. We did not intervene, but we did keep abreast of their activities. We used to call it our milk-runs, a term we used long before it was adopted by U.S. Air Force pilots in the Second World War. Any one of our minor devils could pass by a house at night and ingest the small storms, inertias, and joys of the previous day or week or month (depending on the frequency of the milk-runs in that town or county or province assigned to us.)

I knew the history of the Hitler family, therefore, in the years since Adolf had been born, at least in such detail as it was imparted to me by the separate devils who kept track of the hundred or more of our potential projects in that region of Austria. If what my agents offered was as modest as the narrative I have presented until now, it sufficed. At the time, in reviewing Adolf's early years, I confess that I saw no large promise in him. He was outrageously in need of love and damnably vulnerable. The odds were that he would either perish early, or creep through life with a crippled ego. At least, so I would have judged it if not for the possibility that the E.O. had been as present at his conception as Gabriel at the Christ's. If that was not definitively a likelihood, still it was never to be ignored!—even on most hard-working nights I had his family included on the milk-run.

That set of sentiments were overturned altogether on the day that Alois, Jr. dragged him off to the war game. The E.O. intervened. I received a direct message: "Take care of Adi. Stiffen his spine. We will lose him altogether if we don't take steps."