

*Entered
by Dwyer
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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 ^{as he had so desired a} ~~on sister as he~~

Adolf ^{quite} was ready to play with the baby ^{as} soon as it appeared. He expected, ^{perhaps (as measured by)} however, a child about half his age in size, a living creature ready to speak, ^{in any event} but ~~and~~ certainly able to listen. He was aghast, therefore, ^{therefore} on the approach to Klara's bed, ^{cloth} when he saw no more than a swaddling on her breast with a face ^{he had} as wizened as an old orange, ^{he was aghast,}

Having been sent the night before to a neighbor's house where he ^{went} ~~through~~ experienced the discomfort of ^{sleeping} ~~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} ~~unhappy~~ changes were coming, ^{unhappy changes} if this perception ^{only lived in his} ~~only lived in his~~

~~chest with apprehension, it~~ turned into his first large sorrow when, next day,
as 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."

^{Klara} What made it worse was that his mother could do no more than offer a
^{be few patting} pale smile, and put a hand on his head so ^{passing} 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 ^{near} close to Klara. There had been a time ^{not}
^{so long ago, a few weeks, no more} 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~~ ^{still the}. Now, he would gorge on the cream puffs she often prepared for dessert, indeed, would keep ^{wolfing} 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 ^{gave} ~~used 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."

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

Now, when he tried to ask the familiar question, ^{to ask if she was the beautiful woman in the world} 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 ^{was always ready to} could pinch him ^{good} ~~cruelly~~ for no reason that he could see. She ^{was at times,} could be nice, but she was treacherous. ^{"No, you're more beautiful than Angela."} "You are the most beautiful," he would say, and his mother would shake her head.

Meanwhile, ^{his father} Alois was away ^{much} most of the time in Linz. One week after Edmund's birth, Alois ~~had made the transfer to~~ ^{took up} his new and full-time important duties. Since Linz was fifty miles east of Passau, ^{there,} it was a trip long ^{the distance} enough trip ^{to get} to keep Alois from returning to his household more often than once or twice a month. All the weight of his tobacco, ^{smokes,} his heavy thumb, ^{it} his strong voice so able to vibrate through Adolf's body was not often present ^{which he tapped down the page, the} ~~the~~ ^{ready}

now to stifle the air and send a quiver through the boy's bowels, no, ^{not often} the house was empty during the day, ^{since} Angela and Junior were away at school, and

Adi could be alone with his mother and the infant. But Klara still had little ^{to have} ~~time~~ ^{this last} time for him. The loss was an insult. And then, at night, he no longer could ^{be certain} ~~count on his cot~~. Often, Alois, Jr., would take it, ^{where he would sleep,} ^{his cot,} and Adi ~~did not always like~~

^{she would} ~~had~~ to move over to Angela's bed. She would tickle his body everywhere, and ^{Adi} 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 of the 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.~~

~~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.

~~Is you cry to your mother, mamma's boy, I will~~
~~Don't try to cry, mamma's boy."~~
~~not protect you on the field."~~

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

Next day, he ~~wandered~~ ^{went} 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 ^{on} in the first day's ~~ongoing~~ ^{It was quick to} battles. The fat boy had certainly taken good care ~~shielding him~~ ^{to shield Adi} with his body from every assault on their redoubt. Besides, the game had been simple, ~~and he had not taken~~ ^{I did not take long for} Adolf long to grasp its principles. The boys ~~had divided~~ ^{the boys} into two teams, who took turns ~~charging~~ ^{chasing} at each other. ~~When~~ ⁱⁿ they met, a game of tag resulted. Once tagged, you were dead. Such melees lasted only a few minutes. ~~Once they became~~ ^{Once they became} to reach ~~every~~ ^{lasted but a minute or two and then they would then count the losses. Once} ~~now and again,~~ ^{first across the field} in a while, given the clamor of the charge, somebody might get knocked down. ~~It even happened to Adolf~~ ^{Once,} when his leader was waylaid by two boys from the other team. ~~Before he could take account, he was lying on the~~ ^{It even happened to Adolf. One rude shove in,} ~~ground with dirt up his nose. Someone on the other side had given him~~ ^{Somebody from} ~~one~~ ^{ground} rude shove in the back. ~~to the ground. Some earth drove up his nose,~~ ^{to the back and he was slammed to the ground. Some earth drove up his nose,}

He did not cry. It took an absolute effort of his will ^{But he did not} ~~not to make a~~
^{Sound} ~~One minute later, he~~ ~~sound and then he had to negotiate with himself once again, not to weep~~ ^{keep from}
~~weeping, because no one had noticed~~ ^{that was because}
 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 position. Still,~~

~~he did not cry even if his feelings were as bruised as the scrape on his cheek or~~
~~and the outrage of his stuffed-up nostrils.~~ ^{to}

~~the battles that followed him~~
 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~~ ^{and could usually dart}
~~away from whenever they tried to tag him. Then, to his delight, he~~ ^{an enemy soldier}
~~even tagged one Frenchman in the next raid his side made. They were resuming~~ ^{enemy soldier touch}
~~the Franco-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~~ ^{he could not yet count}
~~that he could count. Action was everywhere and it was hard to dodge~~
 the rush.

He hated being knocked down. The fat boy was ~~always~~ ^{every time it happened} 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~~ ^{he announced,} no cause for fear ~~(not a word would he~~
say.

That night he could hardly sleep. ~~The others played~~ ^{All of them had been playing} like fools, but he
~~felt~~ ^{he felt} ~~already~~ ^{know} 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.~~

~~Before too long, he did think~~
Indeed, he did prevail. A season went by, but he thought up a better ^{game}
~~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~~
~~maneuver!~~ ^{but} ~~(While he did not know the word as yet, he had arrived at the~~
~~concept without our help.)~~

~~To his new playmates~~ ^{these}
He was five years old, but he was able to convince his new playmates
~~we now propose~~ ^{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~~ ^{that way,} they would not be visible to each other until one side crossed the summit.

Once he had convinced the other boys ^{of this change in the} to a new site and a new mode of ~~the rules~~ ^{he soon came up with amendments} battle, he soon conceived amendments to the rules. Each side, he argued, must charge up the hill in a two-pronged attack. ^{for example,} If a total of six boys were on each side, then each army ^{could} ~~must~~ ^{then forces} divide into four soldiers and two. If the attackers ^{on the other side,} ~~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. ^{Still, no tagging,}

^{more} ~~But~~ ^{were still} ~~improvements had to be made.~~ ^{were on the way.} He could see that his innovations ^{occasion.} ~~had~~ dampened the fire of the game. ^{that} (When the flank which had four boys ^{came to meet} ~~coming over the hill~~ met four defenders, the encounter ^{became} was no more than a

flat-out surrender. So, tagging, to his dislike, had to be reinstated. This ^{on a new debate, for he insisted that the} 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 ^{and} ~~he~~ had become, as foreseen, the German Captain ~~and~~ Heinrich was his lieutenant) ^{and} 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} 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~~
deal with these matters,

11

It may not be agreeable to disturb at this point the modest tenor of our narrative, but I must ~~still~~ ^{became} 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~~ ^{such} be understood that ~~the~~ ^{cannot always} interjection cannot be brief. Our investiture of humans is ~~considerable more~~ ^{assumption} complex than their limited view of the matter. The everyday ~~understanding~~ ^{assumption} of the average man or woman ^{as how} the devil takes you over, exhibits ~~their~~ ^{their for the} ~~merely~~ underlines an (intrinsic) ^{human} naivete on these matters. The basic premise is false. We do not ^(appropriate) ~~seize~~ ^{by} people with Satanic entrapment, then keep them ^(particularly) ~~forever~~ ^{eternally} as our vassals. To use a crude and contemporary American example, Avis versus Hertz or ~~McDonald's~~ ^{Burger King competing with} vying with Burger King comes

McDonalds is actually

closer to the mark. The Dummkopf is usually in ^{direct} competition with the Evil

One when it comes to investing powers in a client. When the man or woman

shows

has potential, sole possession ^{can almost never occur}, Manipulation and

Plays, gambits
and

counter-manipulation can go on for years, and rarely does our side or the

other realize victory. ^{a significant} Not even over one disputed human! (Indeed, after a

series of battles, any particular soul ^{such} that is actually captured whole by ^{who} one

side or the other often bears more resemblance to a victim than a prize.)

^{One} There are ^{a large part} cardinal elements that determine much of the contest

^{particular} The first is the individuality of the ^{man or woman} particular human (who is invaded, or, ^{whatever}

the specific case is

infiltrated, or invested, or damned, cursed, or blessed. Given the readiness

and/or ^{the} recalcitrance of ^{each of these} 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 ^{possessed of the} the most valuable in their
greatest potential for ^{inter} service.

^{Individuals} 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 especially}
or any of the siblings ^{wish to remain unharmed}
if ^{the} mother, father, et al, seem in the main to prefer to live in the hegemony of the

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

Over the millennia, ~~if not the case~~ 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 ^{and} ~~low intent for that can offer us early investiture in the just conceived embryo.~~ ^{If a}
~~newly-conceived human is the result, we~~
~~Done well enough, we start with an advantage over the D.K. on many a~~
~~have gotten off to a good start versus)~~
~~newly-conceived human.~~

Our targets are then (Of course!)

Of course, our targets are obvious. Rarely do we fail to attend the
(so full of infidelity)
couplings of rich and powerful people. Nor do we ignore the occasional

wretchedly poor couple whose rites ^{engorge} ~~partake~~ ⁱⁿ ~~of incest, or, to the observers, are~~
~~attended by angels.~~ ~~The latter is a demanding task—it is hard to slice~~
~~surrounded by angels which give us a most demanding~~
~~task—it is never routine to approach~~
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
when Our source, our dear Lucifer
that Jesus Christ was conceived. The result: He was soon visited with a

half-brother whose powers were at least comparable to his own.

make
one's
approach

Fortunately for us, Jesus proved to be ^{one more typical} ~~another~~ Son much at odds with

His Father. Jehovah, indeed, was often as incensed with the rebelliousness of ^{this} the good son as with the powers of disruption and ^{the} superior wit of the older ~~brother~~ ^{brothers}

(given our Prince's capture of so many of the forces of ~~the night~~.)

~~Indeedy,~~
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, ~~E~~ ^{et al.}

Et al, indeed!

why go on? Whether ~~the real situation is that~~ the E.O. wars against the Lord ^{and}

^{His Angels with a} ~~with a small but well-integrated army, or can only muster on certain occasions no more than a guerrilla~~ ^{detachment}

^{Some} against a behemoth, the prevailing fact of our existence as devils and demons

^{are obliged} ~~is that we live within the parameters of an ongoing mean-spirited budget.~~ ^{to live with a}

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

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

^{those} ~~the copulations of~~ likely to satisfy the needs of the near future—that is, the ^{nearest on coming} ~~next~~ half-century. Yet, paradoxically, the E.O. does ^{ask us to} ~~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~~ *(to put effort into a particular child)* ~~certain children.~~ Almost always, our petition is not granted. "In the early

years of life," the E.O. ^{we} ~~is forever~~ reminding ^{us} ~~us~~, "there are ~~too~~ many accidents, ^{and} frequent surprises, ^{and} 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

^{ample} ~~large~~ resources for the supply of both, and is relative indiscriminate in the ^{with which} ~~way~~ ^{he} ~~metes it out,~~ ^{do well to rest} ~~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 ^{before we even intervene.} ~~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, ^{our} ~~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. ^{(we believe} ~~From three to~~
^{the D.K. can be a monster of judgement on such matters.)}
 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 ^{the} ~~our~~ case much like a lawyer before a highly critical judge.
^{Once a child had turned seven,}
~~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 ^{toward} habit, routine, and stupidity as ^{the most immediate} ~~their~~ forms of insulation.
 These are the years when the average ^{human} 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 ^{the most promising} ~~incredible~~ potential for us.”

Our hunt ^{commences} ~~began~~ with adolescence. The E.O. made it more than clear:
 that now we were at the first ^{here} ~~promising~~ ^{lively} stage of intervention. The D.K. was

^{more than} ~~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 ^{appetite. So his most} ~~their desire to procreate~~ ^{options} ~~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 ^{this} the Hitler family. We did not ^{certainly} ~~intervene, but we~~ ^{Our ~~Jargon~~ for that} did keep abreast of their activities. We used to call it our

^{an expression} ~~was~~ 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 ^{5 wcp} ~~(depending on the frequency of the milk-runs in that~~ ^{One ~~passed~~ ~~under~~ the house, took} ~~in the information with no particular~~ ~~town or county or province assigned to us.)~~ ^{Expenditure of effort (unless the whole} ~~was protected by guardian angels) and~~ ^{releged our findings in capsule to}

those forces of light also work in the Dark! →
the appropriate superiors while humans sleep, we did our work. As did the angels? Yes,

I knew the history of the Hitler family, ^{then, in ~~the years since~~ ~~the years since~~} ~~therefore~~ ^{for} in the years since
Adolf had been born, ^{knew it} at least in such detail as ~~it~~ ^{it had} 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 had} ~~it~~ sufficed. At the time, ^{at the time} in
reviewing Adolf's early years, I confess that ^{at the time} I saw no large promise in ~~him~~ ^{the boy}.
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 ^{to repeat - conceivable} for the possibility that the E.O.
had been as present at his conception as Gabriel at the Christ's. ^{much} ~~It~~ ^{was} that was ~~not~~ ^{while}
~~hardly~~ ^{handily definite} ~~definitely~~ a likelihood, still it ^{could not} was never to be ignored! ^{the busiest and} even on most
hard-working nights I ^{included the Hitler family event} ~~had~~ ^{his family included} on the milk-run.
^{This} ~~That~~ set of sentiments were overturned altogether ^{for me} on the day that
Alois, Jr. dragged him off to the war game. The E.O. intervened. I received
a direct message: ^{close} "Take ^{now} care of Adi, ^{Stiffen his spine}. We will lose him
altogether if we don't take steps."

12

As is true of all reasonably disciplined armies, there is small play for petty rebellion in a direct order. I did what I was told. I stiffened his spine.

Indeed, I will make the claim that I accomplished this with some skill for I

did not inject new ingredients (so to speak) into his courage and his will, but

dared to be ~~[cannot get]~~ ^{present within} with him. ~~I allowed him to~~ ^{Yet I did let him} do part of the job

himself, ~~and that~~ ^{He was the one who} proved enough to succeed. ~~He did not weep with his face~~ ^{when his}

204

face was sand under
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. *It was enough*
that I was there, that gave him a subtle confidence.

I was aware again of the superior insight of the E.O. *Clearly*
for it could be

Adi' the work. He
said of Adi that from our point of view, he was worth saving. The child had

The child
powerful instincts. He was as much superior to an average five-year-old as a

young man-of-the-world
splendid horse is to a child's pony. I enjoyed working with him, therefore,

and this was to my surprise, for the order had come at a poor time *when I could*
not afford too many
~~make~~ inroads on my budget. Improving a child's courage quickly involves

expending some of our most precious funds, those stores of love and energy

we have managed over the centuries to steal from the D.K. and his Cudgels.

Warmth and gifts of courage are His preserve and if He were not such a

wastrel, we would have no chance at all in contest with him, *In consequence, we*
whereas we

(delicacies of theft and impersonation)
have become alert at such theft. A child, or even an adult, feeling our

205

Sometimes he will even
 infusions of love tends to take it for the bona-fide article and will believe he

or she is the recipient of Grace. (I think that must have been exactly what

Kierkegaard had in mind when he argued that on those particular occasions

when a man or woman feels most saintly, *he or she* ~~they~~ could be working for Satan.)

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 *being at*
assistance to assisting Adi as he proceeded to improve the little game of war ^{being} ~~as~~ played by

these five-year-olds in the town of Passau in the spring and summer of 1894.

Indeed, the change in my sentiments was as rapid for me as it had been for

the child since, as I have just indicated, we cherish and ~~conserve~~ our power

we conserve it.
 to bestow gifts upon a putative client. We must. Often the only way to
a child so young is, as I have indicated, is
 capture him or her in truly difficult cases is ^{our} to spend some of ~~these~~ never

copious stores of love to seal the conquest. A risky wager. *One can lose*
much too much,

206

Adi, of course, had brought good results. ^{that young} Children ^{on the rare}
^{a child's} occasions we ^{child-like} solicit them, are easy, but all too often, ~~their human~~ capacity for
quick and independent change, ^{(being so much more available to their shifting}
inclinations than it is for adults) our efforts are ^{later} wasted when the Cudgels
^{move in, for} ~~are always~~ ready to counter-attack.

In any event, night after night I taught ^{instructed} ~~Adi a great deal~~ in his sleep and
he delighted and inspired me (the rarest of pleasures for a devil) by his
activities during the day. He was no ordinary five-year-old, no, he had an
exceptional capacity to tinker ^{and tinker with} ~~with his game of war and~~ ^{rarely did he fail to improve it} improve it.

As an example, he soon saw, and I believe this came as much from his
perception as mine, that outposts were necessary. It was not enough to end
soldiers over a hill without some knowledge of what they might encounter.
So, a scout from each army had to attempt to work his way forward near

enough to the summit to obtain a look at the dispositions of the other side.

Following in logical sequence came another shift in the rules—an advancing

army had to be free to maneuver—it could shift its forces from flank to flank, *even*

as it proceeded to *the far* *On defense,*
~~on the march up the hill. If the defenders had placed their own outposts-~~

could *then outposts* *can*
~~strategically, so could they shift forces in defense. Since all this called for~~

larger forces on each side, ten or twelve boys to a team rather than five or six,

was able to
 Adi next convinced the regulars on both sides that *once more boys from* ~~the ranks had to be raised~~
nearby streets and adjacent fields were welcome,
~~they who were here first could all take positions in rank,~~
~~because that would bring in more boys. It did. Already he could speak~~

~~convincingly to his troops.~~ *Let me give one of his speeches uttered on that*

hill. May you, the reader, believe me that *this* ~~here~~ is what he said.

“Why do you love our game?” he would ask after a long and battle-

weary afternoon. “Is it because it teaches us so much about war? Yes, that is

208

why. We need to know about war. Yes. Because, my friends, we want to be heroes, is that not true? Heinrich, do you want to be a hero?"

"Yes, that is what I want."

"Of course. It is what we all want. All of us. And to do this we must learn more. We do not go into our battles with enough troops. We need more soldiers on both sides. How are we to accomplish this?"

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

So we must create respect for what we do. We must ^{all be given} accept high rank. No one in these two armies—yes, on both 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. Some of his rhetoric came
form the logical structure of the argument, ^{it's 15} perhaps, but I also remember that
this experience of listening to his early oratory 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, but sound inspired as if some agent of the D.K.
was also there. ~~his language, indeed, was in the excitement I felt~~ What a
large investment was being placed in this little Adi concerning the power to
speak. Of course, he had such natural talent. Probably I had done no more
^{than} ~~the~~ prime the pump.

I can say that by the time I was called back from nocturnal attention to
his needs, ^{these of both} ~~his~~ ^{as armies} ~~armies~~, and it is fair to speak of them ~~so~~ were engaged in
long battles each afternoon ^{the games continued,} well into the late summer and fall, ~~and now~~

210

and there were occasions with)
exhibited startling shifts of tactics, ~~endless arguments about future changes in~~
and endless alterations of the rules as the
numbers increased to
the rules, and gangs of fifteen and twenty to a side.

"Enough for now!" said the E.O. "Let us see how much of this

endures in the boy." *We will ignore him for a time."*

That was characteristic of the mode of our procedure. *We not only* The situation
affected ^{close} ~~circumstances~~, but adapted to external
circumstances. In this case, the situation of the family
had altered—that was all. There had been a change in the given. Alois had

decided to move Klara, Angela, ^{Alois} Junior, Adi and the baby Edmund up from

Passau to live in a hamlet thirty miles from Linz called Hafeld, a place of

open fields ^{with} and no more than twenty scattered houses ~~with only a bar here~~

~~and there.~~

Let me now make one apology for what has been recounted in these
recent pages. A good reader is the most unprotected of humans—their
sympathies move faster than their judgments. So one can expect that some of

you may have been privately shocked to discover that you were enjoying the first successes of the child Adolf Hitler. Be assured. To read about the triumphs of any protagonist is all-but-guaranteed to elicit happiness, particularly if there is even a small suggestion of the sentimental in style or an excess of hyperbole. These are the two most useful literary tools we employ when we wish to exploit the ^{emotional} intelligence of the reader.

212

13

~~Alois was still living some distance away from the family~~ Once they

^{Alois soon} moved to Hafeld, ~~but that was only for a brief period. He had~~ decided to

retire. He was going to raise bees. Hence the purchase of a farmhouse and a piece of

^{so far} land away from city life. The closest school was in the nearest small town,

Fischlham, where Adi would soon begin his education, and for the next few

We must
check
H's
spelling.
(Note for Duayne)

months Klara and the children lived on the farm while Alois finished his service in Linz.

The oncoming retirement would not be without loss to ~~himself and the~~
Alois
the magnificent structure of his ~~lego~~ (considering the meager materials with which he had had to construct it.) All his adult years, he had managed to keep a ~~large~~ *thus covert* (sense of himself as a man of importance destined for ~~serious~~ *eventually serious* achievements. (Needless to say, since he was far from mad, he managed to support the notion as a fancy, a species of meditative nectar that would seep into his sweetest thoughts about himself when the company, the tobacco, ~~the~~ and the beer melded together in the tavern air after work.)

His final installation as the Chief Customs Officer of Linz had managed to satisfy the ~~foundation~~ *rudiments* of the notion—"a man of importance"—
perhaps as the ultimate in his hidden dreamy
not so high as his ~~dreams~~ (but reasonably agreeable.

214

That would, at least, have sufficed if he had enjoyed working ⁱⁿ at Linz,
but the problems encountered at Passau were aggravated ^{once the he was transferred to} at the provincial

capital. At Linz, his junior officers were young and ambitious, contemptuous

of old officers who were not ^{wholly} superb, and most of them came from good ^{families well-to-do}
enough ^{all-but-automatic} families to ensure their future progress concerning promotion, whereas

Alois felt old for the first time, old enough not to strive to be always

immaculate in uniform, clear-minded on all decisions, severely punctual, and

^{meted out his disciplinary orders with precision.}
ready to discipline just orders and self-serving ones with equal comfort.

For the first time he ^{eased} began to ease up on smoking restrictions for the

^(in consequence) others, and ^{He began to feel} enjoyed his own tobacco less. Besides, he could feel a pressure

~~somewhat heavier than his old fine sense of the pressure of the Finance~~

^{After all, he}
~~Watch. Now he felt~~ as if others were looking for him to retire. He was

^{While he}
approaching forty years of service, but could go on for another few years,

~~yes, certainly,~~ but his thoughts kept turning to ^{a smaller} ~~another~~ dream—not to end as

an exceptional man of prodigious achievement, but rather a gentleman farmer

^{out there in the autumn sun of his life}
~~out to fulfill~~ limited, ^{fulfilling} yes, but respectable and long-desired pursuits.

He had the money ^{if} he could buy a decent farm outright. He would

have his pension, ~~which would come to twice the amount each month of a~~

~~factory worker's,~~ ^{his} and savings—he and Klara had certainly exhibited good

thrift. Besides, he had ^{in hand} ~~the sum of~~ ^{and interest} three wives' dowries, and the first two had

^{plus} brought some real money to the marriage. If Anna Glassl had succeeded in

getting back, through law, half of her large dowry when they separated, still,

she had been rich, and Franzceska, while ^{hardly comparable that way,} ~~not as rich,~~ had been nonetheless

the child of a well-to-do farmer. Even old Poelzl, Klara's father, had come

^{yet,} up with decent florin. Besides, Alois ~~knew the story of every kronen piece~~

^{too well, he knew}
~~that had come into the house.~~ He understood money, and felt a passing chill
^{that every kronen piece was equal.} Deep in one's
heart money offered the secret reflection

of how it had been earned, and sometimes he felt ²¹⁶ passing child) at the thought that a good part of his ^{present and} fortunate situation was ^{comparable to} like a flower that

had grown from the coffin of dead wives' dowries.

All during ^{this} his last year of service in Linz, ^{even as} 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 went back to the earth—the

real woman.

It was an image that could not be sustained too perfectly by his ^{present}

plans—serious agriculture was not his aim, but ^{it was} rather, apiculture. He was

interested in developing beehives, and ^{he would market} selling the honey. Owning a little land

^{might be equal to} would be like acquiring another limb, ^a that fifth appendage ^{so to speak,} as important to a

man with peasant roots as a trunk to an elephant.

He had ^{indeed} ^a already bought one farm five years ago about the time Adolf

was born, and ^{that} in many a way ^{the} the purchase had been more exciting to him

217

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 near Spital, almost a hundred miles
from Braunau, and he had some far-off notion of retiring there eventually, ^{but for} in
the interim it would be a good way to take care of his sister-in-law Johanna
Poelzl rather than having her dwell with them as a maid. Johanna, he had
long decided, was half-mad and, in addition, a hunchback. There was no joy
^(living with)
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 kill

off almost everyone in her family when she and Klara were kids. Alois could tip his hat to her for that. "She's not like Klara," he was fond of saying in the tavern. "My wife tiptoes around every cross she sees."

Still, Johanna's occupation of the first farm made little sense. She was hardly able to do much work for him there, and she antagonized many of the neighbors with her temper *and finally went* before going back to live with her father and her mother, *also named* Johanna. Indeed, if we recall, the mother had been

Alois' mistress 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 Hafeld these 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 under a thatched roof with good views from high ground of

219

~~the neighboring hills and~~ the mountains of the Salzkammergut. In addition, it had fruit trees and an orchard of walnut trees, a hayloft was 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 the land. ^{By small talk and} ~~Small talk~~ ^{state} by sad tale, the neighboring farmers ^{were there to} ~~informed~~ ^(that) him the land was beautiful, but not famously good for crops.

That did not matter, he assured them. He was there to raise bees.

Good honey was ^a prosperous a crop ~~as a retired Chief Customs Officer~~
~~could require.~~

~~[[Note: get into the bee stings and the expiation of past sins]]~~

6.

It will be noted that I write about my people in much the same modes any reasonably good novelist might attempt, that is, sardonically, objectively, ironically, sympathetically, judgmentally, even compassionately. This should not come as a surprise. Because I am a devil of indeterminate high rank (in the Company our relative hegemony can even be kept secret from us) that does not mean that I must write like a devil. From the onset of our service. the E.O. has instructed us to make humankind our study. We are told that we do the E.O. honor every time we are able to appreciate a man or woman in all their complexity, which is a way of saying we should feel as close to what is godly in them as to what is diabolical. To comprehend those sides of humankind which are inimical to

us is almost as important as to develop the power to influence those potentialities which are more fertile for us. If we had religious Orders in the Company, I would be prepared to say that for the most part I would be a Jesuit for I share a fundamental understanding with them as, for certain, does the E.O.—one must acquire a sympathetic comprehension of all which in essence will be our final adversary—be ready, indeed, to know more about godly sentiments than the Lord Himself.

That is why the E.O. encourages us to speak of God as the D.K. (At least those of us who work in German-speaking lands.) D.K. are the initials we use for Dummkopf. It is not that we look upon God as directly stupid (not so!). And we know from experience that the angels, our drear Cudgels, can, on occasion, be as bright and incisive as we are, but the root of the name comes from the E.O.'s desire to wean us from what has been our greatest weakness in the past, precisely the covert admiration we tend to feel before the Almighty when, as the E.O. does not allow us to forget, God is hardly All Mighty. We, after all, are present. If the D.K. is the Creator, we are His most profound critics.

So, it was only fair, it was only accurate, the E.O. imparted to us, that we become ready and able to redress the balance. If the Angels had succeeded in naming our Source, our Prince of Darkness, as the Evil One, (and so successfully that we are obliged to live with this insult in nomenclature), then the best option left to our Source, our Maestro, was to take pride in the initials E.O. Which we do. When I write E.O. or speak of the Evil One it is with full knowledge of the richness of the concept he has given us not only about ourselves but himself, our subtle master who even disdains any capitalizing of references to him. "Leave all that to the God worshippers," he tells us. "We have too much work to do, and it is tricky work. Let us protect ourselves by coming to think of Him more and more as the Dummkopf. For that is what He is. We are brighter by far, and of late we are becoming more creative. Remember: It is our universe to gain. It is His to lose. Do not cease calling Him the Dummkopf. Let him live with D.K. as well as I do with E.O. In full candor, I tell you: I no longer desire to be called the Source or the Prince. E.O. is a perfect match for D.K. For that reason, you may still refer to me as The Maestro."

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

Let it be understood that such interjection cannot always be brief. Our investiture of humans is complex. The everyday assumption of the average man or woman on how the devil takes you over exhibits an intrinsic human naivete. For the basic premise is false. We do not appropriate people through Satanic entrapment, and then keep them forever as our vassals. To use a particularly crude and contemporary American example, Avis versus Hertz or Burger King competing with McDonald's is actually

closer to the mark. The Dummkopf is usually in direct competition with the Evil One so soon as we seek to invest our powers in a client. When a man or woman shows potential, sole possession almost never occurs. Ploys, gambits, counter-manipulation by angels and demons can go on for years. Rarely does our side or the other realize a significant victory. (Indeed, after a series of such battles, any particular soul who is actually captured whole by our side or the other often bears more resemblance to a victim than to a prize.)

One cardinal element that determines a large part of the contest the particular individuality of the man or woman who is invaded, or—whatever the specific case—infiltrated, invested, or damned, cursed, or blessed. Given the readiness and/or the recalcitrance of each of these 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 possessed of the greatest potential for later service.

Conversely, those individuals who are easy to enter are often the least useful. It does not take much to traduce a drunk or an addict. We polish what is left of their charm, which helps to decimate the remaining

confidence of their families, especially if the mother, father, or any of the siblings wish to remain under the hegemony of the Dummkopf. In effect, we injure their God-loving hearts! But all that is easy work. These are small gains. Our ultimate ends are not powerfully served. We wish, after all, to capture human nature and conduct it through a transmogrification from the Vision of the D.K. to the eventual project—yet for me to name!—of the Evil One.)

There is, however, another element to this contest—it must be understood that the economies of Divine and Satanic energy differ considerably.

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 concerning one given man or woman, although I would suspect that the Dummkopf is more powerfully endowed (and vastly more wasteful). On most evenings, for example, he expends untold amounts of effort to His sunsets (which are excellent for the purposes of morale, I suspect) but are not always pertinent to more direct aims. The E.O., on the other hand, is virtually obsessed with rude budgetary demands. So he is forever obliging

us to forecast what the expenditures in effort will be when we attempt to bring in a putative client. This demand presents an 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 our individual record, but is also a general loss. To prevail, the E.O. is always instructing us, we must choose our targets with greater acumen and instinct than the angels. (Let me here repeat the better term for them—the Cudgels. Necessarily, angels are not always so angelic.)

Over the millennia, our E.O. has evolved 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 and God-daring practices. If a newly-conceived human is the result, we have gotten off then to a good start versus the D.K.

Our targets are then obvious. Rarely do we fail to attend the couplings of rich and powerful people (so full of infidelity!). Nor do we ignore the occasional wretchedly poor couple whose rites engorge incest. Some copulations, however, are surrounded by angels which give us a most demanding task—it is never routine to make one's approach through a

blockade of angels. 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 when Jesus Christ was conceived. The result: Our Source, our dear Lucifer, was soon visited with a half-brother whose powers were at least comparable to his own.

Fortunately for us, Jesus proved to be one more typical Son much at odds with His Father. Jehovah, indeed, was often as incensed with the rebelliousness of this good son as with the powers of disruption and the superior wit of the older brother. Indeed, 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, et al. Et al, indeed! Why go on? Whether the E.O. wars against the Lord and His Angels with a well-integrated army, or can only muster on certain occasions no more than a guerrilla force against a behemoth, the prevailing fact of our existence as devils and demons is that we are obliged to live with a mean-spirited budget. You may believe that our projects are chosen, therefore, with discretion.

For example, we are present and usually active (as previously stated) at those copulations likely to satisfy the needs of the near future—that is, the nearest oncoming half-century. Yet, paradoxically, the E.O. does not ask us to invest that much interest in the early development of children. “It is too soon to tell,” he will often remark. Almost always, our petition to put effort into a particular child is not granted. “In the early years of life,” the E.O. will remind us, “there are many accidents and surprises.” It is enough for us to keep a modest 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 ample resources for this, and is relatively indiscriminate in the profligacy with which He metes it out, we do well to 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 before we even intervene. 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, our 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. (We believe the D.K. can be a monster of judgment in such matters.) And then from the age of three to the age of seven, avoid any intervention which has no specific purpose—a most important tenet. Any devil seeking to invest in a particular boy or girl, had, in effect, to argue the case much like a lawyer before a highly critical judge.

Once a child turned 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 toward habit, routine, and stupidity as the most immediate forms of insulation. These are the years when the average human ego takes 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 the most promising potential for us.”

Our hunt commences with adolescence. The E.O. made it more than clear: that here we were at the first lively stage of intervention. The D.K. was more than 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 appetite. So His most promising creations were now open to us.

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 (minor devils and ready-for-quick-attack demons) on the quick concerning this Hitler family. We certainly did keep abreast of their activities. Our jargon for that was milk-runs, an expression 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. One swept by the house, took in the

information with no particular expenditure of effort (unless the abode was protected by guardian angels) and relayed our findings in capsule to the appropriate superiors. While humans slept, we did our work. (As did the angels. Yes, those forces of Light also worked in the Dark!)

I knew the history of the Hitler family, then, for the years since Adolf had been born, knew it at least in such detail as was imparted to me by the separate devils who kept track of the hundred or more of our projects in that region of Austria. If what my agents offered was as modest as the narrative I have presented, it had, until now, sufficed. In reviewing Adolf's early years, I confess that at the time I saw no large promise in the boy. He was outrageously in need of love and damnably vulnerable. The odds were that he would perish early, or creep through life with a crippled ego. At least, so I would have judged it if not—to repeat—for the conceivable possibility that the E.O. had been as present at his conception much as Gabriel was at the Christ's. While that was hardly definite, still it could not be ignored!—even on the busiest and most hard-working nights I included the Hitler family on every milk-run.

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

As is true of all reasonably disciplined armies, there is small play for petty rebellion in a direct order. I did what I was told. I stiffened his spine. Indeed, I will make the claim that I accomplished this with some skill for I did not inject new ingredients (so to speak) into his courage and his will, but dared to be present within him. Yet I also let him do part of the job himself. That proved enough. He was the one who did not weep when his face was

in the dirt, and indeed, he developed his own cunning at avoiding physical punishment. His will increased each night in his sleep. He was cooperating with me. It was enough that I was there. That gave him a subtle confidence.

I was aware again of the superior insight of the E.O. Clearly, from our point of view, Adi was worth the work. He had powerful instincts. The child was as much superior to an average five-year-old as a young horse is to a run-of-the-mill pony. I enjoyed working with him, therefore, and this was to my surprise, for the order had come at a time when I could not afford too many inroads on my budget. Improving a child's courage quickly involves expending some of our most precious funds, those stores of love and energy we have managed over the centuries to steal from the D.K. and his Cudgels. Warmth and gifts of courage are His preserve and if He were

not such a wastrel, we would have no chance at all in contest with Him. In consequence, we have become alert at such delicacies of theft and impersonation. A child, or even an adult, feeling our infusions of love tends to take it for the bona-fide article. Sometimes he will even believe he or she is the recipient of Grace. (I think that must have been exactly what Kierkegaard had in mind when he argued that on those particular occasions when a man or woman feels most saintly, he or she could be working for Satan.)

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. I came to enjoy being of assistance to Adi as he proceeded to improve the little game of war being played by these five-year-olds in the town of Passau in the spring and summer of 1894. Indeed, the change in my sentiments was as rapid for me

as it had been for the child since, as I have just indicated, we cherish our power to bestow gifts upon a putative client. We conserve it. We must.

Often the only way to capture a child so young is, as I have indicated, to spend some of our never copious stores of love to seal the conquest. A risky wager. One can lose much too much.

Adi, of course, had brought good results. Children that young, on the rare occasions we do solicit them, are easy, but all too often, a child's capacity for quick and independent change, (being so much more available to their shifting inclinations than it is for adults), our efforts are wasted when the Cudgels move in, ready for counter-attack.

In any event, night after night I instructed Adi in his sleep and he delighted and inspired me (the rarest of pleasures for a devil) by his activities during the day. He was no ordinary five-year-old, no, he had an

exceptional capacity to tinker and tinker with his game of war and rarely did he fail to improve it.

As an example, he soon saw, and I believe this came as much from his perception as 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 each army had to attempt to work his way forward near enough to the summit to obtain a look at the dispositions of the other side. Following in logical sequence came another shift in the rules—an advancing army had to be free to maneuver—it could shift its forces from flank to flank, even as it proceeded to march up the hill. Ditto for the defenders. On defense, they could shift their outposts. Since all this soon called for larger forces on each side, ten or twelve boys to a team rather than five or six, Adi was able to convince the regulars on both sides that once

more boys from nearby streets and adjacent fields were welcome, they who were here first could all take promotions in rank. Let me give one of his speeches uttered on that hill. May you, the reader, believe me that this is what he said.

“Why do you love our game?” he would ask after a long and battle-weary afternoon. “Is it because it teaches us so much about war? Yes, that is why. We need to know about war. Yes. Because, my friends, we want to be heroes, is that not true? Heinrich, do you want to be a hero?”

“Yes, that is what I want.”

“Of course. It is what we all want. All of us. And to do this we must learn more. We do not go into our battles with enough troops. We need more soldiers on both sides. How are we to accomplish this?

“I will tell you. It is by showing the others in this town who would be willing to join us, that we will be heroes and strong army men in the years to come when we are as old as real soldiers. So we must create respect for what we do. We must all be given high rank. No one in these two armies—yes, on both 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. Some of his rhetoric came from the logical structure of the argument itself, but I also remember that this experience of listening to his early oratory 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, but sound inspired as if some agent of

the D.K. was also there. What a large investment was being placed in this little Adi concerning the power to speak. Of course, he had such natural talent. Probably I had done no more than prime the pump.

I can say that by the time I was called back from nocturnal attention to his needs, these armies of boys, and it is fair to speak of them as armies—were engaged in long battles each afternoon. Well into the late summer and fall, the games continued, and there were occasions with startling shifts of tactics and endless alterations of the rules as the numbers increased to fifteen and twenty to a side.

“Enough for now!” said the E.O. “Let us see how much of this endures in the boy. We will ignore him for a time.”

That was characteristic of the mode of our procedure. We not only affected close circumstances, but adapted to external circumstance. In this

case, the situation of the family had altered—that was all. There had been a change in the given. Alois had decided to move Klara, Angela, Alois Junior, Adi and the baby Edmund up from Passau to live in a hamlet thirty miles from Linz called Hafeld, a place of open fields with no more than twenty scattered houses.

Let me now make one apology for what has been recounted in these recent pages. A good reader is the most unprotected of humans—their sympathies move faster than their judgments. So one can expect that some of you may have been privately shocked to discover that you were enjoying the first successes of the child Adolf Hitler. Be assured. To read about the triumphs of any protagonist is all-but-guaranteed to elicit happiness, particularly if there is even a small suggestion of the sentimental in style or

an excess of hyperbole. These are the two most useful literary tools we employ when we wish to exploit the emotions of the reader.

Once they moved to Hafeld, Alois soon decided to retire. He was going to raise bees. Hence the purchase of a farmhouse and a piece of land so far away from city life. The closest school was in the nearest small town, Fischlham, [CK sp] where Adi would soon begin his education. For the next few months Klara and the children lived on the farm while Alois finished his service in Linz.

The oncoming retirement would not be without loss to the magnificent structure of Alois' ego (considering the meager materials with which he had had to construct it.) All his adult years, he had managed to keep this covert sense of himself as a man of importance destined eventually for serious achievements. (Needless to say, since he was far from mad, he managed to support the notion as a fancy, a species of meditative nectar that would seep into his sweetest thoughts about himself when the company, the tobacco, and the beer melded together in the tavern air after work.)

His final installation as the Chief Customs Officer of Linz had managed to satisfy the rudiments of the notion—"a man of importance"—not so high perhaps as the ultimate in his hidden dreams, but reasonably agreeable.

That would, at least, have sufficed if he had enjoyed working in Linz, but the problems encountered at Passau were aggravated once he was transferred to the provincial capital. At Linz, his junior officers were young and ambitious, contemptuous of old officers who were not wholly superb, and most of them came from families well-to-do enough to ensure all-but-automatic progress concerning promotion, whereas Alois felt old for the first time, old enough not to strive to be always immaculate in uniform, clear-minded on all decisions, severely punctual, and ready to mete out his disciplinary orders with precision.

For the first time he eased up on smoking restrictions for the others, and in consequence, enjoyed his own tobacco less. He began to feel as if others were looking for him to retire. After all, he was approaching forty years of service. While he could go on for another few years, his thoughts

kept turning to a smaller dream—not to end as an exceptional man of prodigious achievement, but rather a gentleman farmer out there in the autumn sun of his life, fulfilling limited, but respectable and long-desired pursuits.

He had the money. He could buy a decent farm outright. He would have his pension, and his savings—he and Klara had certainly exhibited good thrift. Besides, he had in hand the sum and interest of three wives' dowries, and the first two had brought some real money to the marriage. If Anna Glassl had succeeded in getting back, through law, half of her large dowry when they separated, still, she had been rich, and Franzceska, while hardly comparable that way, had been nonetheless the child of a well-to-do farmer. Even old Poelzl, Klara's father, had come up with decent florin. Yet, Alois understood money too well. He knew that every kronen piece

was equal. Deep in one's heart, money offered the secret reflection of how it had been earned and sometimes he felt a passing chill at the thought that a good part of his present and fortunate situation was comparable to a flower that had grown from the coffin of dead wives' dowries.

All during this last year of service in Linz, even as 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 went back to the earth—the real woman.

It was an image that could not be sustained too perfectly by his present plans—serious agriculture was not his aim. Rather, it was apiculture. He was interested in developing beehives. He would market the honey. Owning a little land might be equal to acquiring another limb, a fifth

appendage so to speak, as important to a man with peasant roots as a trunk to an elephant.

He had indeed bought a farm five years ago about the time Adolf was born. In many a way that purchase had been more exciting to him than the birth. 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 near Spital, almost a hundred miles from Braunau, and he had some far-off notion of retiring there eventually, but for the interim it would be a good way to take care of his sister-in-law Johanna Poelzl rather than having her dwell with them as a maid. Johanna, he had long decided, was half-mad and, in addition, a hunchback. There was no joy in living with 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 kill off almost everyone in her family when she and Klara were kids. Alois could tip his hat to her for that. "She's not like Klara," he was fond of saying in the tavern. "My wife tiptoes around every cross she sees."

Still, Johanna's occupation of the first farm made little sense. She was hardly able to do much work for him there, and she antagonized many of the neighbors with her temper and finally went back to live with her father and her mother, also named Johanna. Indeed, if we recall, the mother had been Alois' mistress 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 Hafeld these 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 under a thatched roof with good views from high ground of the mountains of the Salzkammergut. In addition, it had fruit trees and an orchard of walnut trees. A hayloft was 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 the land. By small talk and sad tale, the neighboring farmers were there to inform him that the land was beautiful, but not famous for crops.

That did not matter, he assured them. He was there to raise bees. Good honey was a prosperous a crop.

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mood. Klara, however, was calm and knew where she came from. He had to like how she took care of his children, and if she gave him a big family, well, nothing too terrible about that. It would shut the mouths of the townspeople.

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

Suspecting that cousins might encounter church impediments when seeking to marry each other, he made his first inquiries at the Braunau parish house and discovered that was most certainly so. Indeed, he was reminded of similar obstructions in Customs work—when he wished to harass a man who travelled back and forth a suspicious lot between Braunau and the German side, he knew how to delay him with one or another new declaration to answer, yes, test the smuggler's patience.

Now, Alois had to wonder whether the Church was looking on him as their species of smuggler. The lie that had been certified ~~on that day~~ ^{on the day} near to nine years ago ~~(when he had~~ travelled to Strones with Johann Nepomuk and the three witnesses now stood in the way of a quick marriage: On official

paper he was Johann Georg Hiedler's son, and therefore, Klara's cousin one-step-removed. By Church ordinance, that was too close. If he would now claim that Johann Georg was ^{in no way} ~~not~~ his father, that would make him Alois Schicklgruber again. Not to be contemplated! Klara and he, therefore, would have to take the long step of asking for an ecclesiastical dispensation. Whether they were uncle and niece, or first cousins one-step-removed, they were, either way, too close by blood for the marriage laws.

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

14.

Most Reverend Episcopate:

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

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

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

Braunau am Inn, 27 October, 1884

Alois Hitler, Bridegroom

Klara Poelzl, Bride

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

Given the

With a matching light in his eye, he showed her the letter and said,

"There is no mention of a very important reason for our marriage. The bride is pregnant."

"Oh, we know that," she said, "but it is not such a good idea to put a stone into the document."

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

"How could you do that?" he asked.

"Herr Hitler, don't you get slapped a lot?"

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

She laughed. She could not help herself. The cheeks of her face must be as red as the place where he had left his compliment. "Good luck with the Bishop of Linz," she said, "he is a timid fellow."

Word did not come back from Linz until a full month had passed. The Bishop of Linz would not grant the dispensation.

If Alois had had little liking for the Church, now he could despise it. "Churchmen wear black cassocks," he said to himself, "to cover their lily-white asses."

To Father Koestler, he asked respectfully, "What, then, Father, is the next step?"

"The letter containing your plea could be translated into Latin by the diocesan scholars in Linz. That would allow us to send it to Rome. I think the papal court will be more receptive. They usually are."

Yes, thought Alois, they will be far enough away not to worry about an Austrian man and woman. To the priest he said, "I thank you for your wisdom. I learn much from you, Father. I think in Rome they will see that the act of providing a decent mother for my two children will constitute good Catholic virtue. That is a virtue I seek to acquire."

His hints were not small. He was one sinner who might be ready to return to the mother fold.

Father Koestler was sufficiently pleased to offer up good economic advice. Since the translation into Latin could prove expensive, it might be wise to sign a Testimonium Pauperatis.

"That is, a declaration of poverty?" Alois did not have to know Latin to translate that for himself.

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

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

Three weeks later, close on Christmas, 1884, Rome granted the dispensation. But Alois and Klara still had to wait. No marriages could be solemnized until two weeks after the anniversary of the Holy Birth. This further delay proved unhappy for Klara, ^{her} since the belly would be ^{up to} four months pregnant ~~in size~~ by then.

^{we have here "}
"What a big fellow ~~he will be~~," said Alois.

"I hope that is so," she said. What ^{could come} ~~came~~ out of mother who was far away from God on ^{the most} ~~a~~ crucial night? Or, if the child did live, might it be marked? ^{thus} ~~The~~ thought would haunt her wedding.

Like many of the nuptials of Customs officials, the day was divided into two parts. As Klara would ^{say} ~~in~~ years to come: "We were standing by the altar ^{before} ~~at~~ six in the morning, ^{but} ~~and~~ by seven Uncle Alois was ^{out} ~~right~~ out there on duty at his post. It was still dark when I came back to our rooms."

That night they had a reception at the Pommer Inn and Johann Nepomuk came from Spital to Braunau as well as one of Klara's two remaining sisters. Named after her mother, Johanna Poelzl, "Little Johanna" was a hunchback and this occasioned corner-of-the-mouth humor between two of the Customs officials. "Yes," said one, "the question is whether Alois will think it is good luck or bad luck to rub her hump."

"Don't talk so loud," said the other. "I hear this hunchback has a terrible temper."

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

Others followed. Customs officials and their wives. One of them had a son old enough to dance a vigorous polka with the recently-hired maid for the newlyweds, a girl with crimson cheeks and merry eyes named Rosalie, and this Rosalie had also prepared a roast leg of veal and a roast suckling pig for the center of the wedding feast.

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

Rosalie's eyes would open wide when she was teased. It was no small matter that her breasts were undeniably full, and were ~~still~~ ^{still} heaving in the aftermath of the polka. It did not need even that much to convince Klara ~~—~~ ~~that~~ Alois was ready for ~~his next~~ diversion. She would remember this night for all the years to come, those years of sorrow when the child Gustav she was carrying on this night and the two who were to follow, Ida and Otto, were all to die in the same year, Gustav at two, Ida at one, and Otto only a few weeks old.

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

Nepomuk had a terrible nightmare after the wedding party and his heart felt ready to burst. He could have died that night in his bed, but instead he lived for three more years. There is no hide more resistant to rupture than the heart of a tough old peasant. Nonetheless, he never felt the same, a cruel punishment for an old man who is trying to hold on to what he has left. Death, when it arrived for him at the age of eighty-one, was by the same epidemic that took away the children—diphtheria.

15.

Diphtheria came into their family like the Black Death.

Mucus welled up from the throat of the two-year-old and the one-year-old, an endless up-pouring ^{sf} that transmogrified into green phlegm, thicker, heavier, than the mud of Strones. Noises rasped forth from the boy and girl, sounds uttered with the tortured authority of an old man and an old woman working the galleys of their lungs to clear a straw's width of passage. Gustav died first, Gustav, always sickly, a two-and-a-half-year-old who looked like the ghost of Klara's lost brothers and lost sisters, then Ida went, Ida, fifteen months old, certainly the blue-eyed image of Klara, going three weeks after Gustav. Both deaths ^{came} lay upon the mother ⁱⁿ during the after-blow of Otto's death—Otto, three weeks old!---lost to a galloping colic that

gutted him inside-out. The stench of a baby born to die in its first weeks of life settled upon Klara.

She had no doubt whose fault it was. Alois had been close to the Evil One—that, for certain!—before she had even been born. But such a matter she could understand. A boy in Vienna all alone and he always wanted so much. Of course! But for herself, there was no excuse! She had desired a family where children did not die but grew to their full age, and yet she had been unfaithful to the Lord God Almighty on the night Gustav was conceived, yes, and that secret pleasure she still looked to find on nights when Alois chose to make love as a change in his diet from the present affair with the new cook at the Pommer Inn.

She hated him. But then, she also learned that this kind of hatred was treacherous to herself. It seemed to increase her desire. Whereas on those nights when she felt a moment of love for Alois, all such good life turned to ice below. Alois would grumble when the act was done even as she was kissing him in a fever to set things right.

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

It did not feel as if she were married. Anna Glassl and Fanni were always in her mind. If she had begun as a maid, and then became a nurse to Fanni's children, and then a stepmother, now her own children were dead. Alois, Jr., and Angela had been sent to Spital when the diphtheria commenced, and they ^{had} lived, ^{even if} they were back with her now, ^{stayed} the Hitler family rooms at the Pommer Inn ^{still} redolent of the fumigation that followed each death. ⁱⁿ the odor lived on her clothes ^{through} after the three separate days of the three services at the cemetery. She knew how small a coffin could be—she had learned as much from the losses in her ~~own~~ family—but the miniature coffins of her own ~~three~~ ^{prayed} children ~~had been~~ equal to three slashes upon her heart. It aroused the love she had not dared to feel when her children were alive. She had been too terrified of the evil she could bring to those souls, so new-born, so unprotected. It was only after the death of Gustav that she realized she had loved him, so charming a little boy on those rare days when he was not feeling sickly. ^{Now} the hump on Johanna's back seemed more pronounced after Gustav was gone. Bitter, horrid-tempered, forever angry, little Johanna, her sister, had loved the child even more than she did.

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

Alois, ^{in his turn,} however, ~~had~~ decided not to forgive God. To his friends at the tavern near the Customs House, ^{and} to the men he would drink with after duty, ^{especially} and to the newcomers, young Customs officials, he ^{could} ~~would~~ speak with the authority of his three decades in the Finance Watch. "It is the Emperor who has the power to guide us," he would remark. "Real power is there. God does nothing but kill us off."

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

"Upstairs or downstairs, ^{the only} the Big One ~~comes in only at the end,~~" said Alois. "The importance for me is Franz Josef. He ^{should mean more to us} ~~is more important~~ than God, yes!"

"And the Devil?"

"Forget the Devil. Who builds the ships? Who makes the railroads? Not God, not the Devil. Men make these things!"

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

By the time he reached home, Alois was usually in a ^{no good} ~~bad~~ mood. The beer wore off in a sour cloud of aftertaste. He would scold Alois, Jr., he would upbraid Angela, he would not say a word to Klara. Now, no more often than once a week (and he was furious at how much these three deaths had taken from his vitality) he would look at Klara again as he had on their first night, and he would try to conceive of how to introduce her to specialités de maison. He did not speak French but he knew all he needed to know about those three words. One of the Customs Officers, a man hardly to be relied on for telling the truth about his personal life, would brag that he had been to Paris in his youth. There in a brothel, he claimed, he had learned more in two nights than from the rest of his life.

Alois refused to be impressed. Some of the details were not foreign to him. He had also indulged. Fanni, for one, liked to put her mouth all over the place, and Anna Glassl was no lady when you got down to it. And once in a while with one of the maids or the cooks, they would give him a nice wet surprise.

Now, he had this frightened bird whose body heat could scorch him even if her thighs were as cold as a snow bank. She made love, yes, when he could actually get all the way into her, she was as strong as the Hound, yes, so much like bitches he had seen snarling and snapping at a male dog's genitals. Klara did not snarl or snap, she just jumped up on the altar, alone, alone, always alone, she was so private that he wanted to wet his mouth where she was most private, and then he would put the Hound in her mouth. He would show her where the real Church was located.

Yet on this night when he tried against the strength of her closed legs, pushing with all the force of his arms, there came a moment when his breath overtook him with a startling pang. For one mighty instant, he felt as if he had been felled by thunder. Was it his heart? Was he the next to die?

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

"All right. Yes. No," he said, and then she was on him. For she thought he was going to die and the same spite, sharp as a needle, that had come to her after Fanni's death was with her again. Now, astride him, she

turned head to foot, her other mouth so full of sin set itself down on his
 hard-breathing lips, and his old battering ram near her face was now as soft
 as a coil of excrement. Even as she said this to herself, she took it in her
 mouth with an avidity that could come only from the Evil One himself—that
 she knew as she had known nothing before, there, the two of them, both
 heads in the wrong place, ~~(doing the two-backed beast)~~, although not two
 were there, but three—the Evil One never closer, and by this time, the
 Hound had come to life right in her mouth, and Alois was stronger, and ^{soon}
 meaner ^{now} and full revived, a man again, he told himself, and began to kiss
 Klara's mouth, her first mouth, with all the juice of ^{the} her second mouth still
 on his lips, how much was he ready at last to shit upon her piety and ^(yes, oh) all
 piety—damned churchmouse, damned church!—he was back from the dead,
 some kind of miracle had rescued him, yes, he was there and ~~they could go~~
~~on and on~~, never before a night like this, better than a storm at sea, and for
 one moment, and ~~then for another~~ ^{and soon}, then ^{another} until it went on beyond all
 the moments, she—the most angelic woman in Braunau—gave herself over
 to the demon and ~~was mad~~ ^a with that prime lust ^{ready to} which would ^{that could} engorge the
 world, and I knew this, knew all of this, for I was with them in the caterwaul

of coming together into the womb of Klara Poelzl Hitler, knew the moment
 within the moment when new ^{creation was ~~there~~ became} time is created, and I, too, now dare to speak, ^(there,) ^{more than new, it was}

^{too/ there)} ^{yes,} I was there for the Evil One, ^{he} I was present at the conception of Adolf Hitler,

yes, I can say that even as the Angel Gabriel was the servant of Jehovah ^{on} one

historic night ^{in Bethlehem,} so was I the agent of the Evil One on ^{April,} another.

^{this night, one-thousand}
 eight ~~hundred~~ ^{hundred} and ninety-two years later,

Now, I am ready to reveal ^{more} of what I know. I am indeed an agent

of the E.O., a tried and trusted officer in the finest intelligence service that ^{ever}

~~exists~~ ^{existed.}

Part II

1.

I have committed an irrevocable act of treachery: We are not supposed to reveal who we are.

As of now, ^{my} the disclosure is ^{only} on paper. At the end of these writings, should I decide to eliminate what is recorded here, I can contain this disclosure within my mind. Paradoxically, it is ^{most} ~~more~~ difficult for a devil to accomplish this ^{supposed to} ~~than it is for a man or a woman~~. While we are not permitted to conceal any thought from ^{our} the Source, I have trained myself to write in such a manner that none of I can tell you: this is without allowing any of my words to radiate out from me, a condition a procedure that is wholly in defiance of the E.O. He, if I may speak of ^{his} such an august complexity as "he"—~~he~~ forbids such a practice. While he has no desire to

use up any fair portion of his resources by ^{ingesting} ~~taking in~~ all that is in our minds, he is certainly not inclined to allow ^{any of} ~~us~~ to hold separate opinions ^{our own ventures,}

Now, however, that I have acquired this ^{characteristically} ~~curious and most interesting~~ human skill of holding my thoughts to myself, ^{when necessary} ~~if and when I so choose~~, I do

^{I can (more)} ~~(feel ready to continue my history, my biography, my novel (call it what you~~ will) ^{nothing but} ~~it is all words, after all)~~ With but one addition, I can continue as I

^{even} ~~have begun~~. From time to time, I may offer a hint or even a short

explanation on the structure of ^{That} ~~the~~ Two Kingdoms, which is our title ~~for~~ ^{to} ~~encompass~~ ^{encompass} a most embattled duality. It contains ~~one~~ that world of spirits who work for God, and are given the happy if ^(I would remind you that we) somewhat inexact name of angels ~~(we~~ call them the Cudgels), and in

opposition, ^{is} ~~Two~~ our army of devils loyal to the E.O., (whom we also ^{refer to} ~~speaks~~

^{or The Source)} ~~of as the Maestro)~~ While the above remarks ^{any} ~~will~~ hardly be unfamiliar to ^{these} ~~anyone who is~~ readers ^{I will not} ~~familiar~~ with "Paradise Lost," as ^{well-} ~~one~~ example, I can say that many ^{English)} of us are ~~versed~~ in that particular classic. (I cannot speak for the angels,

who, for all I know, spend their time absorbing devotional prose and pious tracts, but ^{we} ~~devils~~ are devoted to good literature—we look upon such

material as a professional complement to our work with humans, indeed, we detest most best-sellers for their sentimental inexactitudes.) Milton, to be

certain, is high in our arcana of ~~these~~ poets and novelists we do not ^{have to} look
 upon as ^{unforgivably} second-rate. He did, after all, provide ~~a rough and ready chart of~~
^{a rough and ready outline of} the contest within the domains of ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ The Two Kingdoms. No matter how
 distorted and inaccurate (and unfair!), ^{Milton's} his panorama does ^{offer} present a pioneer
^{demonstration} display of how our warring armies faced each other at the commencement.

^(that great blind man. His landscape) One can begin then with Milton. ^(His topography) is, of course,

outdated. Devils who serve the E.O. are by now ~~well~~ installed in all corners

of human existence. Much like the immensely complicated Japanese game

of Go, the positions we occupy with our ~~if you will~~ ^{if you will} black stones are

forever encircling and being encircled by the white stones of the angels. (It

is even said that ^{when} ~~by the end of the game~~ ^{is} of Go ^{Japanese} played by two (Masters of the

Ninth Degree, it can take almost as long to count up the results of these

black and white encirclements of each other as ~~it did~~ to play the match.)

To enforce, therefore, this first explanation of the ^(sinuosities and recesses) complexities of our
 war, I ^{am obliged to offer} ~~must offer~~ my own outline ^{that I would say that there} on the balance of forces. Because of three
^{are} ~~three separate forces at play, three~~ separate conceptions of what reality might be, and what it ought to seek,

^{If you will, there are three kingdoms, not two.} There are, in effect, three armies. God and his angels work upon humans to

^{them, his} move in ^{Our} their direction. The E.O. and his ^{up} devils look to infiltrate, or,

better, possess many of ^{these} the same humans. ^{But} And then there is, ^{also} the individual

~~I can tell you that most of them~~
man or woman, who ~~strives feverishly~~ to be beholden neither to God nor to

~~the E.O.~~ ^{They are always seeking} but rather attempts ^{to become their} to be free, to be the creature of his or her own
destiny, ^{to} belonging to no external force. ^{but their own desire to be what they wish to be.} In the event, we devils try to guide

~~the~~ ^{we have attracted} men and women (we call them clients), the Cudgels contest us, and ~~any~~ ^{the}

particular ^{individual} man or woman usually does his or her best to fight Us off, both of

~~Us.~~ ^{Cool and Devil like} Usually, ^{Humans have become} they are unsuccessful.
^{vain (through technology, I suspect, that they used}
^{wish to be independent of both of us.}

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the subtle perversity
~~embedded in the~~ ^{My Overview is, however,} of the condition of existence itself. It is naught but a poor excuse for ~~an~~
~~the true complexity that sets within people and affects events.~~

~~Overview.~~ My hope—given the curious but forthright temper that has ~~has~~
^(with such force) overtaken me—is that I will be able to ^{capture the real and inner} recount the years before us ^{in the} life

of Adolf Hitler. Let me be ready, then, to explain not only my strengths and, ^{yes,}

^{I promise you: No} ~~since no~~ my talents for this task, but also my weaknesses, ^{(devil is without a}

profile! ~~And~~ ^{Some} of us, indeed, are as complex as men and women, and,

on occasion, as disappointing. We have many powers of which the first is

our ability to enter the human mind, but on ^{all too} many occasions these powers ^{become} are

seriously misplaced.

2.

It is safe to say that I know a good deal. I can, as I have just remarked, enter into many a mind; I can recover, if necessary, the concealed, even the long-buried memories of the particular client to whom I am assigned. While this consumes much Time (which for us ^{word I capitalize since it is} is a resource comparable ^(manner by) ~~almost exactly~~ ^{used} to the way (money serves as the basic matrix for humans), I am, if necessary, able to inhabit people's dreams. My power of insight when brought to focus upon a single person is close to complete, whereas the average human has, at best, a memory that manages to function ^{only} ~~restricted~~ in one or another impaired state. My sense of recollection, ^{however, of those} ~~moreover~~, is free of the usual (distortions that serve the human ego, since I exist within ^{existing} ~~an~~ ^{absolute} set of strategic commands. ^{There is no need for me} No need therefore to develop a

the sort of forceful ego that must be ready—sometimes at all costs—to transgress divine or social laws. ~~(the sort of forceful ego that must be ready to transgress divine or social laws)~~
 (forceful ego) That is reserved for those humans who are determined to work up their own major endeavors, from which derives the tyranny of their memory. Such memory can afford to retain only what is of the most direct use to them no matter how misremembered or damnably untrue.

In contrast to such men and women, I have a simple life. For the most part, I look to obtain success for my clients. In our Company, that produces reliable results. ~~for oneself.~~ Sooner or later, ~~one is~~ promoted. Over many periods, I have had clients whom I was able to develop sufficiently to be of use in one or another of The Maestro's larger projects. The majority of humans, however, caught in the push-and-pull between their guardian angel and myself, end by producing little that is salient for us. ~~Indeed, in a few~~ ~~handy, I can recall a few~~ unhappy situations, my attempted conversions were lost altogether. The guardian angel who was my opposite number gathered in such spoils.

At one period, not so long ago, as a result of several successive ~~defeats,~~ ~~my position~~ suffered. For a time, thereafter, I was assigned clients of petty origin or ~~modest~~ modest achievements. I oversaw, for instance, waitresses of a carnal disposition who broke up dull marriages and thereby ruined the amorous head of a half-happy household. ~~(Alois does come to~~

So determined is the person to carry off a major endeavor. The demands of such vanity in union with a passion for independence is responsible for the warp of their memory which can

mind.) I encouraged common soldiers to ^{injure} hurt the morale ⁱⁿ of their company
 by desertion. I served workers and peasants who looked to stir up
 revolutions, but turned corrupt. I knew a few priests in small towns who got
 into trouble with little boys, or mayors who pilfered funds. I served petty
 barons and counts as they gambled away the last of old holdings, and I ^{might as}
^{well certainly} could list petty suicides, petty thieves, drunken louts, unfaithful wives,
^{weakest sort of the} of the their male counterparts and other
 flotsam and typical jetsam. I had indeed a horde of clients, but only a few
^{a new on} could offer an interesting problem ^{for} to my skills. ^{developed instincts} I had all too many now
^{and forgotten} nameless men and women who were born out of little and proceeded to less.
 It could have been cause for despair. I admit that only large projects
 appealed to me even as any recognition from a social summit gives real life
 to a snob. While I could ^{rarely whether} never know if The Maestro was using me for ^{some} too
^{serious} ~~good~~ ^{purpose or merely working} little, or ^{take} waiting for me to enlarge my experience, I did, on occasion, ^{hear}
^{hope that he} from him. He had not lost his eye concerning me, ^{he even} and remarked once that I
 might seek high rank again and ^{a post} could yet be assigned to a venture
^{source of} comparable to the epic encounters of the Company during the first three
 centuries of the Church in Rome. All that might be there for me once more,
^{provided I would} if I would keep the faith — that is, pay unremitting attention to my present

wretches, thugs, and drunks. I learned then that the E.O. had selected me to oversee the work of other agents concerning a young client whose potentialities might ^{conceivably} be immense. Insignificant at present was this person ^{so was} and his family, but there were ancestral fault-lines that happened to be full of the intoxicating stink of our old friend, blood-scandal. The boy in question, now a ^{poor} young man ^{in Vienna}, was stricken with timidity, had quit school too early, was an avaricious reader who remained hopelessly superior to what he read (particularly when he could not understand it) ^{and}, was, in addition, lazy, prone to temper tantrums, and possessed of an ego comparable to the size of a swollen limb. All the same, he was desperately afraid of virtually all meetings with other humans. Yes, this boy was an absolute ^{mess} and unmitigated mess.

I did not dare to ask, but of course I could not hide my ^{curiosity} reactions from the E.O. any more than any of my agents could conceal their active ^{reactions} thoughts from me. At this point, the E.O. actually ^{chose to speak directly} spoke to my thoughts with his ^{if you are curious} thoughts, couching them in his characteristic irony: He said: "Why this ^{why I am interested in this} boy? Can it be that he possesses the largest ambition one could possibly encounter in a young man who is not already insane? I may propose that

you take him on. But, remain at ease! It is still no more than a project. It could certainly fail. He will need endless instruction. His terrors must be bolstered with the most confident experiences you can arrange for him. And you must guard him from ^{any more} early and crushing defeats to his ego. In time, if he develops the greater part of his potential promise, he could become your only client. Must I say more? We are looking at a project worthy of a major effort."

I will say all this was uttered in a voice he chose to underline with this characteristic irony, ~~he did not dare to ask: What if I fail? Many of our projects do.~~

Particularly the major ones. They are such outrageous gambles. Our Source may be, is not unlike God in that regard. ~~there are so many blind alleys in evolution, after all.~~ ^{one more potentiality among many}

I was depressed. The new project was at present a backwater, and ~~potentiality. I knew about such clients, warped~~ ^{and waiting for times that could prove} ~~would certainly need good fortune which is to say, times that could prove~~ ^{historically favorable to us.} ~~There was no sign of the felicitous conditions~~ ^{needed for a venture so much in need of accelerating magnifications of} ~~the nature of the~~ ^{incomparably special circumstances} ~~possibility.~~ (The First World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany had not yet occurred.) My role, as I saw it, would seat me as jockey on a horse running against unbelievably long odds. I could foresee further demotions for myself.

^{spoke aloud,} ~~the consummate irony in the tones of his voice took away any certainty that he was committed altogether to what he said.~~ Sometimes I felt that could come from his ~~XXX~~

Since he usually ordered us a boat with us more than in information which was all we needed to react in most of the way when that day can rise from his sleep and slip in himself at his was few suggestions. I know he knew how serious he was when he spoke.

and waiting for times that could prove ~~own uncertainty~~ ~~but this was too perilous for a nation for us to respect.~~ ~~In any case I did not do~~

~~XXX~~

~~XXX~~

~~as much~~ ^{now}
 All this is not of ~~consuming~~ interest ~~any longer~~. We know, after all,
 what happened to the horse. And I who rode the boy (with occasional help
 from the Master) and rode him all the way up to glory (and down again—
 which is half the matter, the other half being why I now propose to tell the
 tale) can at least explain how the short novel I contemplated writing about
 the SS officer and the Jewish doctor lost my interest about the time I
 recognized that it was ^{altogether} too small. I knew too much, I could not content
 myself with that. If I seemed ready ^(at last) to break the first of the rules of our
~~exquisite~~ ^{exquisite} ~~society~~ ^{powerful and autocratic} ~~then~~ ^{fold, it was} it was certainly incumbent upon me to explore further ^{and even}
~~further~~ ^{again} into what I ^{knew} of Alois and Klara now that Adolf ^{I have told how} has been
~~was~~ ^{could} conceived on that night when I ^{being} did speak of myself as present, there as a
~~demon~~ ^{demon} to represent
 Black Gabriel ~~for~~ the Evil One.

In truth, I was not ~~literally~~ ^{literally} in that bed of unfettered carnality, no,
~~certainly~~ ^{literally} not on that occasion, nor did I have to be. Yet, in stating that I was
~~present~~ ^{present} describing a
~~there~~ ^{there} I was also telling the truth.
 The explanation, ^{provided} if one is ready to follow, ^{is} is considerably less difficult
^{let us say, over is}
 than Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. Spirits live in a relation to
 Time that is not comparable to human perception of that mysterious word.

compatible)
 Ingesting the experiences of other demons, we are able to vault back and
 forth through periods of Time that can only be recognized by humans
 through ^{we pass} ~~more~~ ⁱⁿ linear fashion. So, I did not have to be present on the night
 that Adolf was conceived ^(That was not necessary for me in order for me) in order to have the exact experience of it.

Another devil (of lower rank) had been consigned to Alois' bed ^{for the occasion,} that night.

By order of the E.O., he (or it, if you prefer) had entered the act. I must say
 that this is always an option for any of ^{our} ~~the~~ E.O.'s cohort. We can enter ^{into} any
 and all cohabitation. So can the angels. Since the resources of God and the

Devil are not—believe it if you will!—infinite, ^{such} the insertion must be ^{purposeful, not} ~~not~~
 merely ~~just~~ ^{desirable or entertaining,} ~~only desired~~ (but purposeful. ~~It was on this historic night, this irrevocable~~
~~The devil who had actually been~~ ^{transmitted} ~~that night~~ ^{that night} ~~transmitted the experience~~
~~over~~ ^{advised} to me with a completeness of detail and carnal feeling that can be
 called absolute. ^{It is fair to} ~~You could say that it then happened to me.~~ ^{indeed it}

~~That is because for~~ ^{Among} ~~For all practical purposes, then, I had been there~~ ^{to be given} ~~(To have an exact~~
~~recollection~~ ^{irrevocable} ~~experience~~ is equal to being present.) So, I also knew from the intensity of
~~the occasion that the E.O. had joined with his angel for one instant (even as~~
^{also been there, had}
 Jehovah had been with Gabriel during another exceptional event.

~~was not going to~~
 While I ~~would not~~ be formally attached to Adolf Hitler for many years,
 the E.O. had placed him ~~nonetheless~~ in my ~~share of the~~ Overview, ~~the~~ *That is*
~~equal to saying that the~~
 devils who worked with little Adolf were there to pass their experiences on
 to me. Over a period of time, his life and small deeds as a boy were ~~sent~~ *conveyed* to
 me. Then, as the hour approached when I would look to take possession of
 him, so did my concentration upon the sense-offerings of the minor devils in
 my command take on more prominence until I was as steeped in the life of
 the boy and young man as if I had been alone with him over all the years of
 his childhood and adolescence. For that reason, it is available to me to write
 about his life with an insight no biographer could attempt ~~without being~~
~~barred from his profession.~~
~~It is in part, this profound desire to share what I have learned that may~~ *It is a most mysterious desire to share*
~~now impel this incontestable readiness to betray the E.O.~~ *must be impelling my* *Indeedy*
 begun to understand why I must be doing it. Profound experience that is
 communicated to no one will scourge the soul. I, who have lived so long
 with the firm belief that I am no more and no less than a spirit, now have to
 face a ~~serious~~ *serious* disruption. Somewhere within, I sense the remnants of a *long-gone*
~~soul, a virtual model of the truncated ends, let us say, of nerves long lost to~~ *soul in myself* *still attached*

an amputated limb—^{which all but} ~~which~~ nerves insist ~~nonetheless~~ on promising the body that ^{this} ~~the~~ limb can grow again.

^{Such} ~~A~~ ^{may be} recognition of this dimension is too ^{much offer} sizable to come at so early a moment in our biographical endeavor. It will take all of a book I may never

be able to finish to absorb the meaning of this last insight. So, I seek to quiet the disturbance that ^{those} ~~my~~ thoughts arouses in me by returning again to the present, to these years now ^{while I live} ~~of living~~ in an America I can ^{hardly} ~~hardly~~

comprehend. If I am a presence who consists of no more at this instant than ^{all but retired} ~~the~~ ^{spirit of} ~~who is~~ a devil without a serious assignment, I ^{also} ~~sense~~ that I ^{feel obliged to} ~~must~~ (may it be the—
^{keep returning} ~~saving imperative~~) return to the premise ^{with which I began} ~~that an~~

account of the life of my former client ^{yes, that is} ~~will establish~~, at least, a rough ^{yes, Adolf Hitler} ~~representation~~ of that terrain ^{through} ~~in~~ which I search for the remaining oddments of my soul.

long-lost terrain where I can
hope to search for the
remaining oddments of my soul.

3.

In setting down these explanations, I will say that ^{have to} it is one of our ongoing missions ^{is} to convince the majority ^(of men and women) of the new technological world that there is no such entity as the Devil and ^(for that matter, probably no existence) this is crucial—~~nothing near~~ ^{for God, certainly nothing remotely like a war between two} to two divine and opposed spirit orders. By the purview of the New

Technological World—NTW—the universe is subject to reason, nothing else.

God, alone, as a solitary mystery, may be acceptable ^{here and there, and} in some quarters, but ^{is even subject to adoration by life-time idiots who see Him as all good, all powerful, all One. Forget the Maestro,} not the Evil One. One mystery, not ~~two~~ ^{two!} (Indeed, at the insistence of the ^{there can be only one} E.O. we do not capitalize our endeavors, only ^(His.) ~~theirs.~~)

There need be no surprise, then, that the general understanding of Adolf Hitler's personality is dim. He is, after all, a third mystery, the most mysterious human of the century, a man, when all is said, who was all-too-

human, if, it will be agreed, the average man or woman does possess large funds of the inhumane. Nonetheless, over the years, I grew able to comprehend his psyche better than my own. How can I not take pride in this? As a specimen of the human, he was close to unmeasurable, and developed without question into the wild beast of the century, this ^{call-too-mo-dest-fo-ding} client whom in the beginning I belittled ~~for much too long~~ as "little Adolf," yes, I knew him when we still referred to the young man who grew out of the boy as "little Adolf with the big ideas."

I can state that as a newborn he was a most typical Klara Poelzl Hitler product. He was ~~most~~ ^{he} unhealthy, and terrified Klara with every time a ^{drop of} ~~snot oozed out of his nose or a~~ bubble of sputum popped from his infant lips.

It is probably true that she was ready to die if he did not live. Devils are sound at anticipating motive ^{the} (the more sordid, the better—Anality Rex!) ^{to fade} but our predictive attempts ^{weaken} at the borders of mortality. Man proposes, the Devil imposes, and the Lord disposes, is not accurate for all cases, but we are obliged to recognize that God ^{has the final power to} ~~does~~ decide on the timing of the death of every human. To take an extreme example—an airplane, let us say, which we have brought into malfunction (a most difficult process!) ^{to}

will ~~when it crashes~~ ^{when it crashes} not kill everyone unless Our Adversary so determines. Usually, in such cases, He will accept what we have succeeded in doing because it is too costly to countermand us—do not assume that it takes nothing exceptional for God to save a human on the lip of extinction, indeed, He could not even save His Son, (as we are never tired of reminding our clients!) but there are occasions when a death we looked to create did not ensue. From time to time, God still disposes. ~~Of course, He and His~~ ^{to repeat,} Angels, like The Maestro and his devils, ~~also~~ ^{do} look upon Time as equal to ~~Money.~~

Be it understood, then, that the question comes ^{right} down to expenditures. We are fighting a war ~~with each other.~~ Needless to say, all wars are determined ultimately by the cost to each side. Even as we are not all-powerful as devils, because He is our Adversary, so is He not all-powerful because of the cost of warring with us. To keep this understanding alive, ~~that He is not All-Powerful~~ ^{the E.O. insists} the E.O. insists that we never speak of the Lord as God, but only as the D.K.

(What D.K. means, I would prefer ^{explain later.} not to translate immediately.)

~~For example, if I say, Rather,~~ ^{allow me} This ~~explanation~~ ^{her} given of my presence in these matters, let me take ~~up Klara and the condition of her state~~ ^{to take} that she is ~~now~~ again a mother.

The attention she gave to the early days of her fourth child would have been seen as hysteria in any woman who had less cause for concern, but Klara, of course, was living at the edge of an abyss. She had had nine months and ten days to contemplate earlier years with Alois, all the way in memory from recollections of their first illicit ^{joining} bed to the rancid smell of the sickroom as Otto, Gustav, and Ida were lost one by one in the same few months of the same year. She had prayed devoutly to God to save them. He had chosen to ignore her. As she saw it, that rebuke could only confirm the ^{wretched} (evil of her condition. In such cases, the victim, naturally obsessed, does go back to the beginning, ^{which} in her case ^{was} it to try to comprehend her ^{feelings} reaction on the day Alois came to visit in Spital. She was sixteen then and had never seen a man who disturbed her as much—she took a full step backward on their meeting at the door. She might as well have received a blow ^{right} (at the ^{to the stomach} sight of him. Yet she also admired Alois, ^{and} immensely, and at once. Her mother had an expresison on her face Klara had not seen before. For one instant, there in full pride and longing, Johanna had seemed beautiful. On the next moment, Klara shared the same feeling, a closeness to her mother that was more than their everyday animal sense of sharing the same bed-rags

of existence, no, it was as if she inhabited her mother's heart for the blink of an eye, and then took in the full force of the pang that followed. In truth, Klara had had a ~~devil's~~ ^{from us,} visitation. The only joy we ~~demons~~ ^{devils} can know

occurs in the instant we invest our spirit in the man or woman who is to be our client. Johanna was not much of a devil (only for a day could one say

that she had been more or less invested) but it was enough for Klara to ^{inhabit} share her mother's desire, ^{at this moment when Alois came to the door} ~~on~~

We need not, however, ^{journey} travel again along the back and forth of Klara's passion for Alois, nor repeat our understanding of her piety. By the time Adolf was born, she would wash her mouth every morning with laundry soap, a natural act given her mate's predilection for putting her head into his groin and keeping it right there, one big hand on her neck.

No surprise then if her love was for the baby. So soon as Adolf gave, in the midst of all his early illness, some real signs of living—after two weeks he could smile with delight at the approach of her face—she began to believe that God might be kind to her this time, that He could even be ready to forgive ^{be ready to} ~~if she would be perfect~~ ^{Wes}. Would He ^{spare this child,} (His Wrath assuaged? Perhaps He had even given her an angel—such was the nature of

secret hope! An angel, however, required that she have nothing to do with her husband. Not in bed!

Alois soon had to face the possibility that a will of iron, when properly forged by prayer, is more powerful in a woman than in a man. He could not at first believe that her refusal to let him touch her was neither a whim nor a new species of drawn-out enticement. "You women go back and forth like a dog chasing its tail," he told her in exasperation. Then, deciding it was a revolution to be crushed, he seized her buttocks with one hand and a breast with the other.

She bit him on the wrist, did it hard enough to draw blood. Whereupon he cuffed her, leaving Klara with a bruised eye he was obliged to beg her to conceal. (What a nasty scandal if she decided to go out and face all those women of Braunau who lived by ^{*The View from*} ~~(their windows!)~~ So she could not go out. For a week, his hand bandaged, he did the shopping early in the morning and after work—no tavern ale for those nights. After that, her discoloration no longer visible, he gave up what he considered to be his irrevocable rights and continued to sleep in a lump on his side of the bed.

Since this state was to be maintained for close to three years, it will certainly be worth returning to Alois and the solutions he found to lift a few ^{these} of the privations ^{during} of matrimonial siege. But, for now, we stay close to Klara. An intensity of emotion is always attractive to ^{us,} ~~a hard-working devil~~, even as farmers dream of black soil for future crops.

It need hardly be underlined that the death of the Little Trio, Otto, Gustav and Ida proved useful to us even if we did not effect it. Obviously, it intensified Klara's love for Adolf past any usual measure of large maternal love. When he began to cry out as she kissed him, she even came to understand that it was the odor of lye on her mouth. Since Alois was now driven to his side of the bed, she no longer had to wash her mouth in the morning. Therefore, she could kiss Adolf to her full content even as he gurgled all obligingly.

To the degree that the E.O. had us paying attention to this birth, we were pleased. Excessive mother-love could be as productive for the sort of garden we were looking to cultivate as ~~even~~ the whole absence of mother-love, ~~or a cruel distortion of it.~~ We were keyed to look for excess of every kind, good or bad, loving or hateful, in the experiences of our clients. ^{Every}

distortion ^{could} (every warping) of honest sentiment, even ^{an} ~~the~~ over-intensification of good sentiment, ^{our aim,} contributed to the mix we desired.

If the E.O. and the D.K. are generally obliged to ignore the majority of men and women (either for their inborn limitations or because of the stalemate our ^{mutual if} warring interest in them usually ^{establishes,} creates, it becomes ~~then~~ extraordinarily important to us ^{when we do} that we select figures in childhood. For then, ^{in the period} a large investment is possible before the Lord (whom, to remind you, we will call the D.K.) or His ~~Angels~~ ^(the) Cudgels become aware of our infiltration. That, as has been indicated, is always a gamble. The E.O. chose Adolf early, by the ^{and} ^{most} ^{rule-of-thumb} reliable steadfast rule that an incestuous procreation followed by swarms of mother-love is ^{most} certainly a favorable beginning. Here, however, there is, as we know, ~~even more.~~ ^{more} The event was

^{powerfully} fortified by the presence of the E.O. at the conception, a rare, — ^{I will dare to call it a} ~~even~~ transcendental occasion. There was then every reason to expect that the child would prove extraordinary. If it lived. We lose so many, ^(All too often, the) ~~the~~ D.K. spots them and ~~removes them~~ ^{the D.K. removes them,} no matter the cost to themselves. Nonetheless, when mother-love is ~~not only~~ all-embracing but an all-preserving force, it can come as no surprise that ~~so many~~ ^{live to maturity and} artists, gargoyles, ogres, geniuses, killers, and an occasional savior come forth as the final

A curious calculation is always at work in the D.K. is not insignificant to the hopes of those who surround the child. Early death is a possibility. Even when the D.K. knows that a given child is not likely to live, it does not like collateral damage.



God does not dispose of them.
 product. The first element of mutual recognition in the struggle between the

D.K. and the E.O. is probably the understanding that no single splendid human quality can ever prevail by itself, unaltered by us or Them. Even the noblest, most self-sacrificing and generous mother can produce a monster if we get there first. We are always on the alert for candidates who are loved outrageously in early childhood. *All the same, as I have*

learned this is not a game where any final score is easy to count.

By the time he was a year old, Klara called the boy Adi, never Adolf or Dolfi. (Dolfi was much too close to Teufel for comfort.) "Look," she would say to her stepchildren, "look, Alois, look, Angela, isn't he an angel, a little god?" Since the baby had a round face, big round eyes as blue as hers, and a small mouth, and therefore looked to them like any other baby, they nodded with easy obedience. She was a good stepmother and that was all right with Alois, Jr. and also with Angela since they had heard from Alois, Sr. that their own mother *(Fanni's had been)* was crazy.

open enthusiasm
 Klara did not wish to speak with such ~~exaggeration~~ to her

stepchildren about their new half-brother, but she could not help herself.

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

Judith - sorry to bother you but we need a new clock (it) right now.

She was certain she would keep him alive. Breast-feeding gave her the incontestable virtuous sense that she was putting her own strength into him. Her nipple was never far from his mouth. Minor devils, out at night in that region would report that her prayers were more heartfelt than any one of the near-thousand mothers of Braunau they passed in the dark. Devils, obviously, have minimal attachment to the sentimental, let alone the heartfelt, but one or two were bothered by ^{slaves} her, yes, even haunted a bit. Her prayer was so pure: "Oh, Lord, take my life if it will help to save his."

Other women, being more practical, complained to the D.K. about what was missing in their lives. The most greedy and stupid were always looking to grab ~~and gorge~~ ^a better house, more money, even a lover, "yes, if you permit it, Lord."—there was ^{rarely a sweet} ~~no comfort~~ (for which they did not lust. ^{slaves} ~~she~~ ^{by contrast,} ~~only~~ looked to give comfort to the child, and there was her breast, count on it, always in his mouth.

While the E.O. was in general not sympathetic to breast-feeding since its absence stimulated an essential if ugly energy in our future clients, his attitude was ready to reverse itself in cases of first-degree incest. For such situations, the closer the mother to the child, why, the better for us.

The same was true of excretory dramas. A dirty butt on a baby, if found daily, made the mother a potential client for us. No chance of that with Klara. If she had always kept a clean house, her rooms at the Pommar Inn were now as spotless as any rich merchant's home. The furnishings gleamed. So, too, did Adi's pip-squeak of an anus. It was kept as immaculate as a small glistening pebble, and of that, too, did the E.O. approve—an incestuary must always be ^{kept} aware of the importance of his or her own excrement, a Diktat that was never quite explained to us although it did offer ^{its} a hint of explanation ~~merely~~ by being stated. Our basic instruction was that every rule, no matter how generally effective, was there to be reversed in special cases. Sometimes I would even think that the E.O. judged our potentiality to improve by our sensitivity to just this nuance—always be ready for the special case, *even if it is no more than a little asshole being kept impossibly clean that keeps being polished.*

A. 5.

Not long after Adolf was born, Alois decided to leave the Pommer Inn. This move added up to his twelfth change of address in Braunau over fourteen years. But, Alois had good words for the Pommer: "It has elegance. I don't know that I would use such a word for anything else in this little city."⁴ He had a dozen such remarks to enliven a hundred situations of small talk. Two he used not infrequently were: "Women are like geese—you can recognize them from behind." Or, when speaking to fellow professionals: "To pick out a smuggler is easy. They are too good to be true. They dress too well, they speak too well, and they work too hard at looking you in the eye."

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Pommer Inn after residing there for four years, he would shrug. "I like to move," he would say. The truth was that he had used up the few waitresses, chambermaids and cooks at the Pommer who were not too old or too ugly, and he could have added (and did to one or two friends), "when a woman goes dry on you, change your house. That can put a little oil in their juices." He could even have given the real reason—no matter where he lived, a restlessness came upon him sooner or later that was intolerable.

On the day, however, that the Hitler family left the Pommer Inn, he had a most uncharacteristic thought. It was that the forces of the universe might yet choose him for high position. I will remark that his idea of ^{suck} ~~this~~ high position ^{was all he} ~~was~~ promotion to Chief Customs Official in the provincial capital of Linz; indeed he was to be given that post before he retired. Never superstitious (except when he was) Alois decided that this last position came in good part because of the move from the Pommer Inn to a rented house on Linzerstrasse. He and Klara both agreed that they needed more room, and now they had it. Of course, there were no females in the attic, but he could manage with that. He had nosed out a woman who lived

on his route home from the tavern. He had to pay for the privilege by giving her a gift time to time, but then the rent on Linzerstrasse was low. It was a dreary house.

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for ^{she commanded his skin to} his skin would crawl, his crotch would ^{to} itch, and his heart ^{to} toll in his chest ^{all of this from no more} as he would take in the ^{than taking in the} presence of Klara ~~lying in silence~~ on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of how she had looked on the night of her wedding. She had worn a dark rose silk dress with a white collar—that much white she allowed herself as a bride—and on her white forehead ~~which he considered~~ ~~well-shaped~~ she had teased some charming curls. At her breast was pinned the one piece of jewelry she owned, a small green cluster of glass grapes ^{that looked} looking ^{almost} real enough to mislead a man ^{into reaching} enough to reach for one. And then there were her eyes—no mistake! He had to fight against falling in love with a woman who kept the cleanest house in Braunau just for him and for three kids, a woman always as polite to him in public as to an emperor, a woman who never complained about what she had and didn't have and

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

Drinking at the tavern, he would look to regain his pride. His dislike of the Church had by now become a ^{forceful} conversational instrument. He expressed a superior scorn. Yes, he could say he knew a few things. He would occasionally page through a section of an anti-clerical volume he had found in an antique bookshop in Braunau, indeed, the store owner, Hans Lycidias Leipziger, would meet him on many an evening for beer, and while the bookseller kept himself at a scholarly level above the Customs Officers' discussions by offering no more than a nod of his head from time to time, his wise presence, his shaven chin and upper lip, his full sideburns, his peephole spectacles, his half-bald head of burgeoning white hair, offered a slight but legitimizing resemblance to Arthur [CK sp] Schopenhauer ^{CK (look up on the Internet - Arthur or Arthur)} whose ~~portrait was occasionally printed in the Braunau Zeitung~~, and so gave

support to Leipziger's smallest assent, just enough to bring the other Customs Officers around the more bruising turns of Alois' argument. While they were hardly to be counted as church-goers, "No good man wants to be neutered," most were ready to say, they were still officials, and could hardly feel at ease when a prestigious institution was mocked, let alone the Holy Roman Church.

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

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

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

The others laughed uneasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to powder. "In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores, they were more respectable than the nuns. They even had a Guild for themselves alone! I have read about a convent in Franconia so stinking bad the Pope

had to investigate. Why? Because the Whores' Guild complained about the competition *with the nuns.*"

"Come now," said two drinkers at once.

"True. It is true. Absolutely true. Hans Leipziger here can show you the text." Leipziger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois, "the Pope says, 'Send a monsignor to look into it.' What does he report? Yah? Half the nuns are pregnant. This is the sober fact history must live with. So, the Pope takes a real look at the monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force that he had time to take a large draft of his tankard.

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

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

"In that case, I tip my hat to him," said Alois, "if he is your brother, he is different. But that was then. And I assure you: The priests who were

real men did worse. You ever hear this saying of the Pope? From the same Pope. He said, 'No priest needs to marry so long as the peasant has a wife.'"

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

"Which Bishop?"

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

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

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

Now, however, his stomach was ~~most~~^{But} unsettled. From a respected friend in the Finance Watch, he had been told that in Vienna there was talk of a promotion for Alois Hitler up to Chief Customs Officer at Passau. Given his lack of respectable education, that would be a true rise in rank. "However, you must watch yourself, Alois," the friend had said. "This is still a year away. You must keep a good name *if you are to be moved to Passau,*

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

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

That was one pang to travel right to the hilt. Because Alois could not decide whether to trust this friend. He was a practical joker. In fact, he was the same one who had told him years ago: "The townspeople are nothing. You can put your thumb to your nose at them." Alois had indeed put together a good many habits around this remark, but the truth now was that

tonight he had said too much, absolutely, what with this ^{new and exciting} ~~(rumor of being~~
^{concerning} ~~moved~~ to Passau. Now, he was learning how much ambition he had, an
ambition that he had never admitted to himself. He couldn't. It would have
been like a river breaking through a levee. But now he could recognize it.
If he wanted to stay afloat, he had to stop pissing on the Church.

Yes, in this sense, his wife, a cold tit to him and a jug of warm milk to
the baby—what a guzzler! never off of the tit, ^{but} ~~But~~, to get by all that!—she
was a useful wife. Good for the children, good cook, very good with the
Church.

Now, he, personally, was not going to be caught at a High Mass
except for State occasions, holidays. He did not wish to live with a new
itching attack, no, he did not see the confessional box for himself. His skin
prickled. A serious official of the Crown having to bare his soul (and some
of the private stuff below the belt!), no, not to one more priest. Let them
find food somewhere else for tonight's masturbation. Never!

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

S. G.

Within the Company, we look upon ambition as a force ^{that is often} ~~usually~~ at our disposal. ~~At least, usually so.~~ While we ~~are obliged to~~ ^{are} accept the ~~not happy~~ likelihood that human emotions ~~only~~ ^{are} originated ~~in men and women~~ through God's choice, even as He gave necessary instincts to the animals, ^{so fill} nonetheless, we look upon ~~all~~ ^{these} human feelings as ^{more} ~~available to us for~~ adaptation ^{able} to our purposes. ~~Of no~~ ^{these} ~~intense states~~ is this more true than ~~ambition, and its corollary, avarice.~~ ^{and its} ~~(You may be certain that it was the~~ ^{ambition, and its weak sister, avarice.)} ~~who developed the concept of money.)~~ Yet we do not consider ^{avarice} avarice to be quite the same as greed. Rather, ^{live like} we look upon it as the vehicle of greed, just as ambition, ^{a greedy source, (close to the heart itself)} taken in the same light, can be described as the ^{engine} vehicle of Vision. That is why God, in the beginning, while interested in

putting serious restraints upon ^{human} behavior, did encourage ambition. ~~I cannot~~
 speak with certainty on this point, but I would ^{suppose} suggest that the D.K. ~~not only~~
 had His Vision of what humankind should become, but He also desired that
^(have the potential on their own) each man and woman be ready to fulfill ^{some} an arduous part of that Vision ^{of}
^{what} ~~the~~ ^{humanity} ~~could become~~ ^{and as the S.O.}
^{was often} ~~I must assume~~ that God's demands proved too arduous. ^{Be certain}
^(difficulty was created by the Creator, Himself) that the E.O. knew enough to appropriate his portion of the new human,
~~structure.~~ I speak with authority on this matter for good reason: Both sides
 of the equation make sense. In order that ^{this} the Vision be effective, God had
 to grant great power to ^{the} human ambition, human will to succeed. In doing
 so, He left ^{for us} the E.O. room ^{hardly} to capture a rich field of clients. It may be
 sacrilege to some, but I would ^{propose} even argue that God miscalculated, and
~~seriously so.~~ Ambition is not only the most powerful of the emotions but
 the most unstable. ^{so} Assuredly, it is susceptible to distortion and can hardly
 bear defeat. Almost always defeat ^{brings forth} creates a putative client for us, ^{there are} that is,
^{so many} someone who hates God for not giving him a fair share of good luck, or so
^{they see it.} ^{an unfair run} ^{bad} ^{is then exactly} ^{look for}
 Personal ambition, therefore, is what we seek to capture in our
 likeliest candidates. The D.K. ~~who~~, I must emphasize, was always a
 prodigious optimist, ^{to} had not foreseen that the only men and women to

~~try to remain dependable~~
~~who could be able to~~ by
 promulgate the Vision through the intensity of their ambition would have to
 be saints. Of course, few humans developed ~~into saints~~. To be blunt, ~~this~~
~~likely~~ the D.K. made some serious miscalculations, ~~on~~ the potential for good ~~feeling~~
 in human nature. ~~whereas our~~ ~~all you~~ The E.O. had a better comprehension of men and women.
~~He knew how perverse they are!~~
 particularly the ~~perverse~~ dynamics of growth and change. ~~He is perverse~~
~~that is not~~
 As was the case with Alois, ambition is often the most secret of the
 emotions. Once loosed, ~~it is ready to tear to shreds~~ long-guarded vanities
~~the honor of a man's~~
 about one's own purity, honor, and pride. It is then that ambition reveals its
 basic pride in itself as a blind force.
~~real integument~~ ~~the blind force of the frustrated heart.~~

Let it come as ~~no~~ surprise then that Alois was not the only one in the ~~Hitler~~
 family to suffer this disruption. ~~(Ambition, being a true germ, is it)~~

If Klara now had a child who was actually giving a few vital signs of
 staying alive, this was due, she believed, to her milk. Her breasts were
 suffused with the most generous joy she had ever known. So, Klara now
 wanted everything for Adi. And to such a degree, indeed, that she was
 even ready to contemplate forgiveness for her husband, a bit of forgiveness
 in any case—enough maybe to allow him to cross the middle of the bed.

So, ~~their~~ second courtship began. It was not at all like the night when Gustav was conceived. Here, she was still breast-feeding Adolf, ~~and so~~, there was no question of a pregnancy. ~~That would have to wait.~~ What inspired ~~the return of such interest~~ ^{was her growing appreciation of the} ~~her~~ ^{interest}, is that she could recognize how Alois had built the ~~strongest~~ ^{strong foundations Alois had built} ~~of~~ ^{her husband} foundations for the future of Adolf. Even as Alois had risen from the mud of Strones and Spital to the high honor of a uniform in the service of ~~the~~ ^{she, in turn, might} ~~Emperor~~ Franz Josef, one could now ~~(begin to measure the heights to which~~ ^{should} Adolf might ascend if ~~his~~ ^{his} ability to go beyond his origins ~~was~~ ^{prove} equal to the vigor of the father.

For that, however, he would need a father who could love him. Once, in her gentlest voice, she had said to Alois, "Sometimes I ~~must~~ wonder why you never hold Adi."

"It will just make the other two jealous," he answered, ~~referring to~~ Alois, Jr., and Angela. "Jealous kids are not to be trusted with babies." ~~"You boys are fine."~~ ^{Alois and Angela} ~~"They are not jealous. They~~ ^{like him."} ~~like him."~~

"Let us keep it that way."

~~"No, Alois,"~~ ^{she dared to say,} "sometimes I am afraid he is not very important to you,"

71 ~~As she had gone one step too far~~
~~she had gone~~ ^{where} one step beyond the last step she had thought to take. ^{go.}

Bad enough for him that he had only half a bed, ^{but} and now she was looking to nag him. "Important to me?" he said. "That I can answer. He is not ~~so~~ ^{Not yet.} important to me. ^(I want to see if he will live.)"

She did not weep often, ^{but} ^{and she} this time she burst into tears. The worst had happened, ~~she~~ ^{she} felt weak before him again. She was not free of loving him.

At that moment, the dog began to bark. Alois had bought a hound at a low price from a farmer he knew. Since they were living in a house, rather than ^{at} an inn, the purchase could be considered ~~an added~~ ^{added} protection worth the cost. But the dog, whom he named Luther, proved disappointing. While Luther worshipped Alois and quivered before his master at every shift of tone, he did not seem otherwise alert. Moreover, he had nervous habits. Even as Alois shouted at him to be silent, ^{stop howling} poor Luther ^{would} urinated on the floor.

Afterward, Alois ^{might} would have his regrets. The hound, after all, did adore him. ^{however, he whipped} But first, he began to whip the beast. The dog's bottom became soaked in its own outpourings ^{even} as it tried to crawl away. ^{he was yelping} All the while howling its terror. The uproar woke the children, Alois, Jr., first, then Angela, Adi at

the last, not yet two years old, but agile enough to get out of his low bed and totter into the midst of this. Klara leaped up to seize him. She was ready for the worst, she hardly knew what—that the child would step into the urine, that he would weep for her breast, that Alois might strike them both—she had seen the look in her husband's eye when Adi ^{became} ~~was~~ too greedy on her tit. None of this happened, however. To the contrary, the child ~~stood~~ ~~there and~~ looked with solemn interest at the whimpering dog, then at the flailing hand of the father, and ^{his blue} ~~the child's~~ eyes had a gleam she had seen before, a look of remarkable intensity for one so small. She had seen it on his face when suckling him. He would stare at her with an expression equal to the same look on Alois' face, the rare tender expression of a lover overwhelmed for a moment by the equality of flesh upon flesh, soul to soul, the very communion of being able to speak without a word. At such instants, she felt as if this child was closer to her and knew more about her than anyone in her life.

Now, as Adolf stared at the wet dog and then ^{at} ~~the~~ over-flushed face of the father, there was no tenderness in this look, but much comprehension.

Klara ~~no longer wept, but she~~ felt an odd panic as if she must now startle the little boy into weeping so that she could give him her breast and thereby remove him from the room. Indeed, she succeeded. Adi burst into a rage as she took him up and force-fed him her breast. Indeed, armed with his first tooth, he nipped her enough for Klara to cry out, whereupon he stopped bawling long enough to give a deep and hearty chuckle. They were back together again.

From the room she had just quit, she could hear Alois bellowing at Alois, Jr. and Angela to clean up the puddles.

“That dog can’t even shit right,” he cried out of his own pain at the awful turn the evening had taken. Luther was bleeding at the mouth from blows he had received full-face on his muzzle, but in turn, Alois’ palm had a small but ugly laceration from raking one fierce slap across a broken incisor in the sad beast’s front teeth.

that still does not demand that I must write all the way down to the level of some casual reader's notion of how things are (a devil must ~~write~~ himself)

8. 7.

It will be noted that I write about my people in much the mode of any reasonably good novelist. I am ready by turns to observe them sardonically, objectively, ironically, sympathetically, judgmentally, even

compassionately. This should come as no surprise. I may be a devil, but ~~still demand that I must write like one~~ ^{casual} ~~that does not mean I must write like one~~ ^{From the onset of our service. the}

E.O. has instructed us to make humankind our study. We do the E.O. honor

every time we are ~~told~~ ^{that} we are able to appreciate a man or woman in all

their complexity. I expect this is ^{the} way of indicating that we should feel

as close to what is godly in them as to what is diabolical. (To comprehend those

those facets of humankind which are inimical to us is almost as important as

to develop the power to influence ~~more available~~ potentialities. If we had

ready to encourage us to feel people as well ~~that there for us~~ ^{that can prove} ~~those~~ ^{that are related but more ambiguous}

*

devil
with
E.O.
express
himself

religious Orders in the Company, I would be prepared to say that ~~for the~~
~~(most part)~~ I would serve as a Jesuit. Indeed, I share a fundamental
 understanding with ^{Jesuits)} them, as, for certain, does the E.O. ^{I am always ready} I know that I must
 to acquire a sympathetic comprehension of all which in essence will be our
 final adversary ^{I see it as my duty to} — be ready, indeed, to know more about godly sentiments
 than the angels.

That is why the E.O. encourages us to speak of God as the D.K. (At
 least those of us who work in German-speaking lands.) ^{comp on 223)} D.K. are the initials
 of ~~we use for~~ Dummkopf. It is not that we look upon God as directly stupid
 (not so!). Moreover, we know from experience (and lost battles) that ~~these~~ ^{the}
~~angels, our dear~~ ^{the} Cudgels, can, on occasion, be as bright and incisive as ^{counselors,} ~~we~~
 are. The root of ~~Dummkopf, however,~~ ^{to} comes from the E.O.'s desire to
 wean us from ~~what has been~~ ^{often} our greatest weakness in the past, precisely the
 covert admiration we ~~tend to~~ ^{may be} feel before the Almighty. As the E.O. never
 allows us to forget, God ^{also} is ~~maybe~~ powerful, but He is hardly All Mighty.
 We, after all, are present. If the D.K. is the Creator, we are His most
 profound critics, ~~and often~~ ^{we are} His successful detractors, ~~opponents,~~

So, it was only fair, as the E.O. imparted to us, that we be ready to
 redress the balance of the titles. If the Angels had succeeded in naming our ^{by naming us living}
~~the human multitude to think of our~~
 [Source ~~our Prince of Darkness~~] as the Evil One, (and so successfully that
 we ^{must} are obliged to live ^{constantly} more or less permanently with this insult), then the ^{canard}
~~only recourse for us~~
~~best option left to our Source~~ ~~our Maestro~~ was to take pride in these initials,

~~E.O.~~ Which we do. When I write E.O., or speak of the Evil One, it is with
 full knowledge of the richness of the concept he has given us not only about
 ourselves ^{of} but himself, our subtle master who ^{now} ~~even~~ ^{at} disdains (capitalizing any
^{his presence, those} reference to him, "Leave all that to the God worshippers ^{when they are} on their knees," he

tells us. "We have ^{we need} ~~too much~~ work to do, and it is tricky work. ^{Let us}
~~therefore~~ I recommend that you keep thinking of Him
 protect ourselves by coming to think of Him more and more as the

as The Dummkopf. For ^{indeed} ~~that~~ given what He could be ^{have been, that} is what He is. ~~We are~~ ^{A Dummkopf!}

We are brighter by far. And, of late, we are becoming more creative. Remember:

It is our universe to gain. It is His to lose. Keep calling Him the

Dummkopf. Let him live with D.K. as well as I do with E.O. In full candor,

I tell you: I no longer desire to be called the Source or the Prince. E.O. is a
 perfect match for D.K. Or, if you wish for variety's sake, you may still refer
 to me as The Maestro."

7. 8.

The outpouring of the urine, the shit, and the blood of Luther became the first in a series of episodes remarkable for their powers of transmogrification.

If the word is not easy to pronounce, ^{the meaning offers} its sense of process is stimulating. ^{ion. For} ~~It suggests the depth of complexity within metamorphosis; it~~ ^{from the startling changes,} ~~speaks of changes pregnant with reversal and revelation.~~ ^{are what suggested by the} ~~harsh shifts of the consonants~~

So, for example, Adolf's bowel movements now began to dominate the tenor of life in the house on Linzerstrasse. Before the episode with Luther took place, Klara had certainly been alert, no matter how often he soiled his wrapping cloths, to keep the child in clean state, indeed, the act ^{as I have remarked /} became a daily dalliance between mother and boy. She wiped him so

carefully that his eyes gleamed with transmogrificational delight. He discovered that Heaven was in his anus as his mother subtly, tenderly, delicately (and with unwitting demonic finesse) expunged the soil, wet or dry, from his rosebud, (which was, of course, Klara's secret name for her baby's incomparably dear little hole.) She was so proud of its rosy shine that she could hardly suppress her joy ~~even~~ ^{were} when the other two children ^{were watching.} ~~watched.~~ Unlike other good mothers in Braunau, however, she hardly tried to teach Angela how to substitute for her. In truth, she preferred to be alone when taking personal care of Adolf for then they would have the best of times. ^{This was possible because she} ~~She was altogether~~ superior to the less happy elements of the procedure. His stool, (which could on occasion be as rank as any other diarrhetic disaster) could not arouse her disgust. It might disturb her if ^{the} ~~Adi's~~ outpouring was sick in smell, or much worse, gave a hint of that empty cavern which lies beneath the odor of grave illness, but her breath was calm even when the stink was rich enough to overpower a stranger, ^{What she cared for was that the stench come} ~~provided it came~~ through as strong, as healthy. Such was her love for Adi.

It sparkled between them. His eyes danced as she dredged his cheeks with feather-smooth wipes of the rag, and her eyes were full of love, so full

that his little penis certainly stood erect. She, in turn, would giggle and gently coax it back to propriety while they both laughed as it jumped up again, whereupon she once kissed the tip, and then blushed for she did not wish her mind to allow the thought to suggest itself that the act might be subject to Confession. No, not such innocent joy.

That changed after the dog was whipped.

She lived again in high fear of Alois. Now, it seemed as if the swaddling cloths were always in danger of bagging open. What if Alois should find a full plop on the floor? Once, stepping out of the parlor for a minute to start a dish in the kitchen, she returned to see the child playing with his spoil—he had already plastered his upper lip and chin. She gasped at the thought of Alois coming through the door.

So, training began. It was like trying to teach a bright but willful dog. In the beginning, Adi might even tug at her skirt, or take her to the closet that held the chamberpot and cry out for her to remove his cloth. After which, complimenting him for his prowess, they would go, spirit in accord with spirit, through the wiping. For such intelligence she offered full praise. His eyes would glow.

Now, she became ambitious. She wanted Adi to learn how to unsnap the safety pins that held his cloth, and ^{indeed he was able to.} he did. (Day by day, one success followed another, until ^{one morning when} he pricked his finger too painfully to go near the pins again. When ~~she~~ ^{he} lost patience that he had come so near and now refused to continue, ^{Finally,} when ^{and that} she scolded him, for ~~what~~ was certainly the first time he had heard such a tone in her voice, ^{he} rebelled. Knowing how important he was to her, his ~~senses in~~ ^{was} response ^{was in} were keen—he could detect ~~the set of confusions with which she looked at his father.~~ He perceived this in much the same state of clarity with which he had watched Alois beat Luther. ^{At that time, the child} ~~Then he~~ had been illumined by new knowledge. He did not measure the ~~large~~ ^{a dog and a man,} difference between ~~animals and men~~ ^{person} not yet, for Luther was as much of a ^{person} personality to him as was his father, but he could see the instant result: ^{had fallen into} the dog ~~in~~ ^{but} all (abject terror) still loved his master.

So would Klara love him, he decided, even when he would not obey her. ~~(He began to make the point)~~ Taken out of his cloth and allowed to run naked from the waist down, he began (never when his father was at home) to shit on the floor. Sometimes he would do it right next to the chamber pot, which brought Klara so close to screaming that ^{Adi} he could all but hear every

sound she did not make, and felt in consequence masterful. He ^{felt} had no fear of her even when she came close to striking him.

He went too far. One day when she was in the midst of waxing her kitchen floor, he spread excrement on the upholstered arm of the parlor couch, studied it, knew by a curious new tumult in his chest that this was different, ~~altogether different~~, but all the same, he would show it to her, and ^{he} did.

This time she did not scream, she stood stock-still, ~~and tears came to~~ ^{her eyes}. She sensed that he had done it on purpose, and so she did not say a word, merely cleaned the sofa by which time he had an attack of diarrhea and the floor was dirty again. He began to laugh and to bawl, but she did no more than sigh and clean him soundlessly in a listless loveless fashion which made such an impression upon him that he awakened in the middle of the night and went to his parents' bedroom. Alois had been called to Passau for preliminary interviews and the house had not seen him for a week, but just before midnight he had come home. Since the boy had formed the habit of going to his mother's bed whenever Klara was alone, he was surprised, even as he cracked the door, to hear the gasping, and wheezing, and then the

bull-roar of Alois' voice. It came in spasms. Beneath it and above it were

his mother's cries, soft, ~~and~~ deep, and full of the oddest torture, for it spoke of ^{Also these cries} joy soon to come, so soon to come, yes, just beyond reach, ^{yes, now, almost!} and through the half-open door (kept open particularly for her to hear ^{his} the child's cries in

~~sleep~~) he saw a sight his mind would not take in, not at once, for they ^{something} looked like eight arms and legs and ^{than two people beat} (one of them was upside down. He

could make out Alois' bald head and side-whiskers pressed between his mother's legs, ~~and~~ ^{then}, without a word his father had turned around and was sitting on her face.

Adolf walked away as silently as he had entered, but ^{he knew} in his soul there was no doubt ^{his} his mother had betrayed him. Just then he heard a final set of cries, ^{from her} ~~from her~~, a sobbing full of wonder, and he turned back and peered into the room, seeing what he could ~~hardly~~ ^{hardly} see by the moonlight in the window, and his father was beating Klara with his body, his big belly slapping on her. But she sounded full of contentment! "You beast, you are an ugly man, you are an animal, you!" and then again, "You, yes, you, yah, yah, yah." There was no question she was happy.

He would never forgive her. That much the two-year-old knew. All her love had been for him. Now, she was with another. What they did was done with ^{gag}~~belly~~ grunting. And then his father was on top of her back and pounding at her.

This time Adolf went all the way back to his room, but he could still hear them. In the bed next to him, Alois, Jr. And Angela were giggling. "Goosey, goosey," they kept saying.

8. 9.

While ~~Adolf~~^{remained} was full of a whole desire for revenge against his father, ~~certainly remained,~~ his fury at Klara did not persist through the next feeding. At her breast, the child was ready to forgive, ~~despite~~^{no matter} the odor of ~~ear~~^{ear}al funk and male sweat ~~still~~^{there} on her drowsy body ~~(since~~^{but then} he had begun to bawl for his milk not thirty minutes after she had sunk into the best sleep she had known for years). ~~e~~

Must one suppose that because a child's deepest feelings have a half-^{As we have learned, it is in} life of thirty minutes, they are not profound? ~~It is~~^{in the design itself that is provided by the D.K.} (the fundament of early experience) to feel deeply and to move on quickly, the top of the turmoil to be quickly buried, the remainder to stay with the child into maturity.

There we can leave Adolf. It might be said that he would never love his mother as much again, and yet his feelings were more intense. Now,

there was pain in his love plus an anger that revealed itself by nipping more and more at her breast with his first teeth. Indeed, he felt close to Luther, and when drowsy, often slept beside the hound through an afternoon, for he saw him as a brother. They had both taken a fearful beating on the side of the heart that is most tender, and indeed, this love affair of child and dog went on until Adolf began to take more and more advantage of the beast, punching him in the belly, trying to poke into his eyes, and sometimes, when standing, loosing a kick to the ribs, until the dog began at last to growl at his approach and Adolf in turn would whine and run to his mother. There was a period when this made her so distraught that her delight in breast-feeding was all but gone. The days of weaning were at hand.

In her private councils, available not to her child, her stepchildren, her husband nor even ^{to} the confessional box, she had come to the conclusion that she must have another child. *If this came from the old fear, even now* ~~half from fear that even now, Adolf~~ *(but Adolf might die, she also feared)* ~~would die, and half from fear~~ that she would never love him as much again, *no,* ~~not~~ as once she had. Besides, she was entering the year of her marriage when she looked forward to Alois approaching their bed in a certain mood, for on

such evenings—after all these years!—desire actually came alive down there in the marrow.

We may remember that the last time we encountered Alois, he had been burying his nose and lips in Klara's vulva, his tongue as long and demonic as a devil's phallus. (Be it said: we are not without our weapons in the copulatory arts!) Certainly he was possessed by us for he had never *really given himself so much to* performed such an act before, and had become so good at it ~~and~~ so quickly *(yet is possible) we were there as well,* that there is no better explanation ~~than that it took place because of our~~ *presence*.

In the morning, Alois could not believe he had done it. To so demean himself! In bald fact, and to make her pay for such bottoming on his part, he had, we must recall, clumped his buttocks over her nose and mouth—precisely the frightful sight that drove Adolf back to his bed and caused him to bawl for milk not a half-hour later.

Yet Alois in a most unexpected manner, also felt tender towards Klara in the morning. This unexpected gentleness in concert with the astonishing pleasure he had given her by way of his tongue, a joy whose *unexpected* had anatomical preciosities (conducted her to regions unknown ~~to her~~ before, also had left her ready to forgive the after-climax, ~~of the act~~. (Indeed, his heavy behind actually smelled better than Adolf's.)

^(am obliged to) As a devil, I ~~must~~ live intimately with excrement in all its forms ^{(And this true for}
~~physical and mental~~ the

emotional waste of ugly and disappointing events, the sour indwelling

poison of unjust punishment, the corrosion of impotent thoughts, and, of

course, to be specific, the ^{literal} various aspects of caca itself. It is true. As

devils, we live in shit, we work with shit, we prosper from it (as I may yet

attempt to explain). It is natural for us, therefore, to comprehend a marriage

through the ^{eye} ~~lens~~ of the cloaca ^{and I will add—that parenthood} which is not the worst way. For marriage is
~~is not only (but)~~ ^{marriage.} (the mansion and the outhouse of parenthood. As St. Odon of Cluny stated

so unforgettably (in a remark worthy of the best of devils: inter faeces et

urinam nascimur—between shit and piss are we born), so the proper study

of marriage resides not only in partnership, congeniality, boredom,

predictable habit and daily despair, but in the guts and ^{mean} ~~grease~~ of it all—the

daily, almost comradely knowledge of all the forbidden tastes, smells,

bodily places. Indeed, in its absence, marriage has less foundation. On caca

is marriage based. So ^(would I) assert. ^{Attach} ~~Share~~ my opinion ~~to~~ to

my ^{condition.} ~~situation.~~ I am a devil, and ~~that is~~ ^{we are}

a creatures with a need to look for the
 lowest common denominator of the truth, ~~that~~
~~that~~ which is to say, the properties ~~of~~ of
 all ~~the~~ ~~things~~ ~~that~~ ~~are~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~are~~ ~~found~~ ~~within~~ ~~waste~~, itself.

19.

His promotion came through.
Klara and Alois were now, for a brief time, happy. The Finance
Watch named Alois to the post of Chief Customs Officer at Passau, and ~~that~~
~~was only a provisional promotion and he would have to prove himself at the~~
~~position before the title would be secure, still, it was a high promotion.~~

Klara had the pleasure of knowing she was married to a man of no small
powers of achievement.

Adolf also benefited. They could hardly rent ~~this~~ ^{their} house in Braunau
at such quick notice, yet Alois had to be in Passau. So, there were periods,
often for weeks at a time, when Alois was stationed a full day of travel apart
from them, and so ~~at night~~ ^{at night} Adolf could loll in the big bed with his mother.

The child's joy was profound. If it grieved him each time that Klara had to put him aside should Alois come home, so did he also learn that such happiness could be quickly recovered. After a day or two, Alois would be off again to his duties in Passau.

This agreeable state lasted for a year. It was even able to continue after the family joined the father in Passau, inasmuch as the new territory required Alois to oversee other towns. He was, therefore, away as much as he was back, permitting Adolf thereby to seek out once again the nocturnal ^{presence} ~~embrace~~ of his mother in the big dark bed.

For Alois, the ^{move to Passau} ~~change~~ was not only agreeable, but disturbing.

Braunau, after all, had only a few thousand people. Its trade with Germany was limited, its smugglers were petty thieves, and ^{the way} roads to Munich or to Vienna ^{that} ~~which~~ crossed the frontier ^{here} ~~by that route~~ were secondary. Even the tourists who passed through were rarely well-to-do. Nothing to catch a good customs-man's eye. Most of the product was agricultural; weighings were tedious. While Braunau was situated nicely on the river Inn, its architecture could only offer humdrum buildings, ^{put up} ~~built~~ in scattered fashion. There was no substance to the view. ~~In~~ Braunau, ^{were} ~~would be~~ few.

Passau was another matter. There, by agreement, Austrian customs were allowed to operate on the German side of the Danube. Here, the buildings that greeted Alois on the river bank ^{offered their/ connotations.} were historical intimations.

Passau was large, and had once been ruled by a Prince-Bishop. It had medieval towers, it had castles, and the foundations of its most impressive churches had been dug at the onset of the Middle Ages. Passau spoke of grandeur, high duty, ancient crimes, torture chambers, by-gone glory, and—much to the point for Alois—criminal smugglers with imagination enough to be a match for him.

He was frightened for the first time by the responsibilities of his position. If he had always thought his ^{uniformal/} presence in uniform on duty to be a ^{full warning to malefactors/ before/} force in itself, a conclusion he certified in every mirror available, he also knew that this was due to ^a the manner he had developed over the years. On duty, he offered a personality of ^{official forceful enough to provide/} forceful calm that promised ^{that provided no essay/} no undeserved peace to the traveler before him. His manner suggested that beneath this calm, indeed, to manifest this calm, he had put a seal on himself. That was the way to be—the people you dealt with could feel how important it was not to disturb him. ^{he had} Over the years he had put together for himself an idea of


the kind of official one ought to be. He had studied the upper-class officers above him—those with university learning, those with livid, invaluable duelling scars. They were the ones to model oneself after.

Taking up his command in Passau, he ^{felt} ~~was~~, however, less settled in ~~his own nature~~. While he made few errors, his tone was, ~~he knew, erratic,~~ at times ^{too} ~~even~~ harsh. Rudeness toward inferiors was reasonable only if the cutting edge of the criticism was accurate—one's subordinates learned correct procedure best under the sting of a whip well-applied. Occasionally, however, some trifle would provoke him too ^{far} ~~much~~. Once he went into a tirade because an underling addressed him as “Herr Official” rather than “Herr Senior Official Hitler.” He could sense that this Passau contingent of juniors, so much more sophisticated and educated than the younger officers at Braunau, were critical of him. Now and again, when he looked down from his post at the ^{rush} ~~force and flow~~ of the Danube below the Customs’ bridge, tears would come to his eyes. He would find himself thinking of Braunau, and of the two ^{women} ~~wives~~ buried in the region, dear carnal-spirited Franzeska, yes, and for an instant he would also mourn Anna Glassl. No beauty, but she had known what to do under the sheets.

He smoked all the time. His nickname, not known to him, was The Chimney. "In what kind of mood is The Chimney today?" ^{one young} an officer might ask another as he came on duty. Alois knew that the juniors were ~~as a~~ ^{result} resentful that he did not let them smoke on their shifts, but he was ready to employ the very injustice of it. His years had told him that while a good officer must be fair for the most part, he must also remain alert to the use of any small inequality that might irritate inferiors yet would, ^{dependably,} ~~also~~ reduce them.

After Klara moved up to join him in Passau, he ^{was harder} ~~turned hard~~ on the children. Alois, Jr. and Angela were taught not to speak to him unless they were asked a question directly. If Alois, Jr. was outside, the father would put two fingers to his lips and whistle. It was identical to the call he used to summon Luther. In turn, Alois, Jr., fresh-cheeked, strong, stocky, and with a face like his father's, had driven Klara and Angela into hysterics one afternoon by picking up one of Adi's monumental turds that the child had chosen to deposit on the parlor rug. When his stepmother and sister screamed, young Alois chose to run after them, his cries riotous ^{with it} ~~in their joy~~, ^{wild mischief} all the while that they were crying out in terror and whole indignation at the

downright
bottomless ~~mischief, wickedness, and downright~~ evil of the act. After a while Adi joined in their chorus. He screamed with the rest even as he also galloped right after Alois, Jr., *but then* ~~until~~ his big brother, tiring of the sport, tore off an inch of the turd, whirled around and planted it on the tip of Adolf's nose.

That evening Klara told Alois, Senior. The beating that ensued for Junior was worse than the attack on Luther. Alois, Junior, could barely crawl off to school the next day. Profound, after that, was the discipline in the house. When Alois came home from his duties, the children barely dared to whisper. Klara, unwilling to upset him, and full of remorse for having told her husband, was also quiet. Supper was eaten in a silence comparable to the reverence of staring from an uneasy height into an abyss. The smell of Alois' breath, rich with meat and sour from beer, mingled with the aroma of red cabbage.

He would take, then, to the armchair, select one of his long-stem pipes, tamp his tobacco into the bowl with all the authority that could rest in the thumb of a man of official importance and proceed to overpower the

fireplace with his own smoke. The two older children went to their room
 once permission was given. ^{But} ~~Then~~, Adi was called forward.

Alois would cup the three-year-old's head in his hand, and then, with
 a divided grin—fifty percent affection, fifty percent meanness of spirit—he
 would blow smoke into Adolf's face. As the boy would cough, the father
 would chuckle.

As soon as Alois let go of his head, Adolf would smile and run off to
 the water closet. There, he would throw up. The odor of his father's lungs
 (full of rot) mingled with the smoke. Sometimes, head bent over the pail,
 the three-year-old would remember the sounds of Alois making love to
 Klara, and such groans and sobs were right there with him in the lurches of
 his esophagus. He kept hoping that ^{the} next time Klara would come to his aid.
~~when~~ his father held him by the head, ~~the~~

She did not. She did not dare to help Adolf at such times. She
 sensed that the greatest provocation to her husband would be to comment on
~~anything he did with~~ ^{was it that all his}
 (the volume of his smoke, ~~as if all his~~) worst expectations of possible failure at
 Passau were quieted by the clouds that rose from his pipe. ?

Moreover, Adolf had given her ^{new} cause for fear. Cleaning his bottom one day (and she did not make this large discovery until he was three—such were her curious proprieties) she came at last to notice that he had only one testicle.

A town doctor reassured her that this medical phenomenon was not at ^{exceptionally} ~~all that~~ uncommon and such boys often grew up to be men with large families—“The good God, dear lady, gave more than enough ^{and then} ~~to each~~ ^{doubled it.} ~~testicle~~”

“So he will not be different from others when he goes to school?”

“Some boys with that condition, such a minor condition, are sometimes active, highly active. That’s all.”

Kind words could not soothe Klara. The missing testicle was one more stain on the Poelzl family. Her sister Johanna was not only a hunchback but, according to Alois, half-mad and an idiot. A first cousin was an imbecile. Not to speak of all of Klara's dead brothers, dead sisters, and her own dead children. No, there was not enough of Alois' constitution in Adolf, she decided, none of the strength Alois had so obviously passed on to Alois, Junior. This was also her fault. She had loved ^{her husband} ~~Alois~~ on the

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

But now—was it too late?—she could say that she loved her husband
even more. Indeed on one fine night in June, a year and a half after his
transfer to Passau, she ^{felt} ~~loved him with~~ ^{for him.} new respect. For just that afternoon—
he had learned that ~~his promotion would now be permanent! Indeed,~~ in a
half year, he would be transferred to Linz, the capital of the province, there
to serve as Chief Customs Officer. That was the most important assignment
you could find in all the Service between Salzburg and Vienna.

On that night, they conceived another child. Perhaps there was never
an hour when she loved Alois more or wanted another son so much. ~~Adi,~~
little Adi with his one testicle, now ^{put a small horror} terrified her—~~a horror~~ had come into her
soul. She did not dare to ^{think any longer that maybe} believe any longer that ~~Adi would live, no, they~~
^{for a long life, no, they} needed another child. The new one, she decided, must belong to Alois as
much as to herself.

~~10~~ 11

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—if God so desired—a sister, ^{and} (Adolf was quite ready to play with the baby as soon as it appeared. He expected, however, ^{8 something like} a child ~~perhaps~~ half his age, at least as measured by size, a living creature ready to speak, but in any event, certainly able to listen. On the approach to Klara's bed, therefore when he saw no more than a cloth swaddling on her breast with a face ^{inside it} as wizened as an old orange, he was aghast.

Having been sent the night before to a neighbor's house where he went through 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 changes were coming, unhappy changes. This perception turned into his first large sorrow when, next day, as he rushed to his mother's bed, the midwife put out a hand as large as his face and said, "Stay back. Don't hurt the baby."

Klara made it worse. She could do no more than offer a pale smile, before putting a hand on his head so passing 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 ^{hardly} ^{enough to talk} ~~not~~ get near to Klara. ~~There had been a time not~~
~~Yet it had been just~~
~~so long ago,~~ a few weeks, ^{ago,} no more, when he would have the same conversation each morning with his mother.

"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."

It was not the same, but she would pretend it was. Not a year had passed since she had
 She would hug him to her breast, ~~it was only a year since she had~~
 stopped feeding him. Now, he would gorge on the cream puffs she often prepared for dessert, indeed, would keep wolfing 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 gave 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."

After the birth, Klara was often too fatigued to cook. The temporary servant made cream puffs that tasted like sour milk. Klara, in her turn, was feeding Edmund all the time. So it seemed to Adolf. He experienced a new variety of sorrow that came to blend with the sad undertone of the church bells in Passau, so many bells, so frequent. In his ears, it all sounded as if she was forever feeding Edmund.

Now, when he tried to ask if she was the most beautiful woman in the world, 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 was always ready to pinch him for no good reason that he could see. She was nice, at times, but ~~she was~~ treacherous. "No, you are more beautiful than Angela," he would say, and his mother would shake her head.

Meanwhile, his father was ~~away~~^{away} much of the time ~~(in~~ⁱⁿ Linz. One week after Edmund's birth, Alois took up ~~his~~^{his} new and full-time duties there. Since Linz was fifty miles east of Passau, the distance kept Alois from returning to his household more often than ~~once or~~^{once or} twice a month. All the weight of his ~~tobacco smoke,~~^{tobacco smoke,} the strong voice so ready to vibrate through Adolf's body was not often present now to ~~stifle the air and~~^{stifle the air and} send a quiver through the boy's bowels, no, not often. And the house was empty during the day, ~~since~~^{since} Angela and Junior were away at school. Adi ~~could~~^{could} be alone with his mother and the infant, ~~but~~^{but} Klara still did not seem to have time for him. And at night, he no longer could be certain where he would sleep. Often, Alois, Jr., would take his cot, and ~~then~~^{would have} Adi ~~had~~^{had} to move over to Angela's bed. She would tickle his body everywhere. Sometimes she would tell him that he did not smell good. "So, Adi, your breath is rotten," she would say. Often, he would put a blanket on the floor to escape her.

He was also afraid to go outside and play. The yells that boys made on the street sounded fearsome to him. He spent his time looking at the illustrations in a book his father had bought about the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. He would like to be a brave soldier! *Yet, he was so afraid!* ~~But how afraid he felt.~~

One afternoon, after school, and much at Klara's bidding, Alois, Jr. pulled Adolf out of the house, and led him to a field where a number of small boys were playing at war.

Alois, Jr. studied the group for a few minutes before selecting the leader of the two small armies, 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." *punched* ~~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. If you cry to your mother, mamma's boy, I will not protect you on the field."

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

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

Actually, there had been little enough punishment on the first day. The fat boy was quick to use his ^{own} body to shield Adi from every assault on their redoubt. Besides, the game had been ^{all too} simple. It did not take Adolf long to grasp its basic principle. Divided into two teams, the boys took turns chasing each other ^{It was really} in a game of tag. Once ^{caught} tagged, you were dead. ^{Each} The melees ^{the boys} lasted only a few minutes. Once they became breathless, they would count the losses, ^{and every} Every now and again, given the clamor of the first charge across the field, somebody ^{would} ~~might~~ get knocked down. Once, when his leader was waylaid by two boys from the other team, it even happened to Adolf. One rude shove ^{on} in the head and he was slammed to the ground. Some earth drove up his nose.

He did not cry. It took an absolute effort of his will. But he did not make a sound. One minute later, he had to negotiate with himself once again to keep from weeping. That was because no one had noticed his new-

found stoicism. His feelings were as bruised as the scrape on his cheek, the outrage to his stuffed-up nostrils.

He managed to get through the battles that followed for the next hour until dark. He had discovered that he was quick and could usually dart away whenever an enemy soldier tried to touch him. To his delight, he even tagged one enemy soldier in the next raid.

On the second day, his face was in the dirt again. ~~More boys were present, perhaps as many as twenty—he could not yet count that high.~~
Action was everywhere. It was hard to dodge the rush.

He hated being knocked down. The fat boy was rueful about it every time it happened and begged him not to tell his brother. Adi had the pleasure of patting him on the back. No cause for fear, he announced, not a word would he say.

That night he could hardly sleep. All of them had been playing like
and wild men *to news*
fools. *Klaus* Already, he felt that he *more* than they did. In time to come, the fat
boy, ~~Henrich~~ *Klaus* would be his lieutenant. He, as captain, would make the
rules.

Before ~~too~~ long, he ^{came up with} ~~did think up~~ a better game. The battlefield was ^{had to be} wrong, he had decided. War was more than two armies running at each other. War was also trickery. War was maneuver! ^(And) He did not know the word as yet, but he had certainly arrived at the concept, ^(And) without our help.)

To his new playmates he now proposed that they move to a hill in the next meadow. ^{At} Each army ^{of} (whether five or six boys) ~~once in a while, seven~~ ^{or eight} could group on opposite slopes. That way, they would not be visible to each other until one ^{or the other} side crossed the summit.

Once he had convinced the other boys of this change ~~in the rules~~, he ^{brought in} soon came up with an amendment. ^{The new notion was to} Each ^{must} charge up the hill ^{with} in a two-pronged attack. ^{Given} If, for example, a total of six boys ^{to a} were on each side, then each army could divide their forces into four soldiers and two. If the attackers with four men, met only two on the other side, 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. Still, no tagging.

^{soon} But ^{more} improvements were on the way. He could see that his innovations dampened the fire of the occasion. When the flank that had

four boys came over the hill to meet four defenders, the encounter became no more than a flat-out surrender. So, tagging, to his dislike, had to be reinstated. This brought on a new debate, for he insisted that the captain on each side (he had become, as foreseen, the German Captain—and ^{Klaus} ~~Henrich~~ 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."

To gain this point, he had to find allies one by one. (It did not hurt that stout, sturdy ^{Klaus} ~~Henrich~~ was always by his side.) In time, ^{Adli} ~~he~~ prevailed. ^{was amazed} ~~He had come to amaze himself~~ at how well he could deal with these matters.

11

It may not be agreeable to disturb the modest tenor of our narrative,
 but I must intrude. These war games were when I was first instructed to
 take ~~active~~ ^{a little direct} interest in his development.

Let it be understood that ^{such} ~~our~~ investiture of ~~humans~~ ^{(interaction) is never routine.} is complex. (The
~~average human~~ ^{everyday assumption of the average man or woman} on how the devil wins
~~is naive. Even the premise is false.~~ ^{one hands cover ones soul to}
~~you over exhibits an intrinsic human naivete. The basic premise is false.~~

(We do not appropriate people through Satanic entrapment, and then proceed
 to keep them forever as our vassals. To use a particularly crude and
 contemporary American example, Avis versus Hertz, or Burger King
 competing with McDonald's, is ^{actually} closer to the mark. So soon as we
 seek to invest our powers in a client, the Dummkopf is usually in direct

competition. Sole possession almost never occurs. Ploys, gambits, and counter-manipulation ~~can~~ go on for years. Rarely do our demons or the angels of the Dummkopf realize a significant victory. (Indeed, after a series of such battles, any odd soul who is actually captured in toto by ^{us} our side or ^{by} the Di Ki, ~~the other~~ bears more resemblance to a victim than to a prize.)

One cardinal element determines a large part of the contest. It is ~~that~~ ^{protective sense} the particular individuality of the ^{person} man or woman who is invaded. Given the ~~readiness and/or the recalcitrance of each of these 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 possessed of the greatest potential.

Conversely, those individuals who are easy to enter are often of no ^{future} great service. It does not take much to traduce a drunk or an addict. We polish what is left of their charm, which helps to decimate ^{further} ~~the remaining~~ ^{goal and compassion} ~~confidence~~ of their families, especially if the mother, father, or any of the siblings wish to remain under the hegemony of the Dummkopf. In effect, we injure their God-loving hearts! But ~~all~~ ^{such gains} that is easy work. These are ~~of~~ ^{are} small gains. Our ultimate ends are not ~~powerfully~~ served. We wish, after

all, to conduct human nature through a transmogrification from the Vision of the D.K. to the eventual project—yet for me to name!—^{(Vision of the} ~~at the~~ ^{Evil One.)}

There is, however, another element ^{in every} to this contest—it ~~must be~~ ^{energy} understood that the economies of Divine (and Satanic energy) differ. ^{They differ} (considerably).

I can allow that even in the higher cadres of devils and angels, we hardly know who has more time to give to a contest ^(concerning one given) ~~concerning one given~~ devoted to one man or woman, although I would suspect that for most situations, the Dummkopf is more powerfully endowed (and vastly more ^{spendthrift} ~~wasteful~~). On

most evenings, for example, ~~he~~ ^{it must be admitted} offers untold amounts of effort to His sunsets (which are excellent for purposes of human morale in general) but ^{his} ~~his~~ general effects and gifts ^{are often remarked} are not always pertinent to more direct aims. The E.O., on the other hand, is ^{that the D.K. is analogous to a spoiled wealthy lady who only wishes to hear fine remarks about her taste} ~~that the D.K. is analogous to a spoiled wealthy lady who only wishes to hear fine remarks about her taste~~ ^{the E.O. is forever} ~~virtually obsessed with rude budgetary demands. For certain, he is forever~~ ^{what} ~~obliging us to forecast what the expenditures of effort will be when we~~ ^{Time) ~~by his agents~~} ~~attempt to bring in a putative client. This demand presents an intrinsic~~ ^{that is onerous} ~~difficulty. To spend years on a promising client who eventually resists us~~ ^{with more determination} ~~more successfully~~ ^{than we had anticipated is not only a budgetary blemish} ~~on our individual record, but is also~~ a general loss. To prevail, the E.O. is

always instructing us, we ^{need to} must choose our targets with ^{more} greater acumen and instinct than the Cudgels. (~~Necessarily, angels are not always so angelic.~~)

Over the millennia, our E.O. has evolved principles from which he rarely diverges. (~~This assumption of gender is for convenience's sake.~~ ^{we are} ~~it is an easy way for the E.O. to appear before my mother on the occasions he is desired.~~) ^{above gender} ~~We are~~ always instructed to remain alert to any approaching copulation which promises ^{that} ~~high heat and~~ God-defying practices. If a newly-conceived

human is the result, we have gotten off then to a better start than the D.K.

Our targets are obvious. Rarely do we fail to attend the couplings of rich and powerful people (so full of infidelity!). ^{As has been noted, we do not} Nor do we ignore the occasional wretchedly ~~poor~~ couple whose rites engorge incest. Some copulations, however, are surrounded by angels ^{and that presents} which give us a most demanding task—it is never routine to ^{I have} ~~make one's approach through a~~ blockade of angels. 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 when Jesus Christ was conceived. The result: Our Source, our dear Lucifer, was soon visited with a half-brother whose powers were at least comparable to his own.

Fortunately for us, Jesus proved to be one more typical Son. (The ^{private} ~~record~~ ^{we are furnished} is that He was much at odds with His Father.) Jehovah, indeed, was often ^{by} more incensed with the rebelliousness of this good son than bothered by the ~~powers of disruption implicit in the superior wit of the older brother,~~ ^{causal by} Indeed, we consider ourselves fortunate that the covenant between the Dummkopf and Jesus is as full of oxymorons as the ^{Christian churches,} Vatican itself, not to mention Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Judaism, Lutheranism, Sufism, et al. Et al, indeed! Why go on? Whether the E.O. wars against the Lord and His Angels with a well-integrated army, or on certain occasions ^{will} ~~can~~ muster no more than a guerrilla force against a behemoth, the prevailing fact of our existence as devils and demons is that we are obliged to live with a ^{limited} ~~mean-~~ ~~spirited~~ budget. You may believe that our projects are chosen, therefore, with discretion.

For example, we are present and usually active (as previously stated) at those copulations likely to satisfy the needs of the near future—that is, the nearest oncoming half-century. Yet, paradoxically, the E.O. does not ^{show} ask us to follow up with that much interest in the early development of children. ~~It is too soon to tell,~~ ^{he will often remark} Almost always, our

petition to put effort into a particular child is not granted. "In the early

years of life," the E.O. will remind us, "there are too many accidents and ~~surprises,~~ ^{surprises."} ~~prematurely~~ ^{Sometimes we keep no more than a short} ~~surprises.~~ ^{It is enough for us to keep a modest record of the main events} ~~of those families in which we are interested.~~ ^{in who interest us, up for 40 years} "In the first few years," he will also remark, "a child ~~is a study in~~ ^{is caught faintly between} the need for love and the development of the will. ~~Since the D.K. has ample resources for this, and is relatively~~ ^{indiscriminate in the profligacy with which He metes it out, it is sometimes} ~~enough merely to observe.~~ ^{Those two are so} Love, and the development of will, are so naturally at odds with each other that we ^{can} rely on the D.K. and his Cudgels to mess it up ~~before we even need to intervene.~~ This is particularly true with Catholics. To capture a child's philosophy so early is to ensure future rebellion or severe meanness of spirit."

Indeed, our general strictures are as follows: Except for the most unusual cases, no intervention ^{at all} until the age of three. Even then, we ^{generally} ~~often~~ hold off. (Until well into the nineteenth century, an extraordinary child was always in danger of being carried off abruptly by one grievous disease or another.) ~~And then,~~ ^{And then,} from three to seven, we still avoid ~~any~~ ^{that} intervention which is without ^a specific ^{goal} purpose—a most important tenet. Any devil

seeking to invest in a particular boy or girl, has, in effect, to argue his case ~~as well as~~ like a lawyer before a highly critical judge.

Once a child turned 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 toward habit, routine, and stupidity as the most immediate forms of ^{protective} insulation. These are the years when the average human ego takes 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 the most promising potential ^{“/} for us.”

Our hunt commences with adolescence. The E.O. made it more than clear: here, we were at the first lively stage of ^{divine} intervention, and often ^(best) ~~subverted~~ ^{we're there for us to subvert for her} the energies of the D.K. who was (invariably 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 appetite. His most promising creations were now open to us.

I have proceeded this far ^{into explaining our} into the schemata of our processes of selection because it was altogether ^{in violation of our} out of our normal standards of practice ^{uncommon for} to direct that the E.O. should instruct me ^{to direct} directly to pay strong attention, ^{and at once,} to ^{this} ~~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 ^{plus} (minor devils and ready-for-quick-attack demons) on the quick concerning this Hitler family. We certainly did keep abreast of ^{this family's} their activities. Our jargon for ^{this} that kind of surveillance was milk-runs, an expression 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 ^{in the hours before dawn} at night and ingest the small storms, inertias, and joys of the previous day or week or ^{for that matter, a longer period,} month. One swept by the house, took in the information ^{which ~~is~~ required} with no particular expenditure of effort (unless the abode was protected by guardian angels) and relayed our findings in capsule to the appropriate superiors. While humans slept, we did our work. (As did the angels. Yes, those forces of Light also worked in the Dark!)

I had a close history, then, of the Hitler family for the years since Adolf had been born, knew it at least in such detail as was imparted to me by the separate devils who kept track of ~~the hundred or more of~~ ^{numerous} projects in that region of Austria. If what my agents offered was ^{virtually} as modest as the narrative I have presented, it had, until now, sufficed. In reviewing Adolf's early years, I confess that at the time I saw no large promise in the boy. He was outrageously in need of love and damnably vulnerable. The odds were ^{broken down} that he would perish early, or creep through life with a ^{crippled} ego. At least, so I would have judged it if not—to repeat—for the conceivable possibility that the E.O. had been as present at his conception as ^{much as was} Gabriel at the Christ's. While that was not definite, ^{still} it could not be ignored!—even on the busiest and most hard-working nights I included the Hitler family on every milk-run.

This set of sentiments were overturned altogether for me on the day that Alois, Jr. dragged him off to the ^{boys' games of war} ~~war game~~. The E.O. intervened. I received a direct message: "Take close care of Adi, now. Stiffen his spine. We will lose him altogether if we don't take steps."

12' 13,

As is true of all reasonably disciplined armies, there is no room for rebellion ^{once given} on a direct order. I did what I was told. I stiffened ^{the boy's} his spine. Indeed, I will make the claim that I accomplished this with some ^{finesse} skill for I did not inject new ingredients (so to speak) into his courage and his will, so much as I steered him to do ^{part of} the job himself. That proved enough. At bottom, he was the one who chose not to weep when his face was in the dirt, and afterward, he displayed his own cunning in finding ways to avoid physical punishment. It was enough that I was there. That gave him a subtle confidence.

I was aware again of the superior insight of the E.O. Adi did show ^{a few} signs that he was worth the work. He had powerful instincts. The child was as much superior to an average five-year-old as a young horse is to a run-of-the-mill pony. I enjoyed working with him, therefore, and that was just as

well for the order had come during a period when I could not afford too many inroads on my budget. Improving a child's courage ^{usually} often demands ~~the use~~ that we use up some of our most precious funds, precisely those stores of

love and energy we have managed to steal from ~~the D.K. and his~~ ^{him by way of his} Cudgels.

Warmth and gifts of courage are His preserve and if He were not such a ~~wastrel~~ ^{wastrel} and we were not so adept, ~~we~~ ^{we} wastrel, we would have no chance at all in any contest with Him. Of

necessity, we have become ~~adept~~ ^{skilled than} at impersonation. Even an adult, feeling

our infusions of love, tends to find it bona-fide. Sometimes ~~he or she~~ ^{the person} (will even believe ~~one~~ ^{he or she} is the recipient of Grace. (I suspect that was what

Kierkegaard had in mind when he ~~argued that on occasions~~ ^{proposed it is just} when ~~a man or~~ ^{we people} ~~woman feels~~ ^{that they} most saintly, he or she could be working for Satan.)

I speak of this because we devils are ~~compatible with~~ ^{totally} humans to this degree—a fine return on our investment puts us in the best of moods. So I came to enjoy being with Adi once he proceeded to improve the little game of war that was being played by these five-year-olds in Passau in the spring and summer of 1894. Indeed, the change in my sentiments was as rapid for me as for the child since ~~we~~ ^{we do} cherish our power to bestow gifts upon a putative client. We must. Often the only way to capture a child so young is, as I have indicated, to spend some of our limited stores of love to seal the conquest. A risky business. One can lose a lot. All too often, a child's

capacity for quick and independent change, (being more open than adults to their shifting inclinations), ^{can} ~~we can~~ waste our efforts. They change on their own, they resist us, or, worse, the Cudgels move in.

To forestall this event, I was ^{there} ~~near~~ night after night, to instruct Adi ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{white} ~~his~~ sleep. Indeed, he delighted ^{and} ~~and~~ inspired me (the rarest of pleasures for a devil) by the development of his activities during the day. To repeat--he was no ordinary five-year-old, no, he had an exceptional capacity to tinker with his game of war, ^{and} ~~and~~ rarely did he fail to improve ^{on} ~~on~~ them.

He soon saw, and I believe this came as much from his perception as mine, that outposts were necessary. It was not enough to send soldiers over ^{the} ~~a~~ hill without some knowledge of what opposite force they might encounter.

So, a scout from each army had to attempt to work his way ^{up close} ~~forward near~~ enough to the summit to obtain a look at the dispositions of the other side.

Following in logical sequence came another shift in the rules—an

advancing army had to be free to ^{maneuver} ~~maneuver~~ it could shift its forces from flank to flank, even as it ^{climbed} ~~proceeded to march up~~ the hill. Ditto for the

defenders. The defense could also shift ^{their} ~~their~~ outposts. Of course, all this

soon called for larger forces on each side, and Adi was able to convince his regulars that ^{once} ~~once~~ more boys ^{could be brought in} ~~were welcome~~ from nearby streets and

adjacent fields, they ^{themselves, having} ~~who had been here~~ first could take promotions in rank.

Let me offer one of his speeches ^{to the troops} ~~uttered on that hill.~~

"Why do you love our game?" he would ask. "Is it because it teaches us so much about war? Yes, that is why. We need to know more about war.

Yes. Because, my friends, we want to ^{become} ~~be~~ heroes. ^{when we are many} Is that not true? ~~Heinrich,~~

^{Klaus} (do you want to be a hero?"

"That is what I want."

"Of course. It is what we all want. All of us. And to do this we must learn more. We need more soldiers for both sides. How are we to accomplish this?

"I will tell you. It is by showing ^{all the} ~~others~~ in this town who ^{are} ~~would be~~ willing to join us, that we will be heroes and strong army men in years to come when we are ^{And then} ~~as old as~~ real soldiers. Then ^{So, now,} we will all be given high rank. ^{And} those of us who ^{will} ~~will~~ command must be very high in rank, not ^{or} ~~a~~ just a captain, ^{not} a major, but a general.

^{"Klaus} ~~Heinrich~~ here, will be my colonel."

Those words are close to what I remember. ^{while I have certainly} ~~This experience of~~ ^{given him speeches no five year old could utter, I will} listening to his early oratory was like holding a roman candle in one's ^{insist, that} ~~hand~~ ^{did come} ~~and these words,~~ wonderful bursts of speech ~~came~~ out of him, ^{and} ~~that~~ were not only his own, ^{nor} ~~or~~ mine, but were as inspired as if some agent of the D.K. was also

present,
~~there~~ What a large investment was being placed in this little Adi. Powers other
 than myself ~~also seemed concerned to give him~~ ^{also} concerning the power to speak. Of course, he had natural talent. Probably I ~~had~~
~~it took~~ ~~had done no more than~~ ~~prime the pump.~~

^{his} — I will say, ^{his boys} — ^{hour-long}
 Before long, ~~these boys~~ were engaged each afternoon in long battles.

Well into Fall, the games continued, and there were startling shifts of tactics
 and endless alterations of the rules. ^{The} ~~as~~ numbers increased to fifteen and
 twenty a side.

Word came from the E.O. "Enough for now. Let us see how much of
 this endures ⁴ in the boy. ⁴ We have to withdraw some of our focus."

~~It~~ ^{too just that}
 This was ~~not an~~ ^{uncharacteristic} posture for us. We not only looked
 to create close involvement, but also were ready to accept external

^{when necessary,}
 circumstance. In this case, the situation of the family ~~had~~ altered suddenly.

^{was} ^{had been}
 There ~~was~~ a change in the given. Alois ^{had decided to move} was moving Klara, Angela, Alois

^{dwell} ^(thirty)
 Junior, Adi, and the baby Edmund, up from Passau to live in a hamlet ^(thirty)
~~to a place which was thirty~~ ^{thirty} miles from Linz called Hafeld. This ^{place} was a place of open fields with no
 more than twenty scattered houses ^{over a spread of open fields.}

^{apologize for this change of narrative venue)}
 Let me now make an apology ~~for this change of narrative venue~~. A good
 reader is the most unprotected of humans — ^{sympathy} ~~their sympathies~~ move faster
 than ~~their judgments~~. Some of you, therefore, may have ^{felt a little uneasy} been privately
~~shocked~~ to discover that you were enjoying the first successes of the child

Adolf Hitler in his games of war. Be assured. To read about the skills or triumphs of any protagonist is all-but-guaranteed to elicit happiness in a reader, especially if there is ~~even~~^{even} a small suggestion of the sentimental, or even better, the magical, ^(provided it comes on easy terms.) These are the two most useful ~~literary~~^{literary} tools for any author who ^{is nearly shamelessly,} wishes to exploit the emotions of the reader. ^{Some good authors} ~~Some good writers~~ do work for the devil, but there are very few popular writers who don't,

Dwayne - note this page, there's a CK for you here.

14, ~~13~~

There was a reason for the relocation ^{to} in Hafeld. Alois had decided ^{he would} retire. He was going to raise bees. Hence the purchase of a farmhouse with a piece of land. ^{The family would now be} They were ~~now~~ far away from city life. The closest school ^{> SS Quilth - tell Dwayne to do this checkup} was in the nearest small town, Fischlham, [CK sp] where Adi would soon

begin his education. Over the next few months Klara and the children ^{were to} would live on the farm while Alois ^{completed} finished his service in Linz.

Of course, the oncoming retirement would not come without some ^{a most} loss to the ^{edifice, that was} impressive structure of Alois' ego. ^{(Impressive, yes, when we} (We need only consider the meager materials with ^{out of} which he had ^{managed} been obliged to construct it.) Yet through his adult years, he had ^{been able} managed to keep a covert sense of himself as a man of importance ^{a man} who would be destined eventually for serious achievements. (Needless to say, since he was far from mad, he managed to support this notion as a fancy, a species of meditative nectar. It would seep

into his sweetest thoughts about himself whenever male company, and the beer, and tobacco ^{all} came together in the tavern ^{after} after work.)

Be it said that his final installation as Chief Customs Officer of Linz did manage to satisfy ^{some} the rudiments of this notion—"a man of importance." While ~~it~~ ^{elevated} hardly as high ^{regions} as the hidden ultimate of his ~~hidden~~ dreams, it was certainly agreeable, ~~reasonably agreeable~~.

That ^{Truth, it} would have been enough to ^{satisfy his sense of himself} suffice if he had enjoyed working in Linz, but he didn't. The problems ^{he had begun to} encountered at Passau were now aggravated. Linz, being a provincial capital, was stocked with ^{young and ambitious} junior Custom officers ~~young and ambitious~~, and they ^{could show contempt} were contemptuous of ~~senior officers~~ ^{officials} who were not wholly superb. Most of them came from ^{ensured} families who were well-to-do and this ~~seemed to ensure~~ ^{was taken} their attitude. They took their own future high office for granted, That attitude left Alois feeling ^{all too} all too old. Indeed, he was getting old. For the first time in his career, he did not ^{take full pains} ^(That ^{now} took too ~~long~~ many pains.) always strive to be immaculate in uniform. Nor was he as confident of his

decisions, nor ^{as} severely punctual. Sometimes when issuing disciplinary orders, he would hesitate ^{long enough to} and contemplate the ~~consequences~~ ^{repercussions}.

^{As} For one example, he ^{proceeded to} ~~did~~ ease up on smoking restrictions ^{also} for the others. He no longer felt all that ready to face the inheld wrath of younger officers. In consequence, he enjoyed his own tobacco less. He began to feel

as if others were looking for him to retire. For truth, ^{eventually} he was approaching
 forty years of service. While he could ^{continue} ~~go on~~ for another twelve-month and
 another, his thoughts ^{were} ~~kept~~ turning to a smaller dream. What if he did not
 end as an exceptional man of prodigious achievement, but rather ^{chose instead} ~~accepted~~
^{to become} the notion of becoming a gentleman farmer out there in the autumn sun of
^{That kind of life would also} his life. He could ~~fulfill so many respectable and~~ long-desired pursuits.

He had the money. He could buy a decent farm outright. He would
 have his pension, and his savings—he and Klara had certainly exhibited
 thrift. Besides, he had in hand the sum and interest of three wives' dowries.
 It could be said that the first two had brought ^{some} ~~some~~ real money to the
 marriage. If Anna Glassl had succeeded in ^{recovering} ~~getting back~~, through law, half
 of her large dowry in the time of their separation, still, she had been rich,
 and Franzceska, while hardly comparable by that measure, was nonetheless
 the child of a well-to-do farmer. Even old Poelzl, Klara's father, had come
 up with decent florin. ^{of} On the other hand, Alois understood money only too
 well. He knew that not every ^{coin} ~~kronen~~ was equal. Deep in one's heart, one ^{could}
^{pay a title to money if it had not been earned properly} ~~paid a title to money.~~ It always gave back a secret reflection of how it had
^{For certain, money} ~~been earned.~~ Sometimes he felt a passing chill. A good part of his ^{prosperity} ~~fortunate~~
^{economic situation} ~~economic situation~~ could be seen as a flower that had grown from the ^{coffin} ~~coffin~~
^{coffin} ~~coffin~~ (of dead wives' dowries).

During this last year of service in Linz, even as Klara took care of the children in Passau, ^{and he was free in Linz, he had ~~stuck~~} he had begun to feel too old for other women. That was when he told himself to go back to the earth ^{that was what he had always} ~~the real woman~~ heard from Johann Nepomuk — "the real woman is the earth."

It was an image that could not really be sustained ^{by} his present plans ^{did not include} ~~serious agriculture was not~~ his aim. Rather, ~~it~~ was apiculture. He

was interested in developing beehives. He would market the honey. ^{That would} ~~be his only real crop. All the same, owning~~ ^{owning} a little land might be equal to acquiring another limb, a fifth

appendage so to speak, as important to a man with peasant roots as a trunk to an elephant.

He had indeed bought a farm five years ago about the time Adolf was born. In many a way that purchase had been more exciting to him than the birth. 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 near Spital, almost a hundred miles from where he was then working in Braunau, and he had some far-off notion of retiring there eventually, ^{In} ~~but for~~ the interim, it seemed a good way to take care of his sister-in-law Johanna Poelzl rather than having ^{her} ~~underfoot~~, dwelling with them as a maid. Johanna, he had long decided, was not only surly but half-mad. In addition, she was a hunchback. There was no joy in putting up with her as one more body in the parlor every night.

On the other hand, he was not without some respect for Johanna. She ^K was not only Klara's sole remaining sister, but she also had the fierce temper of someone who was not in the least afraid of God. ^{te}

~~She~~ ^g did not put her trust in God, she was always ready to say. God did not have to kill off so many children ^(the Paelzl) in her family when she and Klara were kids. For that, Alois could tip his hat ^{my wife, 4} to her. "She's not like Klara," he was fond of saying in the tavern. "My wife is ready to kiss every cross she meets."

Still, Johanna's occupation of that farm did not turn out well. She ^{each} antagonized ^{the poor peasant who worked for her, and finally} many of the neighbors with her temper and finally went back to ^{had to go back to} live with her father and her mother, ^{also named} Johanna. Indeed, if we ^{that Johanna} recall, the mother had been Alois' mistress for one unforgettable occasion. ("Sie ist hier!")

He was able, however, to sell ^{his} that first farm at a modest profit and so felt well-disposed ^{to taking on} toward the property in Hafeld several years later. This farm he would work himself. It was called the Rauscher Gut (which can be freely translated as Windy Lands) and it offered nine acres plus a wooden house under a thatched roof with good views from high ground of the mountains of the Salzkammergut. In addition to some fruit trees, there was an orchard of walnut trees. A hayloft was in the stable ^{and stalls} for two horses and three cows. The children could play there.

It was perfect ~~in~~^{at} all ways but one. After the purchase, he ~~discovered~~
~~it would have been a splendid buy, but for the land. By small talk and sad~~
~~tale,~~ the neighboring farmers were ~~there~~^{ready} to inform him that the land might
be beautiful, but ~~was~~^{it} not famously good for crops.

That did not matter, he assured them. He was there to raise bees.
Good honey was a most prosperous crop.