

~~Book I~~

- Book I The Search for Hitler's Grandfather
- II Hitler's Father
 - III Hitler's Mother
 - IV The Intelligence Officer
 - V The Family
 - VI The Farm
 - VII The Old Men and the Pines
 - VIII The Coronation of Nicholas the Second
 - IX Alois - Junior
 - X To Honor and to Fear

-
- XI the Adolfs and the Blacksmith 1-53
 - XII Edmund and Alois (1-54) 53-123-107
 - XIII ~~Adolf and Alois and Adolfs~~ 1-54-117
 - XIV ~~Adolf and Klara~~ 71-123-117
 - XV ~~Epilogue~~ The Castle in the Forest! 194
 - an Epilogue

44 pages

add to 194

44
238
+ 10
248

10 pages

Petardalini

At two, Paula still can't use a spoon without spilling most of it.

Edmund could do it soon after he was one year old. At two years old he could dress himself. ~~He still cannot~~ and began to grow himself

At 1, she still cannot, not at all. She gets these little little the way that she begins to look around

At $1\frac{1}{2}$ he could name his arms, legs, fingers, feet & toes, his belly - navel. She cannot do any of that at two.

In the examination she can't balance on foot. He does the family rearing, ~~spelling~~ ~~very~~ ~~twelve~~ ~~roughly~~ ~~he can~~ ~~even~~ ~~half~~ with a little control. She's still falling most too much.

He can follow ~~roughly~~ ~~long~~ before ~~two~~ he is 9 years and a half, she is still ~~more~~ at ~~max~~ can't do at two he can look on one foot. She looks blank when asked what day of the week you are cold, hungry or tired. When says "shh" which Paula refers to doctor annoyed. "No well"

*Best revision
is far
a possible
fantasy*

The Castle in the Forest

Call me Dieter. It is not ~~really~~ my name, just one of the several I use, but it will do for you — now that I ~~am~~ in America. *(Now that I am in America and have been assigned, for the moment, but a few others with their secret, and none are ~~quite~~ *quite* ~~different~~)*

several efforts not equal to my experience, time passes, as it were, void of your country is such a curious place. Time passes here, void of stature. *(I call upon the fine art of patience, it is because I find myself in a*

perilous condition — *I am ready for rebellion. The proof is that* most perilous condition of them all — rebellion. *I am intrigued, I am intrigued*

most certainly While I am who I am, that does not mean I feel myself removed from *every*

variety *endeavour* all forms of human effort. I am intrigued, for an instance, with the thought

of doing a novel, *a grim back* that might be sport. *a book that would, of*

Course, he

considerably older than himself, ~~(50), let us say, as opposed to his thirty odd~~ ^{only}

~~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~~ ^{conversation that soon becomes}
~~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,~~

~~unpleasant) 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 ^{(a Nazi) doctor who has just come in as} ~~who is a Nazi~~ of course, indeed, an SS man,

^{psychiatrist} ~~the~~ ^{(assigned to deal with} ~~the problems of the guards, not the prisoners)~~ ^{a Nazi,} attempts to explain his worldview. The unhappy fact is that it is still ~~very~~ ^{stentling)}

~~much there,~~ fascinating in its details, ^{positive} in its philosophy, rueful at

errors that were made, yet still proud of many daring achievements that had

Goer in faint feeling
1837-1889

2-34

24

Pre-1891

Card 381

As Engels once wrote, "About the time that the Catholic Church decided ~~so~~ ~~that~~ ~~adult~~ ~~ing~~ ~~was~~ ~~impossible~~ ~~to~~ ~~prevent~~, they made divorce impossible to obtain as much as could be said for incest. ~~Since they kept it~~ ~~the~~ ~~peasants~~ ~~would~~ ~~not~~ ~~keep~~ ~~doubt~~."

To speak of peasants is to speak of incest, which is one of the ~~great~~ ^{first} reasons

peasants are ~~so~~ devout. But then, how are they to avoid the temptation?

The church was well-bent to keep its peasants decent.

Ugly for the most part from the work, the hard work, full of the smells of

such work in field and barns, dwelling in the seasonal sexuality of their ~~from~~ ^{their bodies are} ~~on occasion,~~ ^{unruly and} beasts, and at the mercy of hot summers. How can they not be carnal? And of

Indeed, ~~course~~, given the paucity of social life, how to avoid brothers and sisters,

father and daughters, ~~from grappling all over one another, given their lust,~~

given at night, three and four in a bed, their propinquity, and the ham-handed naturalness of the most agreeable

heavy-breathed feverish meat-heavy work of all—that fevered run up the ~~great~~ ^{bc9} joyous hill of the ~~Damnkopf~~ ^{sexual joy itself}

How the O.C. approved of incest! It gave him a stock of humans upon

whom many of our ~~games~~ ^{we could have exercised new projects} could be deployed with a plethora of variation

so necessary for the maintenance of procreation given the discouragements of exaltation

done

(25)

1889

card 12

Dieter on the likelihood
of disinterested interest in incestuous
near to children born of incest.

We were always there with the incest babies, and so were the spirits of the
ancestors, angels

~~Dummkopf~~, if only to forestall us. But we were close to the little wolf (Adolf)

the beginning and did our best to make him ^{an} the indolent child, since (the DK

has a short temper with ~~the~~ lazy ones.) On the other hand, this boy was not

without his imaginative qualities, and his angel adored him, ^{at least} in the beginning.

I was careful not to tamper too early with certain marvelous possibilities the

DK and His sweet creatures were working on ^{to develop to corrupt them} ~~to~~ corrupting the hopes of the

future ~~sometimes~~ requires patience.

by legitimizing a damn crazy ~~idea~~ (58)
whom everyone knew was not his kid,
well, he might be a father, a drunk, a
loose mouth, a ~~putative~~ ^{putative} ~~bastard~~ but never,
not a cuckold, no, he would not give
his name to Alois Schicklgruber let the
bastard remain a bastard.

This was the formal account our parents
to Himmler. It was but the ~~first~~ ^{beginning} ~~my~~.
Interviews we fleshed out with some of
the oldest inhabitants ^{of Strones} (who were born
before Johann Georg Heidler died in 1857
and had been ~~for~~ told many a story
about him by their parents). It was a
ramshackle set of ~~real~~ bridges to the
desired destination, but we ~~did not~~
~~have to make recordings~~ wrote the
material up with the sort of gloss one takes
with artfully invented details, and
Himmler was, of course, so busy, that he
was, as we knew he would be, interested
only in our conclusions. They were
perfect. I do fear in the ^{Führer's} blood theory,
and a father and mother, Alois and Klara
Hitler, who were now established as real
uncle and niece by blood, thereby making
Adolf Hitler a first degree uncertainty
can stay removed.

Farred on Fri Feb 24
at 5:30 P.M. by 1941

43

8.

I was, as I ~~now~~ have related, been
at a distance from Lamack until
after the assassination, and by
then the killing no longer ^{shook} Lewis
in the grain mill nor ^{did} affect
~~is~~ at Lamack. They had moved to
a larger town ~~near~~ Leander,
(Pop. 3,000) and that
~~was a transfer from the~~ ^{not only} ~~was~~
in the region beginning was ~~placed~~
to Kato's satisfaction, but was a
result of her own subtle manipulations.
It had taken her a long time
to begin to understand how to
instigate her husband, she
had long been much too passive and
cool-headed to see the moral
implications so clear at hand,
but after these twelve years of
being together she had come

448
finely to understand that the
secret was simple if nasty —
she had to put a little fear into
~~the~~ his weak places. She knew
where they might be, but
until they lived at the mill
it had never ~~occurred~~ occurred
to her that there might
be some advantages to be taken,
and the first of them was to make
him jealous.

Klara, who had never been able
to believe in all these years that
she was really worthy of her
husband — he was still so
preeminently an uncle! — now
came to realize that he might
even need her. Indeed Even
if he did not love her beyond
measure — which was obvious
— he needed her altogether.

For Klara, to whom love was a
partnership between ^{all the members of} ~~one~~ family
and God, it was

never occurred to her that ~~the~~
marriages could exist on need
as powerfully as on love. Indeed,
indeed, one did not even necessarily
have to like one's mate. It was
~~enough that for~~ there was
enough to hold the marriage
together ~~for as long as~~ as long as there
was need.

So, it finally occurred to
her that Alois was finally at
an age where he could feel
jealous and she, in turn, so
long as she broke no covenant
but just went them a little
niggle, yes, might make Alois
jealous enough to write to more.

The possibilities were in
place. They all came in the form
of the big seat-covered man
downstairs, the blacksmith,
Preisinger. He ~~and~~ Adi was
fascinated by him. Ceki often
spent hours at a time watching

him work, even listening to (46)
him talk. She could hear their
voices below even as she worked
in her kitchen on the floor
above, and the sounds that
came up from ~~the~~ below were
sometimes curiously engaged with
his above, the splash of water
from a pail to a basin seeming
to come ^{be} as her answer to ~~a~~ ^a few
a few ringing blows on his
anvil.

She knew why Adi was so
eager to hear ~~the~~ the blacksmith.
It was that he worked with
fire. She did not wish to
explore the ~~thought~~ thought—
~~thought~~ as far as she cared
what the reason might be,
it was best not to search.
One never knew ~~the~~ where ~~the~~
each thought might have
originated. She had known
this from childhood. God
was everywhere, and so was
the devil. So long as one did

④ Occasion when she visited
Freisinger ~~the~~ because
one of her ~~poets~~ now had
a hole in it.

not think the devil could (46)
have no access to you and God
would be true to protect your
ignorance. For Klara did
know that one had to pay for
refusing to follow one's
thoughts, but the price ~~was~~
~~was~~ ~~not~~ acceptable. After all, the
way of necessity, acceptable,
the most ~~was~~ important obligation
in life was to keep the devil
away.

~~She did not ponder, therefore,~~
How then to explain her loss
of fire. She would not ponder,
such matters. It was enough
for her to understand why
Edi was so full of awe when
the blacksmith heated ^{one} piece
of iron in his furnace until
it was white-hot and then
attached ^{another} ~~other~~ piece of white-hot
iron, and out of it came so
many useful ~~parts~~ objects
and tools, everything from
carnage axes to iron wheels,
not to mention pots and pans.
There even came the ④

Faded by D.H. Lawrence

is kind to itself.

(54)

"Can he bent by every wind, it is at the mercy of good weather and gentle rain. It has to accept every footstep that tramples upon it."

It is the opposite of iron which can ~~has to be extracted out of the same~~ earth from which grass can grow, but is, once mined and smelted, ready to become ~~an instrument~~ a scythe to cut the grass."

"That is so interesting," said Adi with real enthusiasm.

"Yes. You do not step on a piece of iron. You do not trample upon it. Iron will injure any foot that does not respect it." Preisinger's lyrical guess heavy, ~~with~~ his voice was full of ardor. "Iron, pulled from the earth and separated from it by the hottest fire, becomes ~~a material unlike~~ ~~other materials in the world~~ a unique material."

"Unique?" the boy asked.

"Unlike any other material. ~~It~~

"Yes, that is so."

"We speak of a will of iron. That is the spirit contained in the iron. It is resistant to everything ~~that~~ ~~would~~ but the force that created it."

"Do you mean fire?"

"That is exactly what I mean. And very few people can understand how much fire is needed to mold the will of iron."

(55)

Preisinger went on to speak of the wonders of his trade, an outpouring he seldom allowed himself, but the boy was so ready to hear it all. "It takes a ~~special~~ ^{different} kind of man to become a blacksmith," Preisinger finally said.

Adi, now agog with the ~~mysterious~~ mysterious interchanges between the will of iron and the fiery incandescences necessary to subdue it, would make the mistake later that night of trying to explain it all to Angela and to Edmund, but Alois happened to overhear him and proceeded to roar with derision, "The man's a truly stupid man," he announced to Clara and the children. "Is that he takes his own occupation so seriously that he comes to believe it is superior to others?"

Hence, now in the course of

developing a few private opinions, (E) decided that Alois had also, puffed himself up to the sky when he worked at the Customs House. "This country would be handcraft excellent us," he always used to ~~tell her~~ tell her. As was her habit, she smiled at him and shrugged. ~~It was not her way of answering a question while turning one's head back and forth as if to disagree.~~

~~But~~ Nonetheless Preisinger's encumbrance to the ~~power of the~~ will of iron proved of considerable use to Adé ~~and~~ after he received his first serious whipping from Alois, ~~that~~ ^{that} after the ~~collapse~~ ^{collapse} of numerous forbearances on Alois' part, until ~~his~~ ^{his} spirit of restraint collapsed the spirit of development he had been looking to develop as a protection for his heart and an atonement for the whipping Alois Junior into his brief career, ~~came~~ came to an end on a given night of late Autumn dusk when

(57)
~~Aditi~~ was out playing Goldie in
the woods with a few students
from the monastery and stayed
out late, much too late. Normally
Aditi had only to whistle as
evening approached and Aditi would
come up stairs from the ~~blat~~
Preisings shop or tear in
back from the nearby woods,
and if he didn't come on the first
whistle, Aditi would put him over
his ~~hand~~ ^{knife} and give him a token
whipping. In secret, he would
hardly admit it to himself - he
liked the feel of Aditi's buttocks.

On this night, however, ~~that~~
~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ leaving the last battle
in ambush for in the next few
days the family. Aditi stayed
out late - the lingering light in
the forest excited ~~all of his~~ ^{part of} ~~young~~
him, he saw the last of the
rain's disappearance as one
more variety of fire. It
was dark outside before he
came through the door.

¶ Alois, ~~long~~ ~~slow~~ ~~broader~~ (58)
over the boy's attraction to Preisinger
and Paula's ~~was~~ condition — just
that day she had been trying to
jump a little up and down (obscure, the
doctor had assured Klara, would be
a sign of development) but ~~she~~ Paula
had soon given up and despite
Alain's coaxing had not tried
again. That left him morose,
then Adi, late as he was, had
stopped first, to ~~go~~ bath to Preisinger
for a few minutes and Alois had
to wait a pain for which he
was rewarded with a subtly
irritating slow response as if
each knew to the second what
might be acceptable and ~~would~~
~~certainly~~ Adi was ready to extend
the interval.

So, this time Alois did grip
him, and did beat him.

Now, it became a question
of bearing the punishment, as
~~Adi~~ ~~not~~ ~~Adi~~ ~~no longer~~.
Full of Preisinger's precepts, he

59
instructed himself to have
the strength to ~~be~~ ^{live with} whatever
~~would~~ could come down on
him now, and to fortify his
will of iron, for even as the ~~first~~
first blow fell, he was
issuing orders to himself to
live with a will of iron, he
chose to fortify his determination
now by biting his teeth against
every remembrance of his
weakness and solving before
the pain and the blood.

Tears stood out in his eyes,
but he would not allow himself
to cry out. He would annex
his will into iron. Preisinger's
mighty ~~biceps~~ ^{biceps} oscillated before
his eyes even as he was being
whipped. ~~He was~~ but his
father injured himself against
the will of iron.

$$25 = 20$$

$$35 = 17$$

$$45 = 12$$

$$7 \overline{) 1315}$$

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} 35 \text{ I} - 54 - 17 \\ 35 \text{ II} - 41 - 17 \\ 35 \text{ III} - 45 - 17 \\ 35 \text{ IV} - 45 - 17 \end{array} \right\} 185 \text{ pages @ } 17$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 185 \\ 17 \\ \hline 1295 \\ 185 \\ \hline 3145 \text{ lines} \end{array}$$

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} 45 \text{ V} - 42 - 12 \\ 45 \text{ VI} - 31 - 12 \\ 45 \text{ VII} - 38 - 12 \\ 35 \text{ VIII} - 22 - 13 \end{array} \right\} 133 \text{ pages @ } 14$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 133 \\ 14.8 \\ \hline 399 \\ 532 \\ 133 \\ \hline 1900 \end{array}$$

$$\frac{5}{6} 1900$$

$$6 \overline{) 31617}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 316.7 \\ 5 \\ \hline 15835 \\ 1600 \text{ lines} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3165 \\ 1600 \\ \hline 4765 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 280 \\ 17 \overline{) 4745} \\ 34 \\ \hline 134 \\ 136 \end{array}$$

$$38 \quad 457 \frac{14}{1}$$

$$280$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3145 \\ 1900 \\ \hline 5050 \\ \times 13.5 \\ \hline 25250 \\ 15150 \\ 5050 \\ \hline 681750 \end{array}$$

THEOLOGY
INTERVIEWS

**NORMAN
MAILER**

**J. MICHAEL
LENNON**

OCTOBER, 2005

~~_____~~
~~_____~~
Castle in the Forest
Early Rejects and Duplicates
1839 - 1900

For the archive
Note - keep this
sealed & well for now.
until ~~the~~ archive
fill from time to time.

Letter from Rafah

Those of you who've attended these vigils before know of Mohammed and his regular reports from Rafah. I met him by email about two years ago when he was a 19 year old field worker for a charity helping Palestinian children. For Mohammed, the story is never about him, but about the people of Rafah. Since I've known him, he has become a regular contributor to a Norwegian newspaper, and covered some of the worst incursions in Gaza. His birthday is late in May, and last year, in the immediate aftermath of Operation Rainbow, he completely forgot it. This year, he wasn't under direct fire. Of course, he waited hours at the checkpoints to get home, there was no electricity in Rafah that day—in other words, it was a normal day in Occupied Gaza. Here is an excerpt from a recent article he wrote

A year later, the pictures from Operation Rainbow are still sickening. For the first time, I apologized for the overwhelming gore of my photos, and did not publish the worst ones. But the images are easier to bear than the reality of standing next to a hospital gurney full of bits and pieces of what were recently living people. Before it ended, 60 civilians had been killed, hundreds injured, many of them permanently, hundreds of houses destroyed and thousands made homeless.

These days, Abu Sophi Adjarewaan, an old man of 53, spends a lot of time at the mound of rubble that was once his home. Normally, he sells fish in the market, but the fishermen who can still work can rarely get their catch past the Israeli checkpoints. Nothing has been normal for this man and his family since their home was destroyed in Operation Rainbow. Even now, he seems in shock. This was the house where he was born; it held everything he ever accomplished in life; it would have been his legacy to his children. "I hope," he says in a whisper, "I can find someone who will ask the Israeli Prime Minister, 'Sharon, why did you destroy my house? How did it make your country better, or safer, or happier?'"

Like everyone here, I have questions. Can a just peace be negotiated? Will the cease-fire hold? But in Rafah, one never escapes the past, so I also wonder: How can good people be complacent, as the bodies and souls of the innocent are ground into the dust as surely as the demolished houses? Don't they understand that silence kills?

Finally, Mohammed sent a personal message to us today: The individual voices of Rafah are small, but thanks to you and people like you in Israel, Europe, and America, those voices can become loud enough to move the machinery of power closer to peace and justice. For that priceless gift, you have my deepest thanks.

Holy God, We Praise Thy Name

Holy God, we praise Thy Name
Lord of all we bow before Thee;
all on earth Thy scepter claim,
all in heaven above adore Thee;
Infinite Thy vast domain,
everlasting is Thy reign.

Hark, the loud celestial hymn
angel choirs above are raising;
Cherubim and Seraphim
in unceasing chorus praising,
fill the heavens with sweet accord;
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

Music: "Grosser Gott" - Katolisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, ca. 1774.

Words: "Te Deum Laudamus" - ca. 3rd century; "Grosser Gott, Wir Loben Dich" - translation ascr. to Ignaz Franz, 1719-1790;

English translation by Clarence A. Walworth, 1820-1900

110. A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Text: Martin Luther Trans. by Frederick H. Hedge

Music: Martin Luther Harmony from The New Hymnal for American Youth

Tune: EIN' FESTE BURG, Meter: 87.87.66.667

1. A mighty fortress is our God,
a bulwark never failing;
our helper he amid the flood
of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
doth seek to work us woe;
his craft and power are great,
and armed with cruel hate,
on earth is not his equal.
2. Did we in our own strength confide,
our striving would be losing,
were not the right man on our side,
the man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabbaoth, his name,
from age to age the same,
and he must win the battle.
3. And though this world, with devils filled,
should threaten to undo us,
we will not fear, for God hath willed
his truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim,
we tremble not for him;
his rage we can endure,
for lo, his doom is sure;
one little word shall fell him.
4. That word above all earthly powers,
no thanks to them, abideth;
the Spirit and the gifts are ours,
thru him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
this mortal life also;
the body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still;
his kingdom is forever.

Choose an instrument: Piano | Organ | Bells

Links for downloading:
Text file

Six Days of Hope

"I feel as if I've known them all my life," said one Norwegian volunteer about his new Palestinian friends. Lene Dalen, of Norwegian People's Aid Youth and Gudrun Bertinussem of Norwegian People's Aid office in Palestine brought four Norwegian volunteers to Gaza City to meet fifty Palestinian boys and girls from Tamer Institute for Community Education for a six-day "summer camp." Lene and the other young people waited hours to cross the military checkpoints as visitors but a week later, they left loving Palestine and its people as much as their native Norway. The horror of watching elderly people, women, and children humiliated and beaten by the occupying army was in stark contrast to the open-hearted welcome they received from their Palestinian counterparts as they spent six days together on the Gaza beach in cultural activities, discussions, swimming, meals, and getting acquainted. Nabil Abu Jazar, 23, whose family home in Rafah was bulldozed during an incursion, said talking with the Norwegian youth opened up new perspectives for him. "Financial support, job creation, housing—that helps, of course, but this sincere solidarity, this willingness to live as we do for a while, means even more to the Palestinian youth." When the visitors had to leave, no one could hold back the tears, but Abu Jazar told his friends, "Weep if you must, but be sure to laugh before the tears reach your mouth!" It was Lene Dalen's first visit to Palestine, but she is determined to return. Indeed, all the Norwegians promised to be back next summer with more young people from Norway to learn first-hand about life under Occupation in Gaza.