

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

52

At the age of eighteen, after five years in the boot shop, he applied at the Austrian Finance Ministry for a position in the frontier guards, and was accepted. Five years later, he had risen to the rank of Finanzwach — Oberaufseher (Finance-Watch High-Overseer) which was equal to no more than Corporal, but already the uniform was good, and for that matter, it usually took ten years to rise even to this level.

He had written on several occasions to tell Johann Nepomuk of his progress, and at last, in 1858, a letter came back. Nepomuk's youngest daughter, Josefa, had died, a great blow to the family, and Nepomuk hinted that he would like Alois to visit.

In 1859, his promotion to ~~Finanzwach~~ Oberaufseher already guaranteed, he went back to Spital looking exceptionally tall for a man of medium height: His uniform made him a figure of authority. In the eyes of his family, given his bearing, authoritative but graceful, he might as well have been the son of a Count.

It did not take long for Johann Nepomuk to know that he had made a serious mistake in inviting him to visit, but Nepomuk was now bent like a tree that has lived with too much wind. The death of Josefa throbbed in his

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

54

This time, no question. At the first opportunity which proved to be the only one, Alois continued the family tradition of apocalyptic intercourse in barn straw, and Klara Poelzl, later to be mother of Adolf Hitler, was conceived. There was no question in Johanna's mind. Each time, she had known the moment when Johann Poelzl, her husband, had put a child in her. But this occasion had been superior. No small event took place in her body. "You have made me feel as I have not felt before," she said when they were done, and when Klara was born, Johanna sent him a letter that he received in the midst of rigorous training for an examination to bring him up to Finanzwach-Respizienten, the highest rank obtainable in the lower ranks of the customs service. His attention, therefore, was hardly on Spital. Still, her letter lived with him through the years for it was only three words long (three words that Johanna had been certain of spelling correctly). He read it over many times. "Sie ist hier," wrote Johanna in the pride of a momentous event (although she did not sign her name) and "She is here" took its place in the guardroom of his heart even if his mind was wholly on his career. In truth, he might not even have made love to Johanna on that visit if he had not already been with Walpurga all those years ago, and a year earlier with

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

55

the youngest, Josefa, his favorite back when he was twelve (his first) and so he felt he owed it to himself now to have the remaining sister—how many men could boast of knowing three sisters equally well?

If he measured himself by his deeds, it was in relation to the accomplishments of other men, particularly other lower-caste officers in the *(Finance-Watch)* ~~Finanzwache~~. His rise was remarkable for a young man with so sparse an education. Nonetheless, in four more years, he had another promotion, and still another by 1870 when at the age of thirty-three, he had worked himself up to Customs Collector. By 1875, he was Full Inspector and would write below his signature, on any government paper, the full weight and address of the title: "Official of the First Class Imperial Customs Post in the Railroad Terminal, Simbach, Bavaria. Residence, Braunau, Linzergasse."

All through his rise to the highest official rank that was possible for a man of such restricted beginnings, he never relinquished his good appetite for women. The occupation could accommodate this regard. While the first principle of Austrian bureaucracy was to do your job, and do it most properly, the more effective you became at your border tasks, the less you had to fear for the little specialties of your private life. This understanding

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

56

he obeyed to the letter, and had an agreeable time. In those years. no matter to which town they assigned him, he would stay at an inn. Before long, given his confidence, he would proceed to conquer the loosely defended bastions of the cooks and chambermaids in the hostelry. When he had gone through all of the available women, he would usually move to another large inn. Through the forty years of his career, he was posted to only ^{two} ~~four~~ border towns connecting Bavaria and Austria, to ~~Saalfelden~~ Braunau (where Adolf would yet be born) ^{and} ~~Passau, and Linz~~ yet his change of residence was frequent. In Braunau, for example, he moved twelve times. Nor did it bother him that his women were not elegant enough to walk with cavalry officers. Not at all! Elegant women were too difficult—no doubt of that—whereas maids and cooks were grateful for his attention and would raise no public ruckus when he moved on.

In 1873, he married a widow. Having developed an eye for the social stature, or relative lack of it, attached to any woman who would pass for a lady—his occupation demanded, after all, some ability in that direction—he was not dissatisfied with his choice. He might be thirty-six and the widow already fifty, yet he could respect her. She came from a worthy family. She

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

65

and, as always, he needed money. The alternative—to borrow further sums from his brother-in-law Romeder or his father-in-law Nepomuk, was unpleasant. Poelzl could hear the diatribe that would come from his wife's family. Johanna's disposition had become so sour that he often thought (very much in private) her blood must taste like vinegar. Nor did he wish to listen to the brother-in-law's sighs as Romeder came up with the ~~K~~Kronen. He certainly didn't want to hear the advice that would come from Nepomuk. That would insult his judgment. A farmer could have fine instincts for husbandry and still have bad luck—did that mean he must pay tribute twice by listening to others when he had already paid once by living with an insufficient return from his fields? So, he accepted the fact that Klara would go to work for Uncle Alois, but his feelings turned over in him with the emptiest anger of them all—a rage that has lost its heat.

One week after Alois' return to his post in Braunau, Klara followed with a small chest filled with a modest cache of clothes and a few possessions.

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

664 67

3.

Alois and Anna Glassl had three rooms in the second-best inn of Braunau—the Gasthaus Streif. There was also a small room for Klara on the top floor where other maids and servants slept.

For a while, Alois entertained the happy notion that he might be able to spend a little time up there with Klara, but his niece did not welcome him, not exactly. It was evident to all including his wife that Klara was steeped in respect for her exceptional uncle, but it seemed no cause for concern to Anna Glassl—not yet! The girl was pious to a degree that would have seemed incomprehensible if one did not understand to what degree death was her nearest relative. There were lights in the depths of those pale-blue eyes that spoke of angels—godly angels and fallen angels. Her face was so innocent that one could ask in all honesty what she could know of fallen angels if not for that second sense which is there to tell us that devils hover like moths at the closing doors of life. Even the innocent do not always like to dream of the departed.

Alois could envision other dubious portals—the doors to Klara's chastity could prove as formidable as the gates of doom. He was charming to his niece, but made a point never to touch her. His wife, by now as

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

77

surge of her womb at the happiest moment, all of which passed through him even as he was passing into her—not the sort of conclusion he had come to with other women. (Except once—so long ago—with Johanna.) Besides, he was certainly ready for a child, preferably a son, to carry on the family name, but when he was not in the midst of good things with Fanni, he thought often of the oncoming time when she would be six or seven months along, and it would be Klara's turn. The thought of future complications did not deter him. It was in the nature of his work to be able to handle more than one problem at once, and both women were attractive to him, yes, two of them and both truly attractive for once.

As for scandal, he did not worry. Not unduly. In ^{Brannau} every town to ~~which he had been posted~~ he was always the center of gossip. The townspeople ^{of Brannau} might as well complain to the stars above that he was living openly with a common-law wife. After all, what could they do? He was not unlike a soldier garrisoned in a town to which he owed nothing. He received his money from the ^{Finance-} ~~Financial~~ Watch and that was clearly equal to the Hapsburg government, far away in Vienna. So long as his work proved flawless, they would hardly care how he acted in his personal life.

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

82

*Hyperactive
finance - dated
throughout*

By way of the Finance-Watch, Alois made nice arrangements in Vienna. Klara would obtain clean and gainful employment in the house of a modest and elderly lady. (Alois was more than ready to protect her chastity.) So, now, after four years of good and honest work at the inn, sleeping each night in the smallest of the maid's rooms, Klara packed her belongings into the same small chest she had brought with her on arrival, and left the Gasthaus for new employment in Vienna.

If Fanni was now more at ease with Alois, the best of moods could nonetheless vanish in no more than the interval it took to close her eyes and open them. How could she be certain that her distrust of Klara had been honest fear? What if it came from spite as cruel as the pain of a bad tooth? She knew she was full of spite. That was why she called herself a witch.

Even as she had foreseen, she was truly pregnant now. If that offered contentment, she continued nonetheless to feel remorse. She had banished the sweetest girlfriend she ever knew, and so there were days when she was on the edge of asking Klara to return, but then she would think: What if Alois comes to prefer Klara? Then Klara might not be faithful to her vow. How unfair that would be to the unborn child!

They had been living together for close to three years before they could marry, but, now, by the time Angela was a year old, Fanni was seriously ill. Signs of a deepening disorder were everywhere. She would pass from fits of temper, to hysteria, then to loss of interest in his body, plus an incapacity to take proper care of their two children. A doctor told her that she had the beginnings of tuberculosis. Klara was brought back from Vienna to be with Alois, Jr., and with Angela, even as Fanni moved out of the inn to a small town called Lach there in the midst of a forest called Lachenwald, Laughter-in-the-Woods, but neither the name nor the good forest air had the power to restore her. In Lach she stayed for the ten months before her end.

6.

In the last months, Klara visited her more often than Alois, and that healed—one must choose to put it so—the wound they had left in each other. Not long after her first visit, Klara had fallen on her knees before the bed where Fanni rested, and said, “You were right. I do not know if I would have been true to my vow.” In turn, Fanni wept. “You would have been true,” she said. “Now I tell you to give up your vow. He is through with me.”

“No,” said Klara, “my promise must be stronger than ever.” She had a moment when she thought she might have a true understanding of sacrifice and this left her feeling exalted. She had always been taught to search for just such a state of the soul. Those teachings had come from her father, that is to say, her father-in-name, old Johann Poelzl, who was sour on all matters but Devotion. “Devotion to our Lord Jesus Christ is all of my life in each and every day,” he would tell her—he was indeed more pious than any woman in Spital. At many a meal, after saying grace, he would tell Klara (especially once she passed the age of twelve) that to give up what one truly desired was the nearest you could come to the moment of knowing

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

91

By now, Klara was never afraid of a household task. It required no more than respect for the labor one knew already how to do well. Sacrifice, however, was apart from such work. Sacrifice was an ache she felt near her heart. If she wanted Alois, and dreamed of Alois, she still had to find a way, once Fanni's two children had been put to sleep, to keep Alois at arm's length. There was not a night in the inn, the best inn of Braunau, the Pommer Inn (to which they had moved) when Alois was not staring at her open-faced and slightly drunk from the three steins of beer he took into himself each evening after work with one or another of the Customs Officers. After which back to the Pommer for the meal Klara had cooked in the kitchen of the hotel and brought up to their lodgings. He would eat that meal with full gusto saying not a word, just nods to demonstrate his enjoyment. Then he would stare at her in the privacy of their sitting room, his eyes open as if to share his thoughts. It seemed as if all that was valuable in the recesses of her body was being fingered by his imagination. Her thighs burned, her cheeks burned, her breath wanted to reach forward to his breath. She would jump up in relief if one of the children cried out in sleep—she heard it as an appeal from Fanni that had whipped over in a flash

from Laughter-in-the-Woods. Afterward, a small cramp of disappointment would follow.

Alois would not have been capable of describing to his drinking friends how he loved her eyes. They were so deep, so clear, and more than full of the desperation to have him.

Why not? Alois kept to his elevated view that he was superior to others. What other fellow from the Waldviertel would be ready to claim his indifference to religious fear? That was bravery. He often made a point of declaring that he never went to church. Nor would he confess to a priest. They could not be equal to him. He had his allegiance to the Crown and more than that, no man needed. God was not about to punish those who would serve the State.

He had written just the week before to a cousin who inquired whether his son, now of age, would be happy working on the Finance-Watch. Alois had written back, "Don't let your boy think it is a kind of game because he will be quickly disillusioned. He has to show absolute obedience to his superiors at all levels. Second, there is a good deal to learn in this occupation, all the more so if he has had little previous education. Heavy

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

95

so wanton a mouth (and all despite herself) that he exploded, exploded even as he entered her, ripped her hymen altogether, and was in, deep, and in, and it was over even as she began to sob in woe and fright and some wrong kind of exaltation that she knew at once was altogether the opposite of sacrifice. Nor could she stop kissing him. It went on and on like a child raining kisses on the face of the great adult beloved, and then there were other kisses, softer, deeper, as she learned to use the mouth of a woman just-born. He was the first man she had ever kissed as a man rather than as a relative of the family, yes, the wrong kind of exaltation.



7. ←

So, Klara was now his lover, his cleaning woman, and the nursemaid to Alois, Jr., and to Angela. On many a night she was also his cook—unless (having hired one of the hotel maids to sit with the children for an hour) they went downstairs to the dining room of the Pornmer Inn, there in full display as uncle and niece, the middle-aged customs officer in uniform and his demure young mistress. No one in Braunau was fooled, no matter how often she might call him Uncle. It was enough to stir a boil of outrage that he could sit there like Franz-Josef himself, as if to say, “In company with the Emperor, I, too, have a lovely mistress.” It never failed that on any night when they went downstairs, he would make love as soon as they came back, his voice so hoarse he could hardly speak. “I am your bad uncle,” he would say in the thick of the embrace.

“Yes,” she would say.

“Your very bad uncle.”

“Yes, yes, my bad uncle,” and she would cling to him, hardly able to distinguish pain from what was seeking to become pleasure—a most unholy pleasure—“Oh,” she would cry out, “we will both be punished yet.”

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

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

"You will take better care than I would," said Fanni, and turned her face away. "It is all right," she said, "but you must not come to see me any more."

Then Klara knew once again that she lived in the grasp of the Evil One. Because if at first she was hurt, she soon felt furious that Fanni could send her away this time as well, and the anger was still present on the day that Fanni was buried, a very long day, since Alois did not bury Fanni in Braunau. He had chosen ~~Randshofen~~ ^{Randshofen} ~~On the Brink of Hope~~ ^{On the Brink of Hope} where they had been married. This was not from sentiment but annoyance. The word in Braunau was that he had bought Fanni's coffin months before she died, having found a true bargain in advance (a mahogany job confiscated from a smuggler at the Customs gate.) In fact he had only bought the damned crate ten days before her death. He had not ~~sat~~ ^{sat} on it for months but only for days. So, he could not forgive the gossip. Besides, the tragedy of death was

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

114

the Emperor who has the power to guide us," he remarked one hot summer night. "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 importance for me is Franz Josef. He should mean more to us than God, ycs!"

"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.

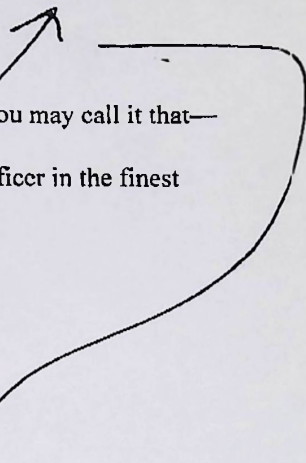
By the time he reached home, Alois was usually in no good mood. The beer wore off in a sour cloud of aftertaste. He would scold Alois, Jr., he would upbraid Angela, he would not say a word to Klara. Now, no more often than once a week (and he was furious at how much these three deaths had taken from 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

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

117

and before long, full revived, even to himself, a man again, he even told himself, and began to kiss Klara's mouth, her first mouth, with all the juice of the second with which she had bestraddled him still on his lips, how much was he ready at last to shit upon her piety, yes, on all piety—damned churchmouse, damned church!—he was back from the dead, some kind of miracle had rescued him, yes, he was there and never before a night like this, better than a storm at sea for one moment, and another, and then it went on beyond all the moments, she—the most angelic woman in Braunau—gave herself over to the demon and with a prime lust ready to engorge the world, and I knew this, I knew all of this, for I was with them in the caterwaul of coming together with Alois into the womb of Klara Poelzl Hitler, yes, I knew the moment within the moment, a new creation was there, and I, too, can now dare to speak, I too was there and serving for the Evil One, yes, I was present at the conception, yes, I can say that even as the Angel Gabriel was the servant of Jehovah on one night in Nazareth, so was I ^{an} ~~the~~ agent of the Evil One on this July night nine months and ten days before Adolf Hitler would be born on April 20, 1889.

Book 2 Jan 04-2 1/13/04

-1172- 

Now, I have revealed myself. I am a servant—you may call it that—
of the Evil One, yes, a tried and more or less trusted officer in the finest
intelligence service that has ever existed.

Given different
spacing, this
added page
number may
or may not
be necessary.

Book 1 Jan 04-3 1/14/04

1

Hitler's Mother

PART I

1.

You may call me Dieter. For now, the name will serve—now that I am in America, this curious nation. If I draw upon reserves of patience, it is because time passes here void of any stature for ~~me~~ ^(a spirit of rebellion) which, I confess, ~~leaves me so disposed toward rebellion~~ ^{leaves me so disposed toward rebellion} that I am preparing to write a novel. Among my former associates, this was ~~something~~ ^{exactly what} not to do. I was, after all, a member of a matchless Intelligence group. Its classification was SS, Special Section IV-2a, and we were directly under the supervision of

Book 1 Jan 04-3 1/14/04

2

Heinrich Himmler. Today, the man is seen as a monster, and I would not
look to defend him — he turned out to be one hell of a
say he was not, *but* Himmler did have an original mind, and one of his
in another, full the family

theses—a most powerful concept!—does take me into my novelistic

intentions which are, I promise, not routine.

Book 1 Jan 04-3 1/14/04

6

propose, a possible relation to genius. Himmler proceeded on the theory that the best human possibilities lie close to the worst. Remember that! The best lies close to the worst! It was virtually routine for him to anticipate that on occasion the most exceptionally promising offspring could be found in low level families with many children. Such kids were often incestuaries. The word, as he coined it in German, was ~~incestuar~~ *Inzestuarier*. He did not like the more common term for such disgrace, Blutschande, (blood-scandal), or as sometimes employed in polite circles, Dramatik des Blutes, (blood-drama).

None of us felt sufficiently qualified to say that his theory was, of course, to be dismissed. Even in the first years of the S.S., Himmler had recognized that one of our prime needs was to develop exceptional research groups, an elite at one phenomenal level above the elite. We were to search into ultimates. As Himmler put it, letzte Fragen—last questions. (The health of National Socialism depended, he would often say, on nothing less.) We were to explore problems that others did not expect to go near. Incest—count on it—was topping the list. Once the German mind could re-establish itself as the leading influence in the learned world, then—so went his unstated syllogism—much recognition would be given to Heinrich

Book 1 Jan 04-3 1/14/04

7

Himmler for his profound attack on world problems originating in the agricultural milieu. ^{he would} ~~Let me~~ ^{underlying point-} emphasize the obvious: Problems of husbandry could not be contemplated without comprehending the peasant. Yet to understand this man of the earth was to speak of incest.

Here, I promise you, he would hold up his hand in precisely that little gesture Hitler used—one prissy flip of the wrist! It was Heinrich's way of saying: "Now comes the meat and potatoes!" And on he would proceed. "Yes," he would say, "incest! This is one very good reason that old peasants are devout. We, here, need not refer to our special studies in order to declare that an acute fear of the sinful in oneself will manifest itself sooner or later by one of two opposed extremes: Either absolute devotion to religious practice! Or nihilism! Indeed, I can recall from my student days that the Marxist Friedrich Engels wrote this: 'Once the Catholic Church decided adultery was impossible to prevent, they made divorce impossible to obtain.' A brilliant remark even if it comes from the wrong mouth. As much can be said for blood-scandal. Also impossible to prevent. So, the peasant looks to keep himself devout. I guarantee you: this was altogether

Book 1 Jan 04-3 1/14/04

9

are the only ones. The father, having created them, remains the focus of their attention. The young brother, so often, lives at night in the same bed with the sister. Sexual attraction can, of course, be described as: highly focussed attention."

Hand it to Himmler. He had been storing theories in his head for two decades. Moreover, he had immersed himself in The World as Will and Idea. Heinrich was a great believer in Schopenhauer's assertions on the primal importance of the Will. He had, therefore, a great deal to say about the genes—still a wonderful new word for us in 1938. These genes, he said, had to be a biological embodiment of Schopenhauer's mysterious Will. "We know," he said, "that certain instincts are passed on from one generation to the next. Why? Because the nature of the Will is to remain true to what I call the Originating Vision. Yes, gentlemen, the Originating Vision. For we have been engaged from the beginning of human time in an effort to rise from our Ur-depths to the heights of human glory. We Germans were the first to perceive that this was the aim of human existence. The Will embodied in our genes is the direct presence of this Vision, come to us from Creation itself.

Book 1 Jan 04-3 1/14/04

11

chest-to-chest in combat against Charlemagne. His ^{blood-relation to} ~~influence upon my~~ family line obliged me, therefore, to make every effort to regenerate his great and early family achievements. At the risk of being immodest, I will submit that I do look upon that as ^{a most} ~~my small~~ but determined ^{accomplishment} ~~achievement~~.

Let all proportions, however, be maintained. The only triumph to impress us to the point of absolute awe is the heroic rise of Adolf Hitler from a long line of the most modest peasant roots.

Our Heinrich now posed the precise objection we were beginning to form for ourselves. "How," he asked, "can the preservation of the Originating Vision not be obstructed by the process of reproduction itself? Reproduction is, after all, commingling. Procreation brings together multimillions of sperm, yet each one is faced with the mission near-to-impossible of ^{travelling right up to} ~~encountering~~ the ovum, that highly-developed and reclusive ovum of the female, large as a battleship to ~~each~~ ^Y lonely sperm cell swimming in the sea." Now, he nodded forcibly, and more than twice, twice and then twice again as if to propose that in every difficulty resided the beauty of an exceptional solution. "I would maintain that the multi-million of sperm in one man's ejaculation can be imbued throughout with the power

Book 1 Jan 04-3 1/14/04

12

of directedness toward the target even as the morale of a first-rate ~~regiment~~ *Company* of infantry can be brought to bear on the need to capture a preassigned ridge. One can propose that sperm, during the act of coition, is able to act in just such purposeful fashion. But,"—he held up a hand—"will the genes within the woman, those genes so separately installed in her ovum—will they, we must ask, be compatible with the semen of the man? Or are they in dispute? Will they dicker over reductive details or even contravene the overall objective within his sperm? I would have to answer, yes, just about always they are much in dispute. Sperm and ovum, in the average case, can sometimes prove sufficiently compatible to procreate. But hardly more.

The man and woman so rarely share the same aspect of the Originating Vision. The variety of their separate experience has already affected their genes. When we begin to speak, therefore, of the creation of the Superman, let us be strikingly aware that not even one in a million families can present a man and woman who are close enough in the precise articulation of their genes to bring forth such a miracle of a child. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred million. No!"—again the upraised hand—"let us say, closer to a

Book 1 Jan 04-3 1/14/04

17

other hand, once we had some answers, it would be less demanding to invent the lies we might need to buttress all those hysterical feelings of patriotism that lived in fear of nauseating facts. You could say our uneasiness collected about one question that promised to be directly explosive. Should the answer prove to be the one we feared, it would prove far worse, indeed, than any certification of incest. This most troubling question would ask whether Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather had been a Jew.

Book 1 Jan 04-3 1/14/04

27

their own. For a time they actually slept in an empty cattle trough in a neighbor's barn. Of course, there might still have been money coming in because Johann Georg could certainly have drunk it up. In Strones, he remained a legend for the depth of his drunken stupors. (Through which, incidentally, he kept drinking.) Indeed, such a need for liquor marred the assumption that there was no money. For why would a drunk like fifty-year-old Johann Georg marry a forty-seven-year-old unless she had income to offer? The likelihood that he was Alois' father and our Adolf's grandfather was thereby reduced. Besides, Johann Georg Hiedler made no objection when Maria Anna convinced Johann's younger brother, also named Johann, (but, in this case, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler), to take the boy in and raise him. Johann Nepomuk was a hard-working farmer with a wife and three daughters, but he did not have a son.

This brother, Johann Nepomuk, might well be the real father. Yet, we were still not ready to discount the Jew.

Himmler sent me to Graz and I took close measure of some century-old records. I could find no man named Frankenberger in the ledgers! I Israelitische pored over the Kultusgemeinde of the Jewish Registry of Graz, and was

Book I Jan 04-3 1/14/04

39

Here, Himmler closed his eyes, leaned back, and exhaled slowly. It was as if he must expel every errant spirit in order to be free of dread. "We will not speak of this often," he went on in a low voice, "but occasions of close incest are truly perilous. One has need of the Fuehrer's Will to succeed in such a situation." (I capitalize Will since he used the word with reverence.) "It is my belief that in the world of numinous spirits which surround us, there are many elements we have the right to call malign. It is even possible that the worst of these spirits collect about a presence whom in earlier times we used to speak of as Satan. This embodiment, should it exist, of a devil or, let me say, the Devil, would certainly be ready to give great attention to Incestuaries of advanced degree. For indeed, how could such a Satan not be ready to distort the exceptional possibilities that are ready to arise from the doubling of God-given genes, are compatible in their near-symmetry of Vision. All the more power to Herr Hitler, then. He has actually been able, I would declare, to stand firm in the face of the Devil himself."

Little did Himmler know that his remarks could be multiplied by an order of magnitude. As I came to discover by more extended means, we at IV-2a had been ~~promulgating~~ ^{promulgating} an irony rather than a legend. The story we

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

118

FAX P118
then pp 212-262
all Double-speak

Part III

1.

Just now, I committed an irrevocable act of treachery: We are not
~~supposed to reveal who we are, not ever.~~ ~~allowed~~ ~~to reveal who we are, not ever.~~ ~~to reveal who we are, not ever.~~ ~~to reveal who we are, not ever.~~

Of course, my disclosure is on paper. I can still eliminate what is
recorded here. The Devil—it is more agreeable for me to speak of him as
Our Maestro, or as the Source—is in one way like all other creatures vast
and small. Everyone (including the Lord!) is obliged indeed to live within
certain restrictions, or—if you will—paradoxes. There are certain cruel
paradoxes ^{that} ~~which~~ circumscribe one's nature. I can vouch that the
accomplished and most respected leader of my Service (a minor matter but
most limiting for him!) is not fond of common paper. That substance is

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

212

working both for God and their own prosperous selves. We do not disabuse
~~(We ~~lost~~ want them, instead, to~~
them. Rather, we encourage them) to marinate their readers in baths of
misperception while we enjoy the profit.

Page 118

Then Fax pages 212-262
Double-space -

also p118

14

This time, Alois had a serious reason for moving. He had decided to retire. He wished to become a bee-keeper. For that, he would buy a farm. In the last year of his Customs work, he had begun to look about and by January of 1895, ^{had} ~~he~~ found what might be the right property in a town called Hafeld, thirty miles ~~away~~ from Linz, and in February he bought it. In April,

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

213

Klara and the children moved from Passau to that house. They would still be at a distance from city life. Even the closest school was in the next small town to Hafeld, Fischlham, where Adi would soon be ready for the first grade. Over the next few months Klara and the young ones were to live on the farm while Alois completed his service in Linz.

Of course, the oncoming retirement would not come without some serious inroads on a most impressive edifice. I speak of Alois' ego. It was its own kind of monument, impressive, yes, when we consider the meager materials out of which he had been able to construct it. Through his adult years, having managed to keep an unspoken sense of himself as a man destined eventually for serious achievement, he was certainly not lacking in a sense of reality as well, and so kept this notion as a meditative nectar rather than a serious expectation. Nonetheless, it would seep into his sweetest thoughts about himself when male company, good beer, and tobacco mingled dependably in the tavern after work.

By his final year as Chief Customs Officer of Linz, some rudiments of this concept—"a man of importance"—were even satisfied. While his final

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

214

position could hardly be as elevated as the thin air of his dreams, still the title tickled a marrow of real satisfaction.

If only he had enjoyed working in Linz, it might have been enough, but the problems with personnel encountered at Passau were now aggravated. Linz was an important station for the Finance Watch. Since it was capital of a most important province, Upper-Austria, Customs was stocked with young, ambitious, and socially sophisticated junior officers never at a loss to show quiet contempt for senior officials who might ^{fail} ~~lack~~ *in any way to fulfill the post,* one of the amenities. ~~did not satisfy the mark.~~ Most of these young men came from well-to-do families, and so their own future attainment of high office was taken for granted. This attitude, as palpable as the air itself, left Alois somewhat out of joint. He was getting on. For the first time in all the years he had been wearing a uniform, he did not always strike the passing eye as immaculate. (That now demanded too many pains!) Nor was he as severely punctual as once he was. Sometimes, at the point of issuing disciplinary reprimands, he would hesitate long enough to contemplate the possible repercussions.

For just such a reason, he eased up on smoking restrictions. He no longer enjoyed facing into the inheld wrath of younger officers. In consequence, he enjoyed his own tobacco less. He began to feel as if his associates were looking for him to retire. He had put in, after all, near to forty years of service. He was eligible. While he could continue for another twelve-month and even another, he did not deem it wise. Small, steady inroads on his vanity kept moving him toward a smaller dream. What if he chose to become a gentleman farmer? That would not be so bad, no, not out there in the autumn sun of his career. Such a life could fulfill a few other inclinations. What the hell! Born a peasant, he could end as a prosperous agriculturalist.

He had money enough. 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 the larger part of three wives' dowries. It could be said that the first two had brought some real money to the union. If Anna Glassl had succeeded in recovering, through law, half of her large dowry in lieu of their separation, still, she had been nicely well-to-do, and Franzceska, while hardly up to that measure,

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

216

was nonetheless the child of a prosperous farmer. Even old Poelzl, Klara's father, had come up with some florin.

On the other hand, Alois understood money only too well. He knew not all coin was equal. Deep in one's conscience, one had to pay a tithe to money that was not earned properly. ^{flors} ~~That was incontestable to Alois.~~ Money gave back its reflection of how it had been gained. Sometimes, he felt a passing chill. A good part of his prosperity could be seen as the flower ^{that} ~~which~~ had sprouted from the coffin-soil of dead wives' dowries.

During this last year of service, while Klara took care of the children in Passau and he was free in Linz, he had begun to feel too old for other women. That was when he told himself to go back to the earth. It was what he had always heard from Johann Nepomuk—"the real woman is in the fields." The old man had only to get drunk enough, and he would repeat it over and over. "The real woman—look for the real woman in the fields. Respect her."

It was an adage Alois could enjoy but his present plans did not include heavy duty as a farmer. His aim, rather, was apiculture. He was interested in developing beehives. He would market the honey. That would

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

217

be his real crop. All the same, 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 in the way the first three *of Klara's* babies had gone back to wherever they came from.

The reverse had occurred. The land did not perish, but his ownership did not go so well. The holding had been near Spital, a hundred miles from where he was then working in Braunau, yet he had had some far-off notion of retiring to the place. In the interim, it seemed 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 not only surly but half out of her head. In addition, she was a hunchback. He did not want her in the parlor every night, especially not with that *bunched-up* body.

All the same, he did *feel* have some admiration for Johanna. She had the fierce pride of someone who was not in the least afraid of God. She would put no trust in Him. "God," she would declare, "did not have to kill off so

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

218

many of us in the Poelzl family." Alois could tip his hat to that. "She's not like my wife," he was fond of telling the tavern. "Klara is ready to kiss every cross she meets."

All the same,
~~Still~~ Johanna did not run the farm very well. Each and every peasant who worked for her was, sooner or later, antagonized by Johanna's sharp tongue, and finally she had to give it up and go back to live with her father and her mother—also named Johanna. If we recall, that Johanna had been Alois' mistress on one unforgettable occasion. ("Sie ist hier!")

Alois was able, however, to sell that first farm at a modest profit and so was not ill-disposed to taking on the property in Hafeld these several years later. This farm he would work himself. It was called the Rauscher Gut (which can be translated freely as Windy Lands) and it offered nine acres plus a wooden house under a thatched roof with good views from the 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 ^a~~three~~ cows, plus one prize sow who also came with the purchase.

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

219

It was perfect all ways but one. After the purchase, (and only after the purchase) neighboring farmers were ready to hint to the new arrival that the land might be beautiful, but it was not necessarily going to be famous for its crops.

He looked upon these comments as exactly the kind of hazing that resident farmers would visit on a newcomer. Oh, he assured them, it did not matter. The land would be given a rest. He was there to raise bees. That was his element. Good honey could become the most prosperous crop of them all.

Indeed, in the last days before his retirement ceremony (which was acceptably eulogistic to Alois but most impressive, even thrilling, to Klara) he did have a series of drinking nights as a closer way of saying farewell to his staff and to the decades of his work. Since he had no desire ever to be seen as a man who would moon over the past, he dwelt on his future, he bullied his junior associates, plus a couple of old cronies, and a few respected town officials to drink more than one stein with him on the merits and mysteries of bee-keeping. Indeed, he belabored each table on each night with so much of ^{his} kultur on hive maintainence and the "mysterious

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

220

psychology of these fabulous little creatures," that Alois' junior officers would warn each other, ^{"Tonight, let's try"} ~~try~~ (to keep The Chimney from smoking us out ~~tonight~~ with his bees."

In truth, he did see himself as ^{something of} a philosopher on this subject. What an achievement for an untutored peasant from the Waldviertel to be able to give a lecture equal to a Heidelberg savant! "There are many social structures to perceive in each hive," he would inform the drinking gang by way of introduction to the subject each night.

In the last weeks before retirement, in the same Linz tavern he had frequented each night after his customs house shift, Alois spoke more and more often of the higher concepts of apiculture. Honey bees formed an amazing and complex world, he kept informing his drinking cohort. "With rare exceptions, these tiny creatures give their lives to one purpose: Build a future for the generations who will follow. The honey they are able to convert from the nectar and pollen that they bring back from the flowers is for their consumption, but, gentlemen, it is also accumulated in a necessary excess of hard work to feed their larvae." He nodded. "These larvae are installed in the tiniest hexagonal cells, a wonder to behold, yes, they are

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

221

constructed superbly and symmetrically out of the very beeswax these insect workers know how to make from pollen, *(and that is a mysterious process not quite of the hexagonal cells.)* great care is taken in the construction. They know that future generations must succeed them."

His company nodded, their spirits glum. This was poor beer talk.

But Alois was off on his peroration. Indeed, he was the essence of that kind of dogmatic lecturer who is prepared to pride himself on *can be incorruptible* lack of sensitivity

to his audience (if they are insufficiently grateful to listen carefully). "Some bees," he now remarked, "the heftier ones, become guards to watch over the entrances to the hive. Do you know? They are ready to go into battle at the cost of their lives? They will even fight off such powerful raiders as wasps or spiders or termites. Yes, all the insect world is looking for a free meal in the honey. But that is only one of the obstacles to a peaceful life for the bee. They have to come up with ingenious solutions to serious problems.

All through the summer months, many of the worker bees, as one example, are constantly engaged, if I may be permitted to speak thus, in keeping the interior of the hive cool. How? By means of their tireless activity. They never stop fanning their wings. Some must even wear out their wings.

After which, they are ready to die. Why? *For the common need!* To create a draft to cool the hive.

understood
as yet.
even by
our
most
modern
chemists
Moreover
great
care

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

222

This act is so necessary. The larvae cannot survive in too much chill nor in too much heat. Think of it. Thousands of wings all fanning away, even as others go out to forage out for more supplies in a multitude of flowers. They cover themselves with pollen and store the nectar in pads on their legs and then fly back to the hive. Absolutely loyal to the needs of the hive, all of them. I can tell you: They fly under the weight of loads that weigh more than their own bodies. Could we do that? Perform such labors day after day? Think of them as flying work-horses. Yet, they are only the size of bees. And all the while, others are working to make beeswax from the pollen, that mysterious and extraordinarily useful beeswax. I tell you, they create a society comparable to ours. But maybe more rational."

None of the junior officers were ready to argue. (If they did, he might go on for another hour.) It took one of the older town officials to reply. Taking several portentous sips of smoke from his pipe, he said, "Come, Alois, they are only insects."

"No, good sir! With all due respect, you are mistaken. There is much more to them than one would think. Some are, I believe, more inspired in

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

223

purpose than the average human dolt. Let me say, they are one of the wonders of our universe."

15.

I was not well-prepared Alois' interest in these matters. Here was not the man I knew. While I could see a practical purpose to acquiring

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

224

a number of hives since the product was eminently salable, and beeswax in particular, brought a very good price, I could not find the balance.

Apiculture had its risks, including the unscheduled peril of receiving a serious number of bee stings. While it might be reasonable to engage in such efforts rather than endangering his long-worked heart by looking to plow a field, I had, all the same, an uneasy suspicion. Alois was too sincere in his enthusiasm. He was not sufficiently concerned with profit. The desire for money is, however, the tap-root of the motive that drives most men and women into new activity. Therefore, signs of its absence concern

me. Obviously, I feel like a sorry devil when I cannot ~~get near for clients~~ ^{come close to} ~~to a client's~~ private intentions. Yet here was Alois ready to undertake this venture because it satisfied something in him that I had not yet detected. Normally, Alois kept a close relation to the money he made.

I did recall that he had tinkered with keeping a hive in one small town, dabbled, and soon gave it up, but a few years later, went back again. Always on the smallest scale. In the last few months, he had, it is true, written a short article for a journal that served bee-keepers in the area around Linz. To my surprise, the piece was literate. Alois' experience was

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

225

obviously limited, but, indeed, he had acquired some book knowledge of the subject, and was now fascinated by a new mode of cultivation. Bee hives made of straw might soon be done away with. Skeps they were called, squat-ribbed domed objects about the size and shape of big-bellied human torsos, and skeps had their drawbacks. For example, to harvest the honey, bee-keepers had to keep the population of the hive stunned, which was usually done by smoking them into near-comatose condition. It was an imprecise process, and the skep often had to be ripped open to collect the product. Despite the smoke, some honeybees awoke long enough to sting the collector.

A new and much-discussed innovation was, however, being developed in England and in America. Already, even in Austria, local bee-keepers were ready to do away with the old ungainly straw structure. If the skep had been for its time an improvement over the more barbaric practice—common in antiquity and the Middle Ages—of rooting the bees out from their hole in a tree, advanced bee-keepers around Linz were now speaking of hives that could soon become the equivalent of a modern city built to the scale of bees. This new housing, no greater in size than the

Book 3 Jan-042 1/14/04

226

skep, was a wooden cabinet that could be filled with glass trays installed vertically. The worker bees seemed content to build their miniscule wax cells on both sides of each inserted pane of ^{wax}~~glass~~. Since this new kind of wooden chamber could hold a good number of upright trays, and each tray had room for thousands of cells in a grid of layers and rows, some keepers calculated that each hive could yet be compared to a giant apartment building in some future megalopolis like Berlin or New York.

To explain this venture to Klara, Alois did emphasize the pecuniary promise. Good money would come back from clean work, and Alois Jr. and Angela would help, he told her. And Adi as well! He convinced her that the new project was eminently practical.

I was still bothered. Klara might believe him but I did not. To me, Alois was looking to find a way to come nearer to the Dummkopf. That was not a matter I could afford to ignore.

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

227

-16-

I was now debating whether to pass this concern on to the E.O.

While the Maestro could, when he so desired, enter into our thoughts, he did

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

228

~~often~~ not choose to do so ~~that often~~. He would ^{preferred to} reserve ~~his~~ ^s resources for exceptional ~~rather than general~~ activities.

On the other hand, I was supposed to be on the alert for unexpected turns. One could fall to the side of too much caution or not enough.

My conclusion on this matter was not to inform the E.O. Alois had, after all, never been one of our clients. There was never the need. He was by our measure an average man, which is to say, sufficiently corrupt to be available for our use whenever we might need to invest temporarily in him. The assumption was that he would be open to a quick invasion. The Cudgels would hardly be guarding him. To what end? He was so self-centered. What could there be ~~to him~~ for them to protect? Whereas when it came to someone like Klara, we did not dare to go near. Not for ^{too} ~~so~~ little. It would have proved punishing and again—to what end? We did not need her directly. Some of our most exceptional clients are the offspring of good mothers. Indeed, evil children that issue from the most loving women are always able to injure morale. Average men and women find it hard to accept that ugly results can issue from devoted efforts. It shakes their faith in ^{the} ~~the~~ Dummkopf. How could God allow this? A standard lament.

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

229

We had not gone near Klara, therefore, except for that one incomparably special night—that lightning raid—when Adolf had been conceived.

After that, paradoxically, she was more useful to us as herself, there, innocent, nurtured by the attentions of the Cudgels. This is, however, so complex a matter that it will have to wait. To give but an indication, let me say that Klara, being gifted with depths of love, would not only adore her Adi, but would become enchanted by the new one, Edmund, which was just about certain to flagellate many of Adolf's feelings.

To watch over a child through the early years is, as I have indicated, so complex and chancy a procedure, that we usually wait. Life itself will shape unexpected openings for us to find our way into men and women we have not yet gone near. Besides, our best efforts, as I have also remarked, can be contravened by the Cudgels.

We deal then with likelihoods, with reasonably expected outcomes. Alois, in himself, on the hoof, that is to say, Alois, his faults and virtues all more or less predictable, had been serving as the keel for our ongoing comprehension of the Hitler family. He was so dependable in his strengths

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

230

and habits, his productive contributions, his built-in cruelties and crudities, that one could, if necessary, intensify or reduce the heat of Adolf's hatred for his father in such a way as to mold the boy. Depend on it! We depended on Alois. He was predictable.

Now, his outsize love for bees was turning things askew for me. There are few atheists who can go all the way to the grave without being challenged in their heart on one or another occasion by the fear or, worse, the intimation, that God does exist. In this sense, they are comparable to pious virgins who are tempted into sudden and unholy heats. Like many such ladies, they cannot accept sex (in the atheistic case, religion) as a force to be met on equal terms. No, like the good virgin, the atheist, has to take it, so to speak, through the back door. They fall in love with God by way of nature, paganism, service to others, technology—seen as the best possible solution to humankind's problems—or through exceptional allegiance to a fetish or a mystery. In Alois' case, it happened to be ^{the} ~~an~~ overblown recognition of the immense collaboration that could be present between the mighty and the miniscule.

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

231

Since he was hardly ready to bathe in a pool of joy for the greater glory of the Lord, he approached his newly opened sense of Mystery by way of the old allegiance to Franz Josef. This much I learned by a quick raid on his mind, an activity that depended on the likely chance no Cudgels would be near during the length of ^{my} ~~your~~ raid. (It is not unlike a blind bet in poker,) ~~and the E.O. who may be the greatest poker player of all time does not encourage us to form any predictable habits in that direction.)~~

On this occasion, I penetrated quickly, and soon was out. I gathered what I needed ~~from that raid~~. I now knew ~~a good deal~~ more about Alois' new dispositions. My unhappy sense of what might be in his mind was confirmed. These bees had a life he could find analogous to his own. This is why natural phenomena are so often the first perception by humans of the conceivable nearness of God. They discover, for example, that a puppy or kitten is a warm cuddly bit of existence much like themselves and so can serve as the gateway to larger suppositions. For Alois, the foragers out in search of the flowers were creatures he could understand.

On any warm day, bees scouting for new fields of flowers knew the heat of the sun and the intimate yearning that only the sun could arouse in

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

232

flower petals. Alois was not about to throw open any massive bolted door to the mystical side of himself—he was like most humans in that regard—but I had found ^a ~~the~~ soft spot in his psyche. He would actually, in the innermost recess of his thoughts, muse on the art that must be present in any creation which would choose to bring the honeybee into the perfumed caverns of the flower. It stirred him to think of two wholly separated existences, entranced with each other by the burgeoning heat of the sun. The flower would surrender its nectar, while the honeybee covered itself with the pollen of the stamens. In another moment, the bee would separate from one passionate ^{lust} ~~bee~~ to look for another, ^(of the same species) whichever fine flower was beckoning in the breeze, ready to gather more nectar for the hive even as it left some of the pollen of the first stamen on this second infatuation.

Such images gave life to Alois. It was the balance between hard work and satisfied desire. He felt close to that bee who would stagger back in flight with its pollen bags ^{heavy} ~~full~~, and its ^{nectar bulb} ~~honey~~ ducts. Had not Alois, in his turn, given much to women and yet brought back much for himself, so much accumulated wisdom on how to deal with the world, or, at least, his customs-house corner of the world where by the end of his career, he

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

233

invariably knew what was true and what was false in declarations offered by strangers, particularly women who might wish to deceive him, yet could not, because he was wiser than they were. He possessed the true honey.

Wisdom was the knowledge of what others were up to.

As Alois saw it, honey was a concentrate of secrets—secrets held by passing travelers and commercial people, secrets as sweet as honey, all those little goods you could steal and keep for yourself. But he was there to take their secrets. He could work as hard and long as any honeybee on the hottest and most productive day of summer when the flowers were most open, working hard for a future beyond themselves, even as he, Alois, had labored on many an occasion to protect the glory centuries upon centuries old, of the Hapsburgs and their exceptional Empire, so devoted to the future. Not all the Hapsburgs had been great, perhaps, not all even so very good as people, but it was true for the best of them, those who were like Franz Josef. They were good humans, very good. Alois could hope to find a resemblance to Franz Josef in his own features—the same sideburns, the same dignity. It was said of the Emperor Franz Josef that he could work for endless hours at his necessary and near-to-endless duties. When necessary,

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

234

he, Alois, was also ready. And yet they knew enough, both of them, to comprehend that it was not enough to carry the honey back, but that one must keep a part for oneself.

Some people in Linz he knew, fools for the most part, had been shocked when gossip spread about the actress, Fraulein Katharina Schratt, whom, ^{it} ~~he~~ was now bruited about, Franz Josef had taken for a mistress. Even when he had a wife ^{so} ~~as~~ beautiful as Empress Elizabeth! Such news had spread like a spill of oil ^{that} ~~which~~ has no boundaries. It had been a blow to some. Not to Alois. He understood. Both the best of men and the worst had to keep their share of the honey for themselves. As he entered retirement, this thought actually brought a taste of peace.

Let me not be altogether captivated, however, by the voluptuous turn Alois has just brought to his meditations. After all, he had his fear of bees as well. Once, in previous years, he had been stung so ferociously and apocalyptically (if I may put it so) that he never forgot the attack of vertigo it caused. Such power to create pain! That it could exist in creatures so small! It did not come from the honeybee alone, he decided, but must derive from congress with the sun! Such pain might even express the rage

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04

235

of the sun. With that, Alois was familiar. He had worked through many a summer in the blare of hottest daylight, stuffed into his uniform. Of course he knew the rage of the sun. It was there to disseminate goods and warmth from the heavens above, but also to glow as a manifest of divine rage.

These were thoughts too large for Alois to accept openly. He never brought such meditations all the way forward into words, only his thoughts—which was good enough for me. This much, however, he knew: Honeybees were agents of the sun even as he was an agent of the Hapsburgs, and both were close to the ultimate power of them all.

Could these large epiphanies be the product of full retirement? Had he lost his own power to bring harsh levys upon any stranger who might try to abuse his realm?

The answer is obvious: Alois was not ready to retire. I looked forward with my own trepidation to how he would deal with his four children now that Edmund was ^{the son} ~~born~~. For that matter, how would it be to live on a farm with Klara? In my purview, I could anticipate the unforeseen and unexpected rages of a man whose heart was not wholly in his retirement. Like unclassifiable clouds on the horizon was the shape of my

Book 3 Jan 042 1/14/04 .

236

disturbance. Given Alois' propensity to blow pipe smoke into Adi's face, I could feel the return of my obligation to keep more than a small eye on the premises. All the same, I would not be able to pretend to the E.O. later that I was ready for the trouble that Alois, Junior, would bring in the next year when he turned fourteen.

A new complication soon arose. Klara was pregnant again. It ~~too~~ even happened on the first night that they moved into the house. ~~Surprised in February, Klara came~~
~~up in with the difficulty of the issue, another~~
~~born with 4 lbs. children, and the~~
~~the sale of their possessions from them.~~

17.

A new complication soon arose. Klara was pregnant again. It even happened on the first night that they moved into the house. Purchased in February, Klara came up in April while encountering all the difficulty of the move, four children, and the sum of their possessions, trunks, valises, packing crates and packages, embarking by train early in the morning from Passau to

Linz where Alois met them with a large wagon and two work horses to go all together on the last thirty miles from Linz to Hafeld.

This last portion of the trip took all of the afternoon, and it was dark by the time they reached the farm, but the afternoon had been warm, and Alois taught the children a few songs—his voice was rich, and Klara had a beautiful delicate soprano. The children had rarely heard them in such a mood.

The interior of the house was chill when they arrived but the previous owner had stocked the fireplaces with good dry wood, and before long, the rooms were warm, and bread and sausage and hot soup made for a first decent meal.

That night, Alois was ready to establish their connubial presence as well.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/17/04

Linz where Alois met them with a large wagon and two work horses to ~~go all~~ ^{take them}

all ^{for} together on the last thirty miles from Linz to Hafeld.

This last portion of the trip took ~~all of the afternoon~~ ^{from noon to dark before}, and it was dark by

~~the time~~ ^{day} they reached the farm, but the ~~afternoon~~ had been warm, and Alois

taught the children ~~a few songs~~ ^{one song after another} — his voice was rich, and Klara had a ~~clear~~ ^{clear}

delicate soprano. Alois, keeping it to himself, was proud of his skills with the horses and wagon. ~~He had not done any of that in decades and had~~ ^{almost} ~~lived~~ ^{advised}

The interior of the house was chill ~~when they arrived~~ ^{each} but the previous owner had stocked the fireplaces with good dry wood, and before long, the

rooms were warm, and bread and sausage and hot soup made for a first ~~with the~~ ^{then had brought a bag, and}

~~plus a jar of split pea soup Klara had packed~~ ^{decent meal}, and ~~went to bed more happily than not~~ ^{all}

Alois would spend the next day with them, then drive the wagon back to Linz.

That night, Alois was ready to establish their connubial ~~presence as~~ ^{investiture of}

~~the premises as well~~ ^{first} ^{thoroughly}

FROM :MAILER

FAX NO. :5084872136

Jan. 23 2004 01:32PM P1

FROM :JMWORCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Jan. 23 2004 10:48AM P1

237

Book 3 temp fix copy 1/17/04

FAESD Jan 23 11:05 P.M.

Tuple space.

17.

At Another
situation

became

A new complication soon arose. Klara was pregnant again. It even

happened on the first night ~~that~~ after, factually they moved into the house. Purchased in February, the ~~house~~ remained unoccupied until April. ~~Back in Passau, Edmund was ailing, and~~ February, Klara came up in April while encountering all the difficulty of the move, four children, and the sum of their possessions, trunks, valises, packing ~~re-~~ retirements. Nonetheless, Klara braved her difficulties and made the move right after Easter ~~from~~ with flower crates and packages, embarking by train early in the morning from Passau to

they had a decent meal and all went to bed more happily than not. Alois would spend the night with them, then drive the wagon back to Linz.

That first night, however, Alois was ready to establish their connubial investiture of the premises as well.

trunks, valises, packing crates and packages, embarking by train early in the morning from Passau to Linz where Alois met them with a large wagon and two work horses to take them all together for the last thirty miles from Linz to Hafeld.

This last portion of the trip took from noon to dark before they reached the farm, but the day had been warm, and Alois taught the children one song after another—his voice was rich, and Klara had a clear delicate soprano. Alois, keeping it to himself, was proud at his skill with the horses and wagon. He had not done any of that in decades and had almost hired a driver.

The interior of the house was chill, but the previous owner had stocked each fireplace, and before long, the rooms were warm, and with the bread and sausage they had brought along, plus a jar of split pea soup Klara had packed,

17.

Another situation soon arose. Klara became pregnant on the first night after they actually moved into the house. Purchased in February, the farm had remained unoccupied until April. Back in Passau, Edmund had been ailing, and Alois would not be able to join them permanently until late in June after his retirement. Nonetheless, Klara braved the difficulties and made the move right after Easter with their four children and the sum of their possessions,

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

237

17.

Another situation had arisen. On the very night in April when, for the first time, they slept in the house at Hafeld, Klara became pregnant. Until then, the farm, although purchased in February, was not occupied by the Hitler family. Klara had kept the children in Passau because Edmund was ailing. Besides, it was winter. Alois would not be able to join them permanently until the end of June when he retired. By April, however, Klara decided finally to brave the difficulties and right after Easter, accompanied by Angela, Adolf, Edmund, and the sum of their possessions, she did the move which was made even more difficult since she was without Alois, Jr. to help her with the luggage—he had had to stay behind and board with a neighbor until the end of his school year. Nonetheless, whatever the difficulties, she embarked by train from Passau early in the day and her husband met them at the station in Linz with a large wagon and two work

Ready for FAXING
 Double-space
 all of chapter 17
 pp 237-247

17.

Judette - see
 note on page 249
 before reworking

Another situation ^{had arisen.} ^(very) ^{from the first time, they} ^{had} ^{was not} ^{was} ^{Besides,} ^{and}
 arose. { On the night in April when they first slept in
 at Hald's ~~house~~
 the house, Klara became pregnant. Until then, the farm, ^{although} purchased in
 February, ^{had not} had not been occupied by the Hitler family. Klara ^{had} kept the
 children in Passau because Edmund ^{was} had been ailing ^{Besides,} and it was winter.
 and

^{the end of}
Besides, Alois would not be able to join them permanently until late in June

^{when he retired,}

after his retirement. By April, however, Klara decided finally to brave the

238

accompanied by

she ~~made~~ ^{did} the most ~~for~~ which was

~~Bois, Jr. was left to stay in~~

made even more difficult since she had no one to help her with the luggage. She was alone and had to pass with a neighbor until the end of his school year. So she embarked by

So she embarked by

her husband
~~for Alton~~

train from Passau early in the day and Alex met them at the station in Linz.

with a large wagon and two work horses to carry all their trunks, valises,

packing crates and packages for the last thirty miles to Hafeld.

This portion of the trip lasted from noon to dark, but the day had been

warm, and Alois, to everyone's surprise, entertained the children with one

song after another—his voice was rich, and Klara, who had a clear delicate

soprano, would join him when she knew the words. Alois was in a rare

mood. Keeping it to himself, he was proud at his skill with the horses and

wagon. Having done so little of that in decades, he had almost hired a driver.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

239

but given his oncoming responsibilities as a farmer, felt ^{it} incumbent to take on the project himself.

The interior of the house was ~~chill~~, but since the previous owner had,

— as was local custom —
as a parting gift, ^{and so} stocked each fireplace, ^{too} the rooms, before long, were warm,

~~and~~ what with some bread and sausage, plus a carefully packed jar of split

pea soup, they had enough to eat and went to bed more happily than not.

Alois would spend ^{his} the next day with them before driving the wagon back to

Linz.

That first night, however, Alois was ready to establish ^{a little} some connubial

investiture of the premises as well, and by the light of the gas lamp in their

bedroom, he ^{could see} ~~thought~~ that Klara looked in fine color, not pale at all, and said

as much only to hear her laugh in true merriment.

"You, too, Uncle," she said. "Your nose is very red from the sun."

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

240

"Ah," he said, "you are still calling me uncle. Soon, it's ten years that ^{are} we're married and still, what am I to you? Uncle Alois? Do you mean Old Uncle Alois? That is a disgrace."

"No," she said, "we are all very proud of you. ^{so much.} Today, You did it all .

And so well. I think it's something you never did before."

"Well, I can do ^{a lot of} things you do not know. I am ^{never} ~~not~~ so simple as you think."

"I ^{do not} ~~never~~ think you are simple," she said, ^{that} ~~une~~ "I do not think ~~that~~."

"Yes, you can tell me. What do you think, my little niece?"

It was not often that she was ready to speak to him so directly, but on

a most special night after all,
this night, she said, "I wonder why you never tell me that you love me."

"Maybe," he replied, "it is because you still call me 'uncle' ^u ~~uncle~~."

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

241

To his astonishment, her answer was the nearest she had ever come to speaking in a manner ^{most certainly} ~~that~~ ^{not her} belonged to other kinds of women, "Maybe I call

you uncle," she said, "because you are such a big, healthy fellow of an uncle."

He was not about to pass this by. ^{Immediately, the prancing on the} ~~The~~ Hound was ~~pulling at his leash.~~

Alois!

His voice was heavy. "How would you know what is the size of a healthy

fellow?" he asked.

^{do not} "I ~~don't~~ know. But I ^{am free to} ~~can~~ guess. You are a very big uncle."

That was all it took to make her pregnant. He was excited enough to take her by the side of the bed, both of them standing, half-dressed, and then he took her again in bed. He was full of love—for himself, first, and his prowess—such a fine power at his age—and then he felt some love for her to some degree—^{plus} and then a good deal of love for the farm. It was a beautiful piece of land. He even took pleasure in the thought of coming a little closer

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

242

to ^{his} ~~their~~ children, which is to say, he had an image ^(he had) of them working along with

him in the fields, doing what, he hardly ^{could say} know ^{to fall} he was about asleep and now

thought of summer bees searching the meadows ^{like} and was unusually delighted

^{with how much} ~~had been~~ ^{for this night} at the power ~~still~~ in his loins. To ~~still~~ have it there, just when he had begun to

wonder.

That night, ^{he} ~~he~~ even held Klara in his arms, which was hardly his habit,

and when he woke up to honor the needs of his bladder, he almost kicked

over the chamber pot ^{In the dark, what} ~~what~~ with his unfamiliarity ^{with the} in the dark of a new ⁵⁴ ~~bedroom~~ ^{stumbling} ~~bedroom~~ ^{he was} ~~he was~~ ^{stumbling around} and Klara looked up giggling and then wrapped her arms around

him as he came back to bed. "I am happy," she said. "I think this will be the

place for us."

"Silence!" he growled. "Don't be a goose! One does not make silly

predictions!" Yes, he could feel the earth of the farm, all those nine acres to

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

243

the rear of their bedroom, and felt just as superstitious as any ~~person~~ ^{of the} of his
~~of the parents of his~~
 childhood. A person should not be as ready as Klara to ~~release~~ ^(speak out with) good feelings
 to the night air. Not aloud! ~~Who knew what kind of black hearted spirit~~
^{empty} ^{how empty was it after all?}
 might be about, there to ~~listen to you~~ ^(there with its) nothing but evil ears?

In the morning, she could sense ~~his~~ ^{his} impatience to be done with the
~~unpacking so that he could go out and walk his grounds.~~ ^{It was obvious. He wanted to} ^{so, she} She took over the
 larger part of the immediate tasks while he gave the children a tour of the
 barn, all three huddled close to him now before the animal immanence of the
 two horses, the cow, and the prize sow that had been part of the purchase

~~price~~ ^{price} money. Those animals were huge and overpowering to the children in size

~~overpowering them with~~ ^{and close to}
~~and the fetid statement of their odor,~~ All three, Angela, twelve; Adi, now

~~close to six and Edmund, not yet two~~ ^(OK) and a fine toddler. ^{Edmund hugged Adi.} ~~he loved to walk~~

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

He ^{learned to walk} with his hand in Adi's hand, yes, enjoyed that almost as much as being carried

on his father's shoulders.

Now, Alois ^{told them} They were to go back to the house now and help their mother, Alois

told them. In the afternoon, he would, he promised, teach them how to milk

^{not to mention the hen house and the eggs,} the cow, feed the pig, and curry the horse, but for now it was their good

mother who needed them.

He wanted to ^{walk} ~~take~~ his lands alone. He had more than a few decisions

to ^{take one again} ~~make~~. So he studied the condition of the orchard ^{once again}.

When he had seen it last, there was ^{more than a little} ~~but~~ snow on the ground and he had been able to

determine ~~no more than~~ that the trunks of the walnut trees looked healthy, and

the bare branches appeared to have integrity, strong, reasonably straight, and

not too many tortured shapes to suggest the aftermath of crazy storms.

FROM :MAILER

FAX NO. :5084872136

Jan. 26 2004 02:59PM P17

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Jan. 26 2004 12:23PM P9

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

245

In truth, he realized now, he had hardly studied the place ^{before buying it.} ~~It had been~~

Enough that the price, comparatively, was not very high, and he had wanted a farm,

~~the~~ the house and the view were the best he had found, and he could not

manage to keep ^{spending} ~~losing~~ full days in travel out from Linz, ~~not with~~ his other terminal responsibilities on the job.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

245

In truth, he realized now, he had hardly studied the place. It had been enough that the price, comparatively, was not ^{too} very high, and he had wanted it, the house and the view were the best he had found, ^{As,} and he could not manage to keep losing full days in travel out from Linz. ^{This place} It was enough that he ^{after all,} wanted it. In his work, he had had to be good at making quick decisions. You could not examine in complete ^{professional} detail every traveler who might have something wrong about him, no, you made your choices on the spot, ^{and he} had been good at that.

All the same, he was not so much at ease ^{with his purchase} as he had anticipated.

Walking the meadows and the one small hill of his new domain, the land was

less extensive than he remembered, ^{what two, nine acres,} no larger, really, than a good-sized

parade-field, and maybe a little more. On the other hand, it was small enough

to encourage him to do a little more farming than he had anticipated. Three

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

246

or four of those acres would make a decent but manageable potato field.

Should he give an,

~~Give another acre to beets?~~ Could he plant this year? That would be the

question. He could not get going until the end of June, the beginning of July,

but Alois, Jr. would be back here then from Passau, his school year finished,

and, yes, maybe they could take on some late plowing, maybe get some

planting done.

All the while,

~~He had known it in advance,~~ but his true disappointment *came back* festered in

must now again! *cultivate*
to him. He ~~had to recognize~~ that he could not ~~be ready to take~~ in his bees, not

this summer. The brunt of the project would have to wait until the *next* following

A real start by the bees!
spring. The ~~best~~ season of beautiful effort *lasted* began in April and hardly came to

a half-year—April into September, *had to* and he must be there at the beginning. *He*

must wait. All
was all right, He would have *now* nine months to prepare, at least counting from

the time when he would be back *again here*, permanently, in June, late June,

FROM :MAILER

FAX NO. :5084872136

Jan. 26 2004 03:00PM P20

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Jan. 26 2004 01:29PM P1

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

247

and an unexpected and most unpleasant shiver of anticipation came to him at

He is
~~the~~ thought. Did he know what he was doing? Such a bad thought! He

forced it back. He had been in control of his feelings since he was ten years

old, and he was not preparing to go soft now.

FROM :MAILER

FAX NO. :5084872136

Jan. 26 2004 03:00PM P20

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Jan. 26 2004 01:29PM P1

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

247

and an unexpected and most unpleasant shiver of anticipation came to him at

^{He is}
~~she~~ thought. Did he know what he was doing? Such a bad thought! He

forced it back. He had been in control of his feelings since he was ten years

old, and he was not preparing to go soft now.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/23/04 second pass

17.

Another situation ~~soon~~ arose. Klara became pregnant on the first night

they first slept in the house.

(Klara became pregnant, until after they actually moved into the house. Purchased in February, the farm had then, the farm, purchased in February, ~~had not~~ been by the Hitler family. Klara ~~had~~ kept the children remained unoccupied until April. Back in Passau, Edmund had been ailing,

in Passau because Edmund had been ailing and it was winter. Besides,

and Alois would not be able to join them permanently until late in June after

By April, however,

decided family to leave his retirement. Nonetheless, Klara braved the difficulties and made the move ~~undoubtedly~~ ~~to make~~ the move.

Angela, ~~the~~ ~~by~~ Add G. Command right after Easter with their four children and the sum of their possessions. Alois, ~~was~~ left to stay in Passau with a neighbor until the end of his school year.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/23/04 second pass

238

So, she embarked by train from Passau ^{day} ~~early~~
~~trunks, valises, packing crates and packages, embarking by train~~
 and of the station in Linz
 morning from Passau to Linz where Alois met them with a large wagon and ^(and packages)
 carry all their trunks, valises, packing crates
 two work horses to take them all together for the last thirty miles from Linz to

Hafeld.

^{lasted}
 This last portion of the trip took from noon to dark before they reached

^{to everyone's surprise, entertained}
~~the farm~~, but the day had been warm, and Alois taught the children one song

after another—his voice was rich, and Klara had a clear delicate soprano ^{when} ^{he} ^{would join him when she}
~~when he had the children hear him singing~~
~~go usual before he was in a room~~
^{knew the words}
^{that Alois}
^{was in a}
^{range}
^{in mind}
^{keeping}

Alois, keeping it to himself, was proud at his skill with the horses and wagon.

^{blowing} ^(so little of)
 He had not done any of that in decades ^{he} and had almost hired a driver, but, given
 his oncoming responsibilities as a farmer, felt
 it incumbent ^{to take on the project himself}

The interior of the house was chill, but the previous owner had stocked

^{before long} ^{what some}
 each fireplace, and before long, the rooms were warm, and ^{(with the bread and}

^{carefully packed} ^{not}
 sausage they had brought along, plus a jar of split pea soup Klara had packed

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/23/04 second pass

239

^{enough to eat}
they had a decent meal and ~~all~~ went to bed more happily than not. Alois

^{next day} ^{he be driving}
would spend the night with them, ~~then drive~~ the wagon back to Linz.

That first night, however, Alois was ready to establish ^{some} ~~his~~ ^{some} ~~his~~ connubial

investiture of the premises as well, ~~he went~~ and by the
light of the gaslamp in ~~their~~ ^{in 1895} their
bedroom ~~for the first time~~ ^{in 1895}

~~Thankly available this far out in the country~~
~~from the~~ ^{he} thought that Klara looked
in fine color, not pale at all, and
~~told her as much~~ ^{he} only to ~~have~~ ^{hear} her laugh
in true merriment.

"You, too, uncle," she said. "Your
nose is veriged from the sun."

"ah," he said, "you are still calling
me uncle." Soon, it's ten years that ~~you~~ ^{am} ~~you~~ ^{am}
married and still, what ~~is~~ ^{am} I? ~~Uncle~~ ^{Uncle}
Alois, that is a disgrace."

"ah," she said, "we are all very
proud of you. ~~you~~ ^{you} did it all and
as well, ~~something~~ ^{something} you never did before."

"well, I am a ~~man~~ ^{man} you do not know,
I am not so simple as you think."

"I never think ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~simple~~ ^{simple}," she said.

"yes, you can tell me, what ~~do~~ ^{do} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~think~~ ^{think}, my little niece?"

Do you
mean
old
uncle
Alois?

little close to the children which is (24)
 to say he had an image of them working
 along with him in the fields, doing what he
 hardly knew, was almost asleep
 and thought of summer bees searching
 the meadows and was immensely delighted
 at the power ~~that was told~~ in his house to
 be ~~had~~ ^{just when he would} ~~be~~ ^{have a} ~~have~~ ^{the} ~~be~~ ^{wonder}
 that night he even helped Klar in his
 aims which was ^{hardly} his habit, and when
 he woke up once to ~~have~~ ^{have} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~new~~ ^{new} ~~room~~ ^{room}
 of his bladder, he almost cried at the
 Chamber of ^{what with} ~~his~~ ^{and} ~~unfamiliarity~~ ^{unfamiliarity} in the
 dark ~~with~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{of} ~~new~~ ^{new} ~~bedroom~~ ^{bedroom} Klar
 looked giggling and then ~~grasped~~ ^{he came back} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~arms~~ ^{arms}
 around him ~~in the dark~~ ^{in the dark} "I am happy,"
 she said, "I think this will be the
 place for us."

"Don't be a goose!"
 "Silence!" he roared. "You are a silly
 One does not ~~do~~ ^{do} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~indignations~~ ^{indignations}!"
 Yes, he could feel the ~~back~~ ^{back} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~farm~~ ^{farm} ~~and~~ ^{and}
 those ~~nine~~ ^{nine} ~~acres~~ ^{acres} ~~around~~ ^{around} ~~them~~ ^{them} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the}
 dark and felt ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~if~~ ^{if} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark}
 present once more. ~~One~~ ^{One} ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~see~~ ^{see} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark}
 ready to ~~reveal~~ ^{reveal} ~~such~~ ^{such} ~~thoughts~~ ^{thoughts} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark}
 who knew ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~black-hearted~~ ^{black-hearted} ~~spirits~~ ^{spirits} ~~might~~ ^{might} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark}
 to ~~see~~ ^{see} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~black-hearted~~ ^{black-hearted} ~~spirits~~ ^{spirits} ~~might~~ ^{might} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark}
 to ~~see~~ ^{see} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~black-hearted~~ ^{black-hearted} ~~spirits~~ ^{spirits} ~~might~~ ^{might} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark}

* Middle of close to near year -
the animal in memory of the two days
the cow and the pig saw - that had
seen part of the purchase money, those
getting them in the way and they were
to be taken in the way and they were
to be taken in the way and they were

those nine acres, ^{to the rear of their valley} ⁽²⁴⁷⁾
just ^{any} ~~as~~ superstition as a peasant
~~once more~~ A person should not be
so ready as them to release ^{good feelings}
~~thought~~ to the night air. ^{Not alone!} I do know
what kind of black-hearted spirit might
be about there, to listen to you, ^{nothing}
but evil ears.
In the morning, she could sense
his impatience to be done with the unpacking
so that he could go out and ^{and} ^{be able to} ^{with his}
unpacking and ^{be able to} ^{with his}
grounds. ^{and so early} ^{as the larger}
part of the ^{the} ^{to give the} ⁽⁵⁾
children, a four of the ^{the} ^{three} ^{close to him}
children, Angela twelve, ^{not yet} ^{two}, and a
six, and Edmund ^{was} ^{two}, and a
fine toddler, ^{he} ^{loved to} ^{walk with} ^{his}
hand in Adie's hand, yes, enjoyed that almost
as much as being carried on his buttocks
should ~~be~~

They were to go back to the house now
and tell their mother, also to let them
in the afternoon, he would, he promised
teach them how to milk the cow, feed
the pig, and ^{the} ^{to} ^{teach} ^{them}
it was ^{mother} ^{to} ^{teach} ^{them}
He wanted to be alone, ^{he} ^{wanted}
to walk his lands, ^{it} ^{had} ^{all} ^{alone}
over ^{him} ^{he} ^{had} ^a ^{lot} ^{of} ^{blowing} ^{to}
do and more than a few decisions to make
so he studied the condition of the orchard

Sunday evening 6:25

Judith

Since Duwayne ~~sent~~ sent the
~~manuscript~~ was from 237-246

We reworked pages 244, ~~#246~~, + 246,

So, I heard the earlier submission
244-246 when you came to the office &
use the corrected ones ~~and~~
keep FAX & D now.

In addition, some new stuff.
pages 247-250.

All the files are of course.
talk to you tomorrow - A.H.

this page is the best of 8 pages

(245)

18

I ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~deffined~~ ^{deffined} by the ~~beginning~~ ^{beginning} of July. For one thing, magnation
 Klara was certainly pregnant. If he counted
 it all up, ~~then in every way~~ ^{then in every way} ~~it was~~ ^{it was} ~~clear~~ ^{clear} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~right~~ ^{right} ~~if~~ ^{if} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~included~~ ^{included} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~three~~ ^{three} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~gone~~ ^{gone}, and ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~how~~ ^{how} ~~many~~ ^{many} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~accounted~~ ^{accounted} ~~for~~ ^{for}
 with ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~girls~~ ^{girls} and ~~chambermaids~~ ^{chambermaids} of what
 might be called world wide percentage
 since when they told him they were pregnant
 he agreed that all was possible but they ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~also~~ ^{also} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~him~~ ^{him} and ~~Gerhardt~~ ^{Gerhardt} and ~~Herman~~ ^{Herman}
 and ~~Wolff~~ ^{Wolff} and maybe one of them was ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~father~~ ^{father} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~rare~~ ^{rare} ~~exceptions~~ ^{exceptions} (later turning)
 they were not in position to argue - it was
 enough to keep them a little money, a gift
 for the mother's safety, who knew
 how many boys and girls looking like
 like him might be moving around today?

All that was different from his own of
 course. He was face to face with the
 other side of his achievement, ~~and~~ ^{and} in
 the heat of July, in the farm-house where he
 will be saw five faces every meal, all
 the way from Klara to Edmund and by January
 there would be six. He was used to people, he
 had lived with people's faces in Frankfurt

Jan. 25 2004 06:53PM P4

more face, than most people had to look ^(into) at every day, but now it was the same face, and he had to admit it. ~~He was often and then he was~~ feeling irritated ~~when he was not home~~. He was not used to facing problems of such little interest.

The farmer, another matter. He did take some pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve year old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight and a little bit of girl, so ready to be spoiled, now she was a help to him, and was ~~was~~ always carrying ~~the~~ the two horses and working down the row corn which didn't need it, she was doing it willingly and even got Adolf and Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment in the fully galloped second of the row when they fed her. She was a large fra pig, and a prize, for with a pink pink rosette ~~which~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~above~~ ~~her~~ ~~head~~, the prize rosette from the summer before they owned the farm. And Clara told Alois that Angela was ~~very good at collecting the manure from the animals~~ at separating and transporting the manure of the four animals to ~~set~~ separate piles of collection and even got Adie who claimed to hate such dirty work to take up a little part of the work. Alois, Jr. had come to join them at the beginning of July, and was a good help for

Jan. 25 2004 06:54PM P6

they accomplished all that in the (218)
 first two weeks of July, but the work
 continued. Alois had not remembered
 all so completely how much labor
 went into weeding and draining and
 fertilizing, ~~the~~ how many diseases
 there was to avoid. He encountered
 white grub and wireworms, and already
 the earliest larvae were being ~~attracted~~
 by applied sand flea beetles. It was
 work, and every day one had to keep up
 with the weeding. The drainage became
 a chronic problem. One could ~~not~~ dig out
 drainage canals, ~~to~~ ^{a shallow depth} or too
 many potato roots could be cut. Some
 days had to be spent then in a rapidly
~~to~~ ^{part} part after part of water from the
 well at the side of the meadow.
 On one of those days Alois, Jr. ~~was~~ had
 disappeared. He was out riding with
 the horse. Alois put Angla to
 work in his place, and ~~for~~ all day
 he carried the terrible memorable tongue-
 lash. ~~He had said that he was getting like~~
~~that night, Alois Jr. was not to be~~
~~his mother's~~ (you earlier, Alois
 would have given him the kind of
 beating that leaves a scar on the heart,
~~not~~ but the way was ~~of~~ ^{big}

enough by now to give Alain peace (249)
 and that he had to decide in
 the days that followed was a mistake
 in his own judgement. Also, Junior knew
 it. ~~He~~ thereafter he worked at clipping
 the edges of any temporary agreement ~~that~~
 made on ~~any~~ ~~working~~ ~~the~~ work to
 be done that day. He was not a being
 like a farmer, nor a city boy for
 him a job he did not like. Often before
 sundown before the last of the light
 was done, he would coax Alain ^{into} ~~the~~ ^{into} ~~the~~
 him finishing early so he could ride the
 good horse (whom he named Ulan)
 up over the hill into twilight.

The trouble was that Alain had too
 soft a palate under his hard bite. He
 adored Alain. In the way was so
 attractive. But then, why to trouble
 made like his mother, much too
 proudful and ~~not a bit~~ ~~not a bit~~ ~~not a bit~~
 now in full flight from confusion
 his education - he would never go back
 to school, he swore - he was still as
 charming as Fanni when he was up
 to her, and he moved as well as she
 did. It was a wonder how quickly
 he set up a conversation with Ulan that
 was a home! A regular station and
 Alain had hesitated to ride him. It was
 a long way to the ground! Also Junior
 could saddle him up with all the detail

of a prize ~~winning~~ cadet - the sort who (250)
used to promenade on the ~~boulevard~~ of
the streets of Vienna in the past, that
Alain had made for them, yes, all the way
back then when he had so admired those
well turned out young men with their
handsome ladies. It all came back to Alain
and the old never-developed dream of
finding an elegant and lovely young
millionaire so that he and his wife could live
the life with the finest hats and coats
in all of the capital, a self-indulgent, decadent
Alain, ever so much like those young
officers, who by fourteen (or) were
striking young men.

So, Alain could not quite refuse
when Alain Jr. would ask for ~~the~~ an early
hand-off so that Ulan could be exercised
and how the horse loved him! One same
horse ~~that~~ that would ~~have~~ paw the floor
of his stall when Alain approached an
ear of grain, if only to show his high born beauty,
No, the stallion did not like the father,
but later the father, was much taken with
the son.

FROM : MAILER

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Jan. 26 2004 02:55PM P1

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Jan. 26 2004 01:29PM P2

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

248

FAX

Chapter 18

pp 248-255

triple space

Indette - do Chapter 18
before Chap 17.

18

Much was different by the beginning of July. For one thing, no

question, Klara was certainly pregnant. If he counted it all up, ^{or} seven more

^{there} months ~~it~~ would be eight kids had come out of ^{him} her, yes, eight, if you included

the three who were gone, and ^{children} then how many more ^{not} accounted for with all those

cooks and chambermaids ^{that was what might} of what might be called mixed male parentage, ^{very mixed}

^{yes!} since when they told him they were pregnant, he ^{had} agreed that all was possible

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

249

~~then hadn't they~~
but they had also been with Hans and Gebhardt and Hermann and Wolf, and

~~those fellows~~
maybe one of them was just as good a father, nein? With rare exceptions

~~those women~~
(like Fanny) they were not in a position to argue—it was enough he gave

them a little money, a gift to keep the midwife happy. Who knew how many

~~one suspicious bit~~
boys and girls looking a little like him might be moving around today?

~~this~~
All that was different from his own, ~~of course~~ ~~Heughe~~. He was face to face

with the other side of his achievement. In the heat of July, in his farm-house

~~could look at~~
up on the hill, he saw five faces every meal, all the way from Klara to

Edmund, and by January, there would be six. He was used to people; he had

lived with peoples' faces in front of him, more faces than most people had to

look at every day, but now it was the same faces and, he had to admit it, he

was feeling irritated all too often and he was bored. He was not used to

~~intrusive~~
facing problems of such little interest.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

250

The farm was another matter. He ^{could} ~~did~~ take some pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she ^{was} ~~had been~~ eight—what a little city girl, so ready to be spoiled!—now she was a help to him, ^{she} and was always carrying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when ^{that lady} ~~it~~ didn't need it, ^{Angela} she was deft at milking and even got Adolf and Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment in the full-gutted sound of the sow when ^{she was} ~~she~~ fed her. ^(Fettig) She was so large for a pig, and a prize, yes, with a pink rosette tacked above her stall, the prize rosette ^{last} from the summer before they owned the farm. And Klara told Alois that Angela was even good at separating and transporting the manure of the farm ^{before carrying each portion} ~~animals to the separate piles of collection~~ and even got Adi, who seemed to hate such dirty work, to take up a ^(Adi) ~~little~~ part of the slack.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

251

Alois, Jr., ^{came} had ~~come~~ to join them at the beginning of July, ^{he} and was a ^{fine}

^{piece of good work}

good help for a short period. He liked the horses, particularly the younger

one five years old who was good for riding, which Alois, Jr. ^{took to at once} learned in no
^{as if he had been} ~~time~~ ^{born} ~~understanding~~ such
^{creatures, also} ~~time~~, but ^{helped Alois} he worked the plow with the dray horse, and they turned up three

acres of ^{the} ~~the~~ pasture for ^{they} ~~and~~ ^{the} ~~used good~~ sprouting potatoes ^{Klaus} Alois,

^{brought and} ~~Senior~~, had ^{arrived after} stored in the root cellar in April on their arrival. Alois, Junior,

worked harder for two weeks than his father would have believed, but, ^{this} ~~the~~

first effort spent, it was ^{again} ~~never~~ ^{the} ~~same~~. ^{Upon} ~~Out of~~ that flurry of hard ^{labor} ~~work~~ came

the bad news. By mail. ^{Junior} ~~He had~~ failed to pass over half of his courses in his

~~first~~ year at the Realschule in Passau, and would have to take ^{those studies} ~~most of that~~

year over again.

"I won't go back," he told his father. "That school is full of stupid ^{teachers} ~~teachers~~."

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

252

Alois Junior
 Yes, ~~he~~ ^{he} had lived with what he knew the school news would be ~~for all~~ ^{1.1.04}

with it for all
 of the first week of his return to Hafeld, and ~~had~~ ^{he} not said a word. Now, his

Depression came down on him, *and on his father.*

still so much immediate work to do.
 There was ~~a great deal to do, of course.~~ ^{still so much immediate work to do.} They had tilled ten inches

deep, laid the sprouters in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each

seed piece a foot apart, each furrowed row two and a half feet apart. That

that they had
 was fine; ~~they~~ ^{they} accomplished ~~all that~~ ^{that} in the first ~~two~~ ^{two} weeks of July, but the

never stop people
 work continued. ~~Alois had not remembered too well~~ ^{all so} how much labor went

into *into* *he had totally forgotten*
 into weeding, and clearing, and fertilizing, ~~how many disasters there were to~~ ^{out there}

waiting for you,

avoid ^{avoid} He encountered white grubs and wire worm, and already the earliest ~~potato~~ ^{potato}

leaves were being attacked by aphids and flea beetles. It was work, and

Then
 Every day one had to keep up with the weeding. The drainago became a

invigitation to
 chronic problem. One could only dig one's ~~canals~~ ^{canals} a shallow depth or too

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

253

many potato roots could be cut. Some days had to be spent then in carrying

pail after pail of water from the well up the slope to the meadow. On one of

those days, ^{a few moons} Alois, Jr. had disappeared. He was out riding with the good

horse. Alois put Angela to work in his place, and all day she carried the

water.

He gave his son a remarkable tongue-lashing that night, told him that

he was getting like his crazy mother. A year earlier, Alois would have given

him the kind of beating that leaves a scar on the heart, but the boy was big

enough by now to give Alois pause. That, he had to decide in the days that

He should have struck him. Now, Junior followed, was a mistake in his own judgment. Alois, Jr. knew it. Thereafter, knew his father was not ready or capable every a little afraid of him. thereafter, Alois,

he worked at clipping the edges of any temporary agreement they made on

came to on

the work to be done that day. He was not acting like a farmer's son, but a city

lazy city-boy, doing labor-poning

—boy for hire at a job he did not like. Often, before sundown, before the last of

if you don't even have that excuse. You
whether may have been crazy, but
best she was also intelligent. Alois Jr.
are you, but you are a lazy, pig-like
in yourself, and you are not
the account!

(X)

(X)

(He could have been any

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

254

~~day after~~
the work was done, he would coax Alois into letting him finish early so he

~~was already~~
could ride the good horse (whom he named Ulan) up over the hill into

twilight.

Alois told himself ~~was~~ that as a father, he
The trouble was that Alois had too soft a palate under his hard bite. He

~~yes~~
adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive. Restless, prey to terrible moods

~~yes~~ like his mother, (much too prideful, and now ~~he was~~ in full flight from continuing his

~~Probably~~ education, he would never go back to school. ~~he swore~~ ~~yet~~ he was still as

~~however~~ charming as Fanni ~~when~~ he wanted to be, and he moved as well as she did. ~~It~~ ~~used to move~~

~~It~~ ~~was~~ a wonder how quickly ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~set~~ up a communication with Ulan. That was a

horse! A sizable stallion and Alois ~~had~~ ~~hesitated~~ ~~to~~ ride him. It was ~~a~~ long

~~for a heavy man!~~ (But) way to the ground Alois Junior could saddle him up with all the eclat of a

prize cadet—the sort who used to promenade on the best streets of Vienna in

the boots that Alois had made for them, yes, all the way back then when he

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04

255

had so admired those well-turned-out young men with their handsome ladies.

It all came back to Alois, and the old, never-developed dream of finding an

that dream as well where
elegant and lovely young milliner, ~~so that he and she could have a shop with~~

that sold only the
finest hats and boots in all of the capital, a silly dream, but Alois, Jr. was so

and already
much like those young officers, not yet fourteen [CK] but a striking young

man. *Not at all funny-looking like Adolf*
or tiny Edmund

bring himself to
So, Alois could not quite refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask for an early

after all, had to
hour off ~~so that~~ Ulan ~~could be~~ exercised. And how the horse loved him! *Alo!* The

same horse that would paw the floor of his stall when Alois approached, an

evil grin, if ever, to show his ~~big~~ horse teeth, no, the stallion did not like the

father, but like the father, was much taken with the son.

Jan. 27 2004 03:05PM P1

Page 16 of 18 Monday, January 26, 2004 11:03 PM

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

all most clearly. Ulan

stallion (did not like the father, but like the father, was much taken with the

252

son.

and ch 19

} double
space

Judith DO ch 14 no far

p.p. 242-254

in triple space

triple space

19.

(refrain page
when typed.)

One hot evening, Alo went too far, and it was Kiana who was inferior first the way ~~the way~~ ^{the way} that at dinner, but Angela could not. She was back in the barn carrying ~~Ulan's~~ ^{Ulan's} ~~Ulan's~~ ^{Ulan's} wet horse after a gallop back from the corral, and a walk down that was neither long enough nor slow enough to ~~allow~~ ^{allow} the stallion to ~~cool down~~ ^{cool down}. Kiana could not believe it. It was one of the few times in the marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband, ~~he was~~ ^{he was} ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~unlike~~ ^{unlike} now. ~~He was~~ ^{He was} "You let Alo ride the horse and leave the work to Angela? That is certainly not right!"

"Angela likes doing that kind of work. I don't," said Alo, yet

"Well, I ~~don't~~ ^{was} know horses that much," said Kiana, "but ~~he was~~ ^{he was} enough to say that he who rode horse was a duty to it,"

in the air, she was filled with the 254
 unruly desire to keep speaking, to upbraid
 Alois ~~for this~~ Alo, junior somewhat more,
 and yes, upbraid her ^{she could hardly} ~~sure~~ ^{well},
 So, she said nothing, ~~It was all unknown~~
 territory to her. As for ~~the~~ ^{the} husband and
 her step-son it was probably true that
 he now neither could feel. The rage
 that lived in the ^{space} ~~between them~~
 was ~~greater~~ ^{greater} (than the anger in either.
 Edmund, pale, party-faced, lip-dribbling
 Edmund began to cry.

That was the solution. Klara could
 pick him up and leave the table, Alo,
~~could take her walking stick~~
 rise and greet the ~~room~~ ^{room} Krugler and
 Adi gathered the plates for washing
 and Alo, junior, continued to sit at the
 table, speechless, poised within the
 silence as if he were sitting in reverence
 toward himself gathering the forces
 of new intent.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

244

Double space for
all of)

18

By July, much)

~~For Hermann~~ San Alair.

what with Klara

Much was different ~~by the beginning of~~ July. For one thing, no

there ~~would be~~

question, Klara was certainly pregnant, If he counted it all up, in seven more

a total ~~of~~ who

months, there would be eight kids (had come out of him, yes, eight, if you

if he wished, he could add in all the

included the three who were gone, and then how many more kinder not

accounted for with ~~all those~~ ^{good} cooks and chambermaids? That was what might

called)

be mixed male parentage, very mixed, yes. When they told him they were

much ~~with~~ Yes, when one of them

she was)

He could be the father, but they tell the truth, /
(pregnant, he had agreed that all was possible but then, hadn't they also been

with Hans and Gebhardt and Hermann and Wolf? Maybe one of those

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

245

fellows was just as good a father, nein? With rare exceptions (like Fanny)

He knew that they would see that it had to be,
those women were not in a position to argue, ~~it was~~ enough that he gave

let us say,
them a little money, a gift to keep the midwife happy. Who knew how many

boys and girls looking one suspicious bit like him might be moving around

today, *in more than one town on the line between Austria and Germany?*

By now that was so far away from his own situation,
All this was different from his own. (Here, he was face to face with the

other side of his achievement. In the heat of July, in his farm-house up on

had to, whether he wanted to or not,
the hill, he could look at five faces every meal, all the way from Klara to ~~the hill~~

from a 10 month old to months old and weeping, even talking,
(Edmund, By January, there would be ~~his~~ *another*. He was used to people; he had

lived with peoples' faces in front of him, more faces than most people had to

mugs,
look at every day, but now it was the same faces and, he had to admit it, he

a little,
was feeling irritated all too often. He was bored. He was not used to facing

problems of such little intrinsic interest, *as to whether Edmund had just come up with another word or was gurgling as usual, blobs of sound, not words,*

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

246

Managing the~~The~~ farm was another matter. He could take some pleasure in

Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on

her hands ever since she was eight—what a little city girl, so ready to be

to his surprise
spoiled!—now ~~she~~ *she* was a help *to him*. She was always currying the two*lefty*
horses, and washing down the cow even when that *lady* didn't need it.*even*
Angela was deft at milking and ~~even~~ got Adolf and *Edmund* to laugh at the*every time they*
hearty contentment in the full-gutted sound of the sow ~~when she was fed~~*approached with food. Rosie*~~Fetting~~ was so large for a pig, a prize, yes, with a pink rosette tacked above*an old*
her stall, ~~the~~ prize rosette from last summer before they owned the farm.*when it wasn't all on top of them*
~~By next summer Angela would be ready to know~~~~she had a new horse to show~~ *she* prepare her for local

And Klara told Alois that Angela was even good at separating the manure of

the farm animals before carrying each portion to ~~the~~ separate piles of *collection**why? Because she thought "my father would want it that way. And and" really she*
~~collection. She even succeeded in getting Ad, who seemed to hate such~~ *competitions.*~~dirty work~~, to take up a part of the slack.*while he would always throw a tantrum*
~~But~~ *on being asked, she would ride it out then he would be following her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but carrying a second***stop peil none the less,*

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

247

For a short period, he acted like
Alois, Jr., came to join them at the beginning of July. He ~~was~~ a true

piece of good work ~~for a short period~~. He liked the horses, particularly the

Ulan, a stallion, Ulan
younger one ~~five years old who~~ was good for riding, ~~which~~ Alois, Jr. took to
the saddle *(For the fun of a quick canter, he*
at once, as if he had been born understanding such creatures, ~~but he also~~
would go back to screams of excitement every
Angel and Ali. But he was also ready to
work the plow with the dray horse, and helped Alois turn up three acres of

Gumbert,

pasture for the potatoes, the sprouting potatoes Klara bought and stored in

the root cellar *her* a week after arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for two

weeks than his father would have believed, but, this first effort spent, it was

never again the same. Upon that flurry of hard labor came ~~the~~ *by mail,* bad news. ~~By~~

~~mail~~. Junior had failed to pass over half of his courses in his year at the

Realschule in Passau, and would have to take those studies over again.

"I won't go back," he told his father. "That school is full of ~~stupid~~
teachers *so stupid we laugh at them.*"

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

248

Yes, ^{Alois}~~Alois~~ Junior had lived with what he knew the school news

would be, lived with it for all of the first week of his return to Hafeld, and he

had not said a word. ^{Now,} Depression came down on ^{the son and}him, and on his father.

There was ~~and~~ so much immediate work to do. They had tilled ten

inches deep, laid the sprouters in shallow trenches and covered them lightly,

each seed-piece a foot ^{away from the next,} apart, each furrowed row two and a half feet apart.

That was ^{not bad,} fine that they had accomplished in ~~the first~~ ^{two} weeks of July,

but ^{then he did not} the work never stopped. ^{Perhaps Alois had forgotten how} Alois had not remembered all so well how

much labor went into weeding, into clearing, into fertilizing. He had totally ^{It all began}

^{to come back—just} forgotten how many disasters were out there waiting for you. He

encountered white grubs and wire worms ^{trampled and trampled} and saw the earliest potato leaves

^{n. bled into next to nothing} being attacked by aphids and flea beetles. Every day one had to ^{return to} keep up

^{and then to} with the weeding. Then, drainage became ^{the} a chronic problem. One could

^(no more depth than a few inches) only dig irrigation canals to a shallow depth or too many potato roots could ^{all}

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

249

glaughed by the shovel in hardly any more than ^(well)
 be out. ^(blowing) Some days had to be spent then in carrying pail after pail of water

from the well up the slope to the meadow. On one of those afternoons, ^{Junior} Alois,

^{just} disappeared. He was out riding with the good horse. Alois put Angela to

work in his place, and ^{that afternoon} all day she carried the water.

He gave his son a ^{memorable} remarkable tongue-lashing that night, told him that
 he was ^{very much} getting like his crazy mother. ^{"But no," he added, "you} You don't even have that excuse.

Your mother ^{might} may have been ^{out of her head by the end} crazy, but she was also intelligent. And so are

you, but you are ^{with one big difference. You are lazy} lazy. ^{(Mix such stuff in yourself and what is the result? The} The

^{Foul laziness!} worst! ^(intelligence with that) A year earlier, Alois would have given him the kind of beating ^{exactly} that

^{the apocalyptic kind that} leaves a scar on the heart, but the boy was big enough by now, ^{and just would} to give Alois
 enough in the eyes ^{to give Alois some pause. See, he} to give Alois some pause. ^{grave} See, he
^{pause} That, he had to decide in the days that followed, was a mistake in his

^{given him one hell of a wallop} own judgment. He should have ^{struck him} struck him. Now, Junior knew his father

was not ready, ^{Maybe his father was} or maybe even a little afraid of him. Thereafter, Alo, Jr.

worked at ^{maneuvering} ~~turning~~ the edges of any agreement they came to on the work to

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

250

be done that day. He was not acting like a farmer's son. He could have been

any lazy city boy doing ^{summer} ~~labor for him~~ at a job he did not like. Often, ^{short of} before

sundown, ^{at least an hour} before the last of the day's effort was done, he would coax Alois

into letting him ^{get up on Ulan for a ride} finish early so he could ride the good horse (whom he had

~~already named Ulan~~) up over the hill into twilight.

The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, he had too soft a

palate under ^{the} his hard bite. He adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive.

Restless, yes, prey to terrible moods like his mother, yes, much too prideful,

and now he was in full flight from ~~continuing his~~ education. Probably he

would never go back to school ^(that's what he swore) ~~(he swore)~~ yet, he was as charming as Fanni

^{reminded Alois of how} whenever he wanted to be, and he moved as ~~(well as)~~ she used to move. It

was a wonder how quickly Alo had ^{gotten on good terms with} ~~set up his communication with~~ Ulan.

^{lethal} That was a horse! A sizable stallion. Alois ~~had even~~ hesitated to ride him.

It was truly a long way to the ground for a heavy man! But Alois Junior

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

251

could saddle him up with all the eclat of a prize cadet—the sort who used to

promenade on the best streets of Vienna ^{weaving good apprentices} in the boots that Alois had made for

~~them~~, yes, all the way back then when he had so admired those well-turned-

out young men ^{all} with their handsome ladies. It all came back to Alois, and ~~with that~~ those young officers promenading with their handsome ladies, while he as a very young man of eighteen ^{has} the old, never-developed dream of finding an elegant and lovely young dwelt in the dream that he would find

go that milliner, that dream as well where he and she could have a shop that sold ^{together}

where they would sell exceptional boots to be found in

only the finest hats and boots in all of the capital, a silly dream, but Alois, Jr. just

CK turning ^{CK} fourteen was already

was so much like those young officers, ^{not yet fourteen} CK, and already a

striking young man. Not at all ^{funny looking} like Adolf or tiny Edmund.

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask

for ^{the last} an early hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And how the

horse loved Alois ^{him}. The same ^{heart} horse that would paw the floor of his stall when

Alois approached, an evil grin, if ever, to show ^{those large} his horse teeth, ^{was stating it} no, the

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

238

horses to carry their trunks, valises, packing crates and packages over the last thirty miles to Hafeld.

This portion of the trip lasted from noon to dark, but the day had been warm, and Alois, to everyone's surprise, entertained the children with one song after another—his voice was rich, and Klara, who had a clear delicate soprano, would join him when she knew the words. Alois was in a rare mood. Keeping it to himself, he was proud at his skill with the horses and wagon. Having done so little of that in decades, he had almost hired a driver, but given his oncoming responsibilities as a farmer, felt it incumbent to take on the project himself.

The previous owner had—as was local custom—stocked each fireplace, and so the rooms, before long, were warm. What with some bread and sausage, plus a carefully packed jar of split pea soup, they had enough to eat and went to bed more happily than not. Alois would spend ^{the} his next day with them before driving ^{his rental} the wagon back to Linz.

That first night, however, Alois was ready to establish a little connubial investiture of the premises as well, and ~~by~~ ^{by} the light of the gas lamp in their bedroom, he could see that Klara looked in fine color, not pale at all, and said as much only to hear her laugh in true merriment.

"You, too, Uncle," she said. "Your nose is very red from the sun."

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

239

"Ah," he said, "you are still calling me ~~Uncle~~. Soon, it's ten years that we are married and still, what am I to you? Uncle Alois? Do you mean Old Uncle Alois? That is a disgrace."

"No," she said, "we are all very proud of you. Today, so much. You did it all. And so well. Something you never did before."

"Well, I can do a lot of things you do not know. I am never so simple as you think."

"I do not think you are simple," she said, "no, that I do not think."

"Yes, you can tell me. What do you think, my little ~~Niece~~?"

It was not often that she was ready to speak to him so directly, but on this night, a most special night, after all, she said, "I wonder why you never tell me that you love me."

"Maybe," he replied, "it is because you still call me ~~Uncle~~."

To his astonishment, her answer was the nearest she had ever come to speaking in a manner that most certainly belonged to other kinds of women, not her. "Maybe I call you ~~Uncle~~," she said, "because you are such a big, healthy fellow of an ~~Uncle~~."

He was not about to pass this by. ~~Immediately~~ The Hound was straining on the leash. Alois' voice was heavy. "How would you know what is the size of a healthy fellow?" he asked.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

240

"I do not know. But I am free to guess. You are a very big uncle."

That was all it took to make her pregnant. He was excited enough to take her by the side of the bed, both of them standing, half-dressed, and then he took her again in bed. He was full of love—for himself, first, and his prowess—such a fine power at his age—and then he felt some love for her to some degree—plus a good deal of love for the farm. It was a beautiful piece of land. He even took pleasure in the thought of coming a little closer to his children, which is to say, he had an image of kids working along with him in the fields, doing what, he hardly could say, he was about to fall asleep and now thought of summer bees searching the meadows. He was unusually delighted with how much power had been in his loins on this night. To have it all there, just when he had begun to wonder.

He even held Klara in his arms, which was hardly his habit, and when he woke up to honor the ^{alarms} needs of his bladder, he almost kicked over the chamber pot. In the dark, what with his unfamiliarity with a new bedroom, he was stumbling around, and Klara was giggling. Then, she wrapped her arms around him as he came back to bed. "I am happy," she said. "I think this will be the place for us."

"Silence!" he growled. "Don't be a goose! One does not make silly predictions!" Yes, he could feel the earth of the farm, all those nine acres to

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

241

and the front of them
the rear of ~~their bedroom~~ (and felt just as superstitious as any of the peasants of his childhood. A person should not be as ready as Klara to speak out with good feelings to ~~the~~ empty night air. Not aloud! How empty was it, after all? Who knew what ~~black~~ spirit might be about, there to listen to you, there with nothing but its evil ears?

In the morning, she could sense his impatience to be done with the unpacking. It was obvious. He wanted to go out and walk his grounds. So, she took over the larger part of the immediate tasks while he gave the children a tour of the barn, all three huddled close to him now before the animal immanence of the two horses, the cow, and the prize sow that had been part of the purchase price. Those animals were huge to the children, and close to overpowering them with the fetid statement of their odor, all

three, Angela, twelve; Adi, now close to six, and Edmund, not yet ~~two~~ *one-and-a-half* ~~[OK]~~

years old
and a fine toddler. Edmund hugged Adi. He loved to walk with his hand in Adi's hand, ~~yes, enjoyed that almost as much as being carried on his father's~~
~~shoulders~~

Now, Alois told them to go back to the house and help their mother. In the afternoon, he would, he promised, teach them how to milk the cow, feed the pig, and curry the horse, not to mention the hen house and the eggs, but for now it was their good mother who needed them.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

242

He wanted to walk his lands alone. He had more than a few decisions to take. So, once again, he studied the condition of the orchard. When he had seen it last, there was more than a little snow on the ground, but he had been able to determine that the trunks of the walnut trees looked healthy, and the bare branches appeared to have integrity, strong, reasonably straight, and not too many tortured shapes to suggest the aftermath of crazy storms, *when the trees were young.*

In truth, he realized now, he had hardly studied the place before buying it. Enough that the price, comparatively, was not too high, and the house and the view were the best he had found. No, he could not manage to keep spending full days in travel out from Linz. This place was enough. In his work, after all, he had had to be good at making quick decisions. You could not examine in complete professional detail every traveler who might have something wrong about him, no, you made your choices on the spot. He had been good at that.

All the same, he was not so much at ease with his purchase as he had anticipated. Walking the meadows and the one small hill of his new domain, the land was less extensive than he remembered, no larger, really, than what it was, nine acres, a good-sized parade-field. On the other hand, it was small enough to encourage him to do a little more farming than he had anticipated. Three or four of those acres would make a decent but

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/26/04 SECOND PASS

243

manageable potato field. Should he give another acre to beets? Could he plant this year? That would be the question. He could not get going until the end of June, the beginning of July, but Alois, Jr. would be back here then from Passau, his school year finished, and, yes, maybe they could take on some late plowing, maybe get some planting done.

All the while, his true disappointment came back to him. He must recognize—once again—that he could not cultivate his bees, not this summer. The brunt of the project would have to wait until next spring. A ^{of honey gathering} ~~real~~ season ~~of that beautiful effort by the bees~~ began in April and hardly lasted ~~a half year—April~~ into September. He had to be there at the beginning. He must wait. All right, he would have nine months now to prepare, counting at least from the time when he would be back here again, permanently, in June, late June, and an unexpected and most unpleasant shiver of anticipation came to him at this thought. Did he know what he was doing? Such a bad thought! He forced it back. He had been in control of his feelings since he was ten years old, and he was not preparing ^{let} ~~(go)~~ ~~soon~~ now.

By July, much was different ~~for Alois~~. What with Klara pregnant, ~~he could expect that in~~ ^{there would be} ~~there would be in~~ seven more months, a total of eight kids who had come into existence ~~because~~ ^{O.P. counts} out of him, ~~for~~ ^{so desired} eight, if you include the three who were gone, and, if he ~~wished~~ ^{exactly}, he could add in all the ~~kinder~~ ^{some of the} not accounted for with ~~good~~ ^{some of the} cooks and ~~chambermaids~~ ^{exactly} who had gone in for chambermaids. ~~That was~~ what might be called mixed male parentage, very

much mixed. Yes, when one of them told him she was pregnant, he had agreed that ~~it~~ ^{it} was possible. He could be the ~~father~~ ^{true}, but then, ~~tell the truth~~ ^{tell the truth}

hadn't they also been with Hans and Gebhardt and Hermann and Wolf?

Maybe one of those fellows ~~was~~ ^{might be} just as good a father, ~~no~~ ^{no}? With rare exceptions (like Fanny) those women were not in a position to argue ~~the~~ ^{who was the true father} ~~usually~~ ^{it was} ~~they would see it had to be enough~~ ^{usually acceptable} if he gave them a little money, a

a gift, ~~let us say~~ ^{could take} to keep the midwife happy. Who knew how many boys and girls looking one suspicious bit like him [?] might be moving around today in

more than one town on the line between Austria and Germany?

~~By now, that was so far away from his own situation~~ ^{in the field however}. Here, he was ~~face to face with the other side of his achievement~~ ^{Through} in the heat of July, in his

245

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/27/04

farm-house up on the hill, he had to look ~~whether he wanted to or not~~ ^{down} at five faces every meal, ~~all the way~~ ^{meet up with} from Klara to Edmund, sixteen months old and walking, even talking. By January, there would be another. He was used to ^{living} people; ~~he had lived~~ with peoples' faces in front of him, more faces than most people had to ~~look at~~ ^{look at} every day, but now it was the same mugs and, he had to admit it, he was ~~a little irritated. He was bored. He was~~ ^{such questions as} not used to facing problems of such little intrinsic interest as to whether Edmund had just come up with another word or was gurgling as usual, blobs of sound, not words.

Managing the farm was another matter. He could take ~~some~~ ^{some} pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight—~~what~~ a little city girl, ~~so~~ ready to be spoiled! ^{Now} ~~to~~ his surprise, she was a help. She was always currying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when that hefty lady didn't need ^{another bath} ~~it~~. Angela was deft at milking and got Adolf and even Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment in the full-gutted sound of the sow every time they approached with food. Rosig was ~~so~~ ^{even} large for a pig, ^{P192} a prize ^{yes}, with a pink rosette tacked above her stall, an old prize rosette from last summer before they owned the farm. By next summer, when ~~it wasn't all~~ ^{all the new work wasn't} on top of them, ~~and there~~ ^{might be times} Angela would be ready to prepare ^{wanted} ~~for~~ ^{Rosig again} for local competition. ^{The chick was the prize} And Klara told Alois that Angela was ~~even~~ ^{even} good at separating the manure of the farm

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/27/04

246

animals before carrying each portion to separate piles of collection. Why?

Because she thought, "My father would want it that way. Nice and neat."

She even succeeded in getting Adi to take up a part of the slack. While he ~~could be counted on to~~ ^{Angela} would always throw a tantrum ~~on being asked~~, she would ride it out. Then

he would ~~be~~ following her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but carrying a ^{manure} second ~~step~~ pail nonetheless.

^{it is school year over in Passau}
Alois, Jr., came to join them at the beginning of July. For a short ^{behaved} period, he acted like a true piece of good work. He liked the horses, ~~He was splendid with the horses,~~ ^{which Alo}

particularly the younger one, Ulan, a stallion five years old. ^{Ulan was good} for riding. Alois, Jr. took to the saddle as if he had been born understanding ^{riding} such creatures. ^{he was also ready for} For the fun of a quick canter, ^{he would go bareback to} bareback up the hill and down a few ^{accompanying} screams of excitement from Angela and Adi. But he also ready to work the ^(Braunbart much help to) plow with the dray horse, ^{and} helped Alois turn up three acres of ^{and} pasture for the potatoes, the sprouting potatoes Klara bought and stored in

the root cellar a week after her arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for two weeks than his father would have believed, but, ^{soon} this first effort spent, it was

never again the same. ^{was soon cursed by} Upon that flurry of hard labor came bad news by mail, ^{by letter}

^{from Passau, Alo} Junior had failed to pass ^{over} half of his courses in his year at the Realschule, ^{during a} in Passau, ^{and} and would have to take those studies over again.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/27/04

247

"I won't go back," he told his father. "That school is full of teachers so stupid we laugh at them."

Yes, Alo had ^{been living} lived with what he knew the school news would be, ^{bring} lived with it for all of ^{these two} the first weeks of his return to Hafeld, and ~~he~~ had not said a word. Now, ^{there had been} depression came down on the son and his father.

~~There was so much immediate work to do.~~ They had tilled ten inches ^{into the three acres, had laid the seed potatoes} deep, ^{laid the sprouters} laid the sprouters in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each ^{of the} of the seed piece a foot away from the next, ^{a plant, each row of furrows} each furrowed row two and a half feet ^{apart from the next.} away apart. ^{But that was only the beginning.} (That was not back that they had accomplished in two weeks of July.

^{but then the work did not stop.} ^{I had Alois} Perhaps Alois had forgotten how much labor went into weeding, into clearing, into fertilizing? It ~~at~~ began to come back—just how many disasters ^{could be} were out there waiting for you. He encountered

white grubs and wire worms, ~~and~~ saw the earliest potato leaves nibbled into ^{green lace} next to nothing by aphids and flea beetles. Every day one had to return to the weeding. Then, drainage became the ^{ongoing} chronic problem. One could dig ^{had to} the irrigation canals ^{down} to no more depth than a few inches, ^{or on too} or all too many potato roots ^{could} be slashed by the ^{hoe or the shovel} shovel. Hours had to be spent in ~~hardly any~~ more than carrying pail after pail of well water up the slope to the meadow.

On one of those afternoons, Junior ~~just~~ disappeared. He was out riding with Ulan,

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/27/04

248

the good horse. Alois put Angela to work in his place, and ^{for the rest of} all that afternoon ^{the working day,} she carried the water.

He gave his son a memorable tongue-lashing that night, ^{"You are," he} told him that ^{"it is,"} he was very much like ^{your} his crazy mother. "But, no," he added, "you don't ^{"it is,"} even have that excuse. ^{Try the end, you,} Your mother might have been out of her head, ^{always} at the end, but she was also intelligent. And so are you, ^{but} with one big difference. You are lazy. Mix intelligence with ^{laziness?} that and what is the result?

The worst! Foul laziness!" A year earlier, Alois would have given him a good beating, exactly the apocalyptic ^{variety} kind that leaves a scar on the heart, but the boy was big ^{enough} ^{by now}, and just wild enough in the eyes, ^{to} give

Alois pause. So, he did not strike him. That, ^{which} he had to decide in the days that followed, was a grave mistake in ^{judgment}. He should have given him one hell of a wallop. Now, Junior knew his father was not ready, ^{maybe}

^{Maybe his father was} even a little afraid of him. Thereafter, Alo, Jr. worked ^{chipping away at} his time at work ^{the} at ^{maneuvering} (the edges of ^{any} agreement they came to ^{to} work to be done ^{on} ^{any} that day). He was not acting like a farmer's son. He could have been any ^{strange boy from}

the city ^{boy} doing summer labor at a job he did not like. Often, short of

sundown, before the last of the day's effort was done, he would coax Alois into letting him ^{take} ^{the} get up on Ulan for a ride over the hill into twilight.

Book 3 lump fax copy 1/27/04

249

The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, ^{le was false.} he had too soft a ^{all the truth was that} palate under the hard bite. ^{for months} He adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive.

Restless, yes, prey to terrible moods like his mother, ^{yes,} yes, much too prideful, ^{at present} and now he was ^{yet he was} in full flight from education. ^{probably he would never go}

~~back to school—that's what he swore~~ ^{but} yet, he was as charming as Fanni whenever he wanted to be, ^{it} and reminded Alois of how well she used to

move. It was a wonder how quickly Alo had gotten on good terms with ^{the stallion.}

~~Vian. That was a horse!~~ ^{truly} ~~what a stallion!~~ ^{himself} Alois hesitated to ride him. It was ^{truly} a long way to the ground for a heavy man! But Alois Junior could

saddle him up with all the eclat of a prize cadet—the sort who used to

promenade on the best streets of Vienna wearing the boots that ~~gave~~

^{for the cadets in those years} ~~apprenticed~~ Alois had made ^{year} all the way back then when he had so

admired those well-turned-out young men. ^{Memories came back of} It all came back to Alois, those

^{had dreamed} those young officers promenading with their handsome ladies, while he as a very

^{of finding} young man of eighteen had dwelt in the dream that he would find an elegant

and lovely young milliner, so that ^{the two of them} he and she could have a shop where they

would ^{present} sell only the finest hats and most exceptional boots to be found in all

of the capital, a silly ^{stupid} dream, but Alois, Jr., just turning fourteen, [CK] was

^{now his young son was} already much like those young officers, already a striking young man. ^{cadets} ~~Not at all like Adolff Paul of~~

^{Not at} ~~all like Adolff or tiny Edmund~~ ^{fall of 5 not}

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/27/04

250

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask
 for ^{an} ~~the last~~ hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And ~~how~~ the horse ~~did~~
 loved him! The same beast that would paw the floor of his stall when Alois
 approached, ^{showing his large horse teeth in an evil grin} ~~an evil grin, if ever, to show those large horse teeth,~~ ~~no~~ was
^{might just as well have been glaring that he} ~~stating it most clearly.~~ Ulan did not like the father, but ~~like~~ the father, ^{was}
 much taken with the son.

244-255-

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04 SECOND PASS

254

between them seemed to quiver. Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling

Edmund began to cry.

PP 254-258 table
spaceThat provided a solution. Klara ^{was able to} ~~could now~~ pick him up and leave thetable. Alois ^{than no so} ~~could rise~~ and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the

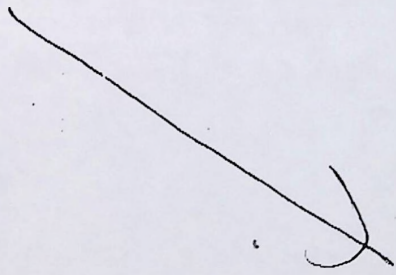
plates for washing, and Alo, Junior, continued to sit at the table, speechless,

poised within ^{his own} ~~the~~ silence, gravely poised, as if he had converted the order tobe silent into a species of reverence ^{addressed} ~~toward himself that would be ready to~~ ^{as if that would make} ~~that~~^{more ready to}
(gather the funds of new intent.

That night, Alois could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon,

^{For the first time since ~~they~~ ^{he} had come to Littlefield he}
he quit work early, and ~~went to the only tavern in the area, a mile away at~~

Fischlham.



Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04 SECOND PASS

244

18

By July, much was different for Alois. ^{Klara, a.g.} As one example, ^{without} ~~Klara~~ was most definitely pregnant. In seven more months, if the baby was born ~~on~~

^{incident} ~~schedule~~, there would be a total of eight kids who had come into existence

because of him, eight, if you include the three who ^{now} were gone. Of course, if

he so desired, he could add ^{some} ~~in all the~~ kinder not exactly accounted for ^{part a} ~~so~~

^{number of} ~~many~~ cooks and chambermaids who had ^{conceived with} ~~gotten into~~ what might be called

mixed male parentage, very much mixed. Yes, when one of them told him

she was pregnant, he had agreed that it was possible. He could be the true

father, but then, hadn't she also been with Hans and Gebhardt and Hermann

and Wolf? With rare exceptions (like Fanny) those women were not in a

position to argue who was the true father. It was usually acceptable if he

gave them a gift. ^{yes, to keep the midwife happy} ~~yes, to keep the midwife happy~~

Here in Hafeld, he was face to face with the other side of his achievement. Through the heat of July, in his farm-house up on the hill, he had to look at five faces every meal, from Klara down to Edmund, sixteen months old and walking, even talking. And by January, there would be

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04 SECOND PASS

245

another. He was used to living with peoples' faces in front of him, more faces than most people had to meet up with every day, but now it was always the same mugs. He was not used to living with such questions as whether Edmund, for example, had come up with a new word or ~~he was~~ just gurgling as usual, blobs of sound, ~~not~~ real words.

Managing the farm was another matter. He could take pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight—a little city girl, ready to be spoiled!—~~she was now~~ ^{now} ~~she was~~ ^{help} Now, to his surprise, ~~she was~~ ^{help} a help. She was always currying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when that hefty lady didn't need another bath. Moreover, Angela was deft at milking and got Adolf and even Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment to be heard in the full-gutted sound of the sow every time they approached with food. Rosig was large for a pig, even a prize pig, yes, happy in her smelly ~~and~~ wallow with a pink rosette tacked above her stall, an old prize rosette from the summer before they came to the farm. By next summer, when all this new work wasn't weighing on top of them and there might be a little time, Angela wanted to prepare Rosig again for local competition. ^{Yes, his father} ~~The girl, Alois~~ ^{even had the pens to separate} ~~decided, was a~~ prize. ~~Klara even told Alois that~~ ^{dropping} Angela was good at separating the manure of the farm animals before ~~carrying~~ ^{each} portion to a different pile for

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04 SECOND PASS

~~collection~~ Why? Because she thought, "My father would want it that way.

Nice and neat." She even succeeded in getting Adi to take up a part of the slack. While he could be counted on to throw a tantrum, Angela would ride it out. Then he would follow her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but carrying a second manure pail nonetheless.

His school year over in Passau, Alois, Jr., came to join them at the beginning of July. For a short period, ^{he couldn't have been better} ~~he behaved like a true angel of good~~ ^{at work. Right off he} ~~work.~~ He was splendid with the horses, particularly the younger one, Ulan, a ~~stallion five years old.~~ ^{it was good to have help} While Alo took to the saddle, ~~he was ready also for~~ ^{the joy of} a quick canter bareback up the hill and down, accompanied by full screams of excitement from Angela and Adi. ^{Yet to Alois' surprise,} ~~But~~ he also seemed content to work the plow with the dray horse, Graubart, and proved much help ~~to Alois~~ ^{father and son} as ~~they~~ turned up three acres of pasture for the potatoes, the same sprouting potatoes Klara had bought and stored in the root cellar a week after her arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for those two weeks than his father would have believed. Then, this splendid flurry of hard labor was cursed by bad news. A letter came from Passau. Alo had failed to pass half of his courses at the Realschule this last semester, and would have to take such studies over again.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04 SECOND PASS

247

"I won't go back," he told his father. "That school is full of teachers so stupid we laugh at them."

Yes, Alo must have been living with what he knew the school news would bring, living with it for all of these two weeks, and he had not said a word. ~~He had~~ just kept working as hard as he could. They had tilled ten inches deep into the three acres, ~~and~~ ^{then} laid the seed potatoes in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each of the sprouters a foot apart, each row of furrow two and a half feet away from the next, but that ~~was~~ ^{had been} only the beginning. Now, Alois was facing ~~all the other~~ ^{and} labor that went into weeding, into clearing, ^{have the} ~~into~~ ^{thirty years old, came} fertilizing? Bad memories ~~began to come back~~ ^{now}. How ~~many~~ ^{now} disasters might yet be out there waiting for him? He encountered white grubs and wire worms, saw the earliest potato leaves nibbled into green lace by aphids and flea beetles. Every day one had to return to the weeding. Then, drainage became the ongoing problem. One had had to dig the irrigation canals to no more depth than a few inches, or too many potato roots would be slashed by the hoe or the shovel. Hours had to be spent now ~~and~~ carrying pail after pail of well water up the slope to the meadow. On one of those afternoons, Junior disappeared. He was out riding Ulan. Alois put Angela to work in his stead, and for the rest of the working day, she carried the water.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04 SECOND PASS

248

That night, he gave his son a memorable tongue-lashing. "You are," he said, "very much like your crazy mother. Except with you, it is worse. You have no excuse. By the end, your mother might have been out of her head, but she was always intelligent and hard-working. Unlike her, you are lazy. To mix your intelligence with such laziness? The worst! Foul laziness!" If the episode had happened even a year earlier, Alois would have given him a beating, exactly the apocalyptic variety that leaves a scar on the heart, but now the boy was big, and ~~just~~ ^{make} wild enough in the eyes to ~~give~~ Alois pause. So, he did not strike him. ^{which,} ~~That,~~ he had to decide in the days ^{that} ~~which~~ followed, was a mistake. He should have ^{let him} ~~given~~ him one hell of a wallop. Now, Junior knew his father was ~~not ready~~ maybe even a little afraid of him. Thereafter, Alo, Jr. worked at chipping away at the edges of his ^{hours} ~~time~~ at work. He was ^{no longer} ~~not~~ acting like a farmer's son, more like some ^{quite a bit} ~~strange~~ boy from the city doing summer labor at a job he did not like. Often, short of sundown, ^{before} the last of the day's effort was done, he would coax Alois into letting him take Ulan for a ride over the hill into the twilight.

The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, he was false. He had too soft a palate under all the hard bite. The truth was that he adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive. Restless, yes, prey to terrible moods like his mother, much too prideful, and at present ~~he was~~ in full flight from

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04 SECOND PASS

249

education, yet he ^{could be} ~~was~~ as charming as Fanni when ~~he~~ he chose to be. He

reminded Alois of how well she used to move. ^{He even felt proud of it} ~~It was a wonder how quickly~~

^{his} ~~Alois~~ ^{son} had gotten on good terms with the stallion. Alois himself hesitated to

ride him. It was truly a long way to the ground for a heavy man! But Alois

Junior could saddle up with all the eclat of a prize cadet—the sort who used

to promenade on the best streets of Vienna wearing the boots that Alois had

made for cadets in those years, all the way back then when he had so

admired those well-turned-out young men. Memories came back of those

young officers promenading with their handsome ladies, while he, the

apprentice, had dreamed of finding an elegant and lovely young milliner. ^{pursued} ~~The~~

^{to having} ~~two would have~~ ^{together} a shop (where only the finest hats and most exceptional boots

^{would be up} ~~to be found in all of the capital~~ were for sale, a stupid dream, but now his

young son reminded him of those cadets. Such a striking young man. He

was not at all like Adolf, full of hysterical temper, or tiny Edmund, full of

snots.

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask
for an hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And the horse did love

him! The same beast ^{who} ~~that~~ would paw the floor of his stall when Alois

approached, showing his large horse teeth in an ^{unmistakably} ~~evil~~ grin, might just as well

FROM :MAILER

FAX NO. :5084872136

Jan. 29 2004 03:35PM P24

From: jmw@rediffmail.com Sent: 718-624-3782 To: Valeri 718-858-0872

Tel: Norman

Page 7 of 12 Wednesday, January 28, 2004 2:31:27 PM

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04 SECOND PASS

250

have been stating that he did not like the father, but was much taken with the
SON.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04

244

Doubled for
 57244-249 (Age 9250 is blank.
 18 Can we make 257 a 250?)
 For Alex. As one example for example, was most
For example, (Klara was most definitely

By July, much was different. What with Klara pregnant, he could
 expect that if the baby was born in schedule, in seven more months, there would be a total of eight kids who
 had come into existence because of him, yes eight, if you include the three
 who were gone. Of course, if he so desired, he could add in all the kinder not
 exactly accounted for—so many cooks and chambermaids who had gotten into
~~for~~ what might be called mixed male parentage, very much mixed. Yes,
 when one of them told him she was pregnant, he had agreed that it was
 possible. He could be the true father, but then, hadn't she also been with
 Hans and Gebhardt and Hermann and Wolf? With rare exceptions (like
 Fanny) those women were not in a position to argue who was the true father.
 It was usually acceptable if he gave them a gift 400/1 to keep the midwife happy.

Here in Hafeld, however, he was face to face with the other side of his
 achievement. Through the heat of July, in his farm-house up on the hill, he
 had to look at five faces every meal, from Klara down to Edmund, sixteen
 months old and walking, even talking. And by By January, there would be another.
 He was used to living with peoples' faces in front of him, more faces than

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04

245

most people had to meet up with every day, but now it was ^{always} the same mugs, ^{living with} and he had to admit it, he was not used to facing such questions as whether ^{for example} Edmund had ^{a new} just come up with another word or was ^{he just} gurgling as usual, blobs of sound, not ^{real} words.

Managing the farm was another matter. He could take pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight—a little city girl, ready to be spoiled! Now, to his surprise, she was a help. She was always currying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when that hefty lady didn't need another bath. ^{Moreover,} Angela was deft at milking and got Adolf and even Edmund to ^{to be heard} laugh at the hearty contentment in the full-gutted sound of the sow every time they approached with food. Rosig was large for a pig, even a prize pig, ^{happy in} ~~yes~~.

^{her gruelly old wallow} with a pink rosette tacked above her stall, an old prize rosette from ^{the} last summer before they ^{came to} owned the farm. By next summer, when all ^{this} the new work wasn't ^{weighing} on top of them and there might be ^{a little} time, Angela wanted to prepare Rosig again for local competition. The ^{girl, Alois decided, was a} child was the prize. Klara even told Alois that Angela was good at separating the manure of the farm animals before carrying each portion to ^{(a different) for} separate piles of collection. Why?

Because she thought, "My father would want it that way. Nice and neat."

She even succeeded in getting Adi to take up a part of the slack. While he

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04

246

could be counted on to throw a tantrum, Angela would ride it out. Then he would follow her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but carrying a second manure pail nonetheless.

His school year over in Passau, Alois, Jr., came to join them at the beginning of July. For a short period, he behaved like a true ^{angel} piece of good work. He was splendid with the horses, particularly the younger one, Ulan, a stallion five years old. While Alo took to ^{the saddle} riding as if he had been born to the saddle; he was ^{also} ~~always~~ ready for the joy of a quick canter bareback up the hill and down, ~~often~~ ^{seemed content} accompanied by full screams of excitement from Angela and Adi. But he also ~~ready~~ ^{proved} to work the plow with the dray horse, Graubart, and much help to Alois as they turned up three acres of pasture for the potatoes, the same sprouting potatoes Klara had bought and stored in the root cellar a week after her arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for ^{those} two weeks than his father would have believed, ^{then this splendid} but that flurry of hard labor was ~~soon~~ ^{curled} by bad news, ^{A came} by letter from Passau. Alo had failed to pass half of his courses ^{this last semester} during a year at the Realschule, and would have to take ^{such} these studies over again.

"I won't go back," he told his father. "That school is full of teachers so stupid we laugh at them."

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04

247

Yes, Alo ^{must have} ~~had been~~ living with what he knew the school news would bring, ^(living) lived with it for all of these two weeks ^{we} of his return to Hatfield, and had ^{he had just kept working as hard as he could} not said a word. ~~There had been so much work.~~ They had tilled ten inches

deep into the three acres, had laid the seed potatoes in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each of the sprouters a foot apart, each row of furrow two and a half feet away from the next. ~~That was not bad.~~ But that was only the beginning. ^{Now, was remembering all the other} Had Alois ~~forgot~~ ^{Bad memories} how much labor went into weeding, into clearing, into fertilizing? ^{might yet} ~~It began to come back,~~ ^{Chin?} just how many disasters could be out there waiting for you. He encountered white grubs and wire

worms, saw the earliest potato leaves nibbled into green lace by aphids and flea beetles. Every day one had to return to the weeding. Then, drainage became the ongoing problem. ^{here} One had to dig the irrigation canals to no more depth than a few inches, or too many potato roots could be slashed by the hoe or the shovel. Hours had to be spent ^{now} in carrying pail after pail of well water up the slope to the meadow. On one of those afternoons, Junior

disappeared. He was out riding Ulan. Alois put Angela to work in his ^{stead} place, and for the rest of the working day, she carried the water.

^{That night, he} He gave his son a memorable tongue-lashing that night. "You are," he said, "very much like your crazy mother. ^{Except, with you} But, no," he added, "it is worse.

^{no} You ~~do not~~ have that excuse. By the end, your mother might have been out

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04

248

the and hard-working
of her head, but she was always intelligent, And so are you. ~~With one big~~
Unlike her, you / to mix your / such
~~difference. You are lazy. Mix intelligence with and laziness? The worst!~~
If the episode had happened even a
Foul laziness!" ~~A~~ year earlier, Alois would have given him a beating,
exactly the apocalyptic variety that leaves a scar on the heart, but ^{now} the boy was
big, and just wild enough in the eyes to give Alois pause. So, he did not
strike him. That, he had to decide in the days which followed, was a ~~grave~~
mistake. He should have given him one hell of a wallop. Now, Junior knew
his father was not ready, maybe even a little afraid of him. Thereafter, Alo,
Jr. worked at chipping away at the edges of his time at work. He was not
acting like a farmer's son, *more like son* He ~~could have been any~~ strange boy from the city
doing summer labor at a job he did not like. Often, short of sundown, before
the last of the day's effort was done, he would coax Alois into letting him
take Ulan for a ride over the hill into the twilight.

The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, he was false. He
had too soft a palate under all the hard bite. The truth was that he adored
Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive. Restless, yes, prey to terrible moods
like his mother, ~~yes~~ much too prideful, and at present he was in full flight
from education, yet he was as charming as Fanni ^{chose} whenever he ~~wanted~~ to be.
He reminded Alois of how well she used to move. It was a wonder how
quickly Alo had gotten on good terms with the stallion. Alois himself

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04

249 4260

hesitated to ride him. It was truly a long way to the ground for a heavy man!

But Alois Junior could saddle ~~him~~ up with all the eclat of a prize cadet—the

sort who used to promenade on the best streets of Vienna wearing the boots

that Alois had made for ~~the~~ cadets in those years, all the way back then when

he had so admired those well-turned-out young men. Memories came back

of ~~all~~ those young officers promenading with their handsome ladies, while he,

the apprentice,

(had dreamed of finding an elegant and lovely young milliner, ~~so that~~ the two

would
~~of them could~~ have a shop where ~~they would present~~ only the finest hats and

most exceptional boots to be found in all of the capital, *we're for sale,* a stupid dream, but

now his young son *reminded him of* ~~was much like~~ those cadets, *such* already a striking young

he was not at all like (little Adolf)
man. Not at all like Adolf, full of hysterical temper, or tiny Edmund, full of

snots.

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask

for an hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And the horse did love

him! The same beast that would paw the floor of his stall when Alois

approached, showing his large horse teeth in an evil grin, might just as well

have been stating that he did not like the father, but was much taken with the

son.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04

251
 Note!
 p 250 is ~~blank~~
 Can we make that 250

Tribble - space

19

To be FAXED

took too great a liberty on a morn.
 On one warm evening in August, Alo went too far. (This time was

the in
 Klara was ~~the first to be~~ infuriated. Alo was ready for there dinner, but

Angela was not. She was still back in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after

had taken the heat on a provided
 Alo's gallop back from the woods and a walk-down he gave the horse that

that
 was neither long enough nor slow enough to allow the ~~beast~~ animal to cool down.

Klara could not believe it. It was one of the few times in their marriage

After 5 or 6 pregnancies, he / to her at this moment
 when she spoke sharply to her husband. He was no uncle now. "You

to
 allowed Alo ride the horse and leave the dirty work to Angela? That is

certainly not right "

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04

252

"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said Alo. "I can do without it."

as some people,
"I may not know horses so much," said Klara, "but I know enough to *am still really*

to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it *afterward,* The horse sees the difference.

Even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said Alo, "nothing. Ten degrees

less than zero."

as his wife,

At coming into this late, he had to be twice as strong

"Silence!" said Alois. "You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of

the meal. Not ^{one} word *more.*"

"Yessir."

(Now Alois had to ask

The boy did know how to chip away at the edges. Had he just obeyed himself whether he had just been obeyed him or disobeyed him? "I told you," said Alois, "You will be silent for the

rest of the meal."

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04

253

"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. Not a word."

There was a pause, and then he did come back, but in the pause was a new message. It was as if he was saying, "Only this one is yours."

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from the currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to the food. Adi, sitting next to her, ^{full of excitement and love-making} was now living in the fear that he would wet himself, ^{she ate} and Klara ^{slowly} ate slowly, pausing often with her spoon in the air.

She was filled with an unruly desire to upbraid Alo, Junior ~~once~~ again and, ^{then,} ^{it was no small impulse} yes, upbraid her own Alois as well. She said nothing, however. ^{Thus, she} ~~she~~ could hardly dare. To interfere with two men ^{who were both} in a rage was unknown territory to her. ~~As for the husband and stepson,~~ ^{it} it was true that by now neither could

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04

254

speak. ~~The rage that lived in the space between them~~ *seemed to give in.* ~~was too great.~~

Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund began to cry.

That provided a solution. Klara could now pick him up and leave the table, Alois could rise and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for washing, and Alo, Junior, continued to sit at the table, speechless,

poised within the silence, gravely poised, as if he *had converted the order* ~~were sitting in reverence~~ *to be silent into a species of reverence toward himself!* ~~that would be ready to gather~~ *toward himself, gathering the funds of new intent.*

That night, Alois could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon, he quit work early and went to the only tavern in the area, a mile away at Fischlham.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/27/04

251

19

*On one warm, late August, this time*One hot evening, Alo went too far, and ~~it was~~ Klara who was the first*Alo's ready fan*
to be infuriated first. The boy was ~~there~~ at dinner, but Angela was not. She was still*Alo's*
back in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after a gallop back from the woods*he gave the horse*
and a walk-down that was neither long enough nor slow enough to allow the*beast*
station to cool down. Klara could not believe it. It was one of the few times*has*
in the marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband ~~as if~~ he was no uncle*allowed* *for* *dirty*
now. "You let Alo ride the horse and leave the work to Angela? That is

certainly not right."

Ulan cleaning
"Angela likes ~~doing that kind of work~~ *wiping floors* ~~I don't~~," said Alo.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/27/04

252

"~~Well~~^{cl}, I may not know horses ^{so} ~~that~~ much," said Klara, "but ^{I know} enough to say that he who rides a horse has ^{his} ~~a~~ duty to it, ^{and} ~~the~~ horse has ^{scars} ~~a~~ sense of the difference even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said Alo, "nothing. Ten degrees less than zero."

"Silence!" said Alois. "~~You are still a whelp.~~^U You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal." ^{Not a word!}

"Yessir."

The boy ^{did know} ~~certainly knew~~ how to ^{chip away at} ~~work~~ the edges. He ^{had he just} ~~had~~ obeyed him ^{or} ~~and~~ disobeyed him ^{? "I told you," said Alois, "You will be} ~~with the same words~~ "Yessir, you say to me. I tell you:—

^{silent} ~~Silence. Silence~~ for the rest of the meal."

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. Not a word."

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/27/04

253

There was a pause, and then he did come back, but in the pause was
~~the beginning of~~ a new message. It was as if he was saying, ^{"Only this"} ~~"This one is~~
["]
 yours, but later ~~there will be others.~~"

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from the
 currying, started to speak, and then did not. ~~Instead,~~ ^{She} sat down, her face
 still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her
^{Adi, seated next to her, was now looking}
 face to the food. ~~Adi was excited and lived~~ ^{in the fear} he would wet himself,
~~and~~ ^{Klara} and Klara ^{often} ~~sometimes~~ slowly, pausing with her spoon in the air. She was

filled with ^{an} the unruly desire to ~~keep speaking, to~~ ^{upbraid} Alo, Junior, ~~was~~

^{once again}
~~somewhat more~~, and, yes, upbraid her own Alois as well. So, she said
^{however} nothing, ^{to interfere with two men in a rage} She could hardly dare. It was ~~an~~ unknown territory to her. As for

the husband and stepson, it was ~~probably~~ true that by now neither could

speaking. The rage that lived in the space between ^{them too} ~~was~~ ^{greater} even than the

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/27/04

254

~~anger in either~~. Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund began to cry.

^{provided a} That ~~was the~~ solution. Klara could ^{now} pick him up and leave the table,

Alois could rise and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for

washing, and Alo, Junior, continued to sit at the table, speechless, poised

^{gravely poised} within the silence, as if he were sitting in reverence toward himself,

gathering the funds of new intent.

That night Alois could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon, he quit work early and went to the only tavern in the area, a mile away at Fitchham.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04 SECOND PASS

251

Double story
251-252

19

On one warm evening in August, Alo took ^{another unpleasant} ~~too great~~ liberty once

^{at table} ^{evening supper,}
~~more!~~ This time, Klara was infuriated. Alo was ready for their dinner, but

Angela was not. She was ~~still~~ back in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after

Alo had taken the beast on a gallop ^{coming back from} ~~back from~~ the woods and ^{then} provided a

walk-down ^{which} ~~that~~ was neither long enough nor slow enough to allow the ^{hand-breathing}

animal to cool down. Klara could not believe it. It was one of the few times

in their marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband. After six

pregnancies, he was no uncle to her at ^{the} ~~the~~ moment. "You allowed Alo to

leave ^{his} ~~the~~ dirty work to Angela? That is certainly not right."

"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said Alo. "I can do without it."

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04 SECOND PASS

252

"I may not know horses so much as some people," said Klara, "but I am still ready to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it afterward.

The horse sees the difference. Even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said Alo, "nothing. Ten degrees less than zero."

"Silence!" said Alois. "You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal. Not one word more."

the from
Coming into ~~this~~ late, he had to be twice as strong as his wife. "*Yes, silence.*"

"Yessir."

pick little pieces off
The boy did know how to ~~chip away at~~ the edges. Now, Alois had to

ask himself whether he had just been obeyed or disobeyed? "I told you," said

are to
Alois, "You ~~will~~ be silent for the rest of the meal."

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/28/04 SECOND PASS

253

"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. Not a word."

There was a pause, ^{back}and then he did come back, ^{yet}but in the pause was a message.

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from the currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to the food. Adi, sitting next to her, full of excitement and foreboding, was now living in the fear that he would wet himself. And Klara? She ate slowly, pausing often with her spoon in the air. She was filled with an unruly desire to upbraid Alo, Junior, again and then—~~it was~~ no small impulse—upbraid her own Alois as well. She said nothing, however. ^{did not}~~But she could hardly~~ dare. To interfere with two men who were ^{such}~~both~~ ^{sat each other}in a rage was unknown territory to her. It was true that by now neither could speak. The ^{air}~~space~~

254

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04

looked reader
between them ~~seemed~~ to quiver. Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling

Edmund began to cry.

offered
That ~~provided~~ a solution. Klara was able to pick him up and leave the

table. Alois then rose and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for washing, and Alo, Junior, continued to sit at the table, speechless,

poised within his own silence, gravely poised, as if he had converted ~~the~~ *his father's*

order to be silent into a species of reverence addressed toward himself as if

~~His own voice deep that he was~~
that would make him more ready to gather the funds of new intent.

senior
That night, Alois ~~could~~ not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon,

he quit work early. For the first time since he had come to Hafeld, he went to

Cylich was a good
the only tavern in the area, a ~~mile~~ away at Fischlham.

He had hesitated whether to go. The company would certainly be *less to his taste than the city officials in*
~~different from Linz, and he~~ knew enough about farmers to be able to *expect the nature of his reception*
~~figure it out very well for himself.~~ (They would be in a hurry, if they could, to

255

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04

laugh at him, ^{Given} if his natural preference ~~was~~ to be able to lord it over people,

he was not looking forward to ~~taking on~~ the rough edge of ^{them a little} the teasing he

^{soon} would receive. He could ^{sense} hear it in advance. "The peasant who tries to act

like a millionaire," they would say behind his back, ^{the opposite - "thus"} or, as easily, ~~this~~ rich

^{wants to play at being} fellow who ~~thinks he can be~~ a peasant.

He had met a few of them in January when he had ^{first visited} looked at the house ~~the~~ ^{he was to buy, and he had} and asked his neighbors a few questions. They had obviously not trusted

^{future} him. ^{too much, nor were they} They were not about to tell the truth to a stranger who might not even

buy the farm but ^{could repeat} would say enough of what he had heard to get the owner

^{asked} angry at them. So ^{Alois} he had only heard good remarks, yes, everything good, the

land good, the few animals, excellent, the prize sow, the walnut orchard ^{easy}

money once a year.

Alois had not bothered to believe ^{was to} them or disbelieve them. He had

wanted the farm. He had assumed it would not all be as good as it looked,

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04

. 256

and indeed, already that fine big cow who had been giving good milk every day had come down with udder trouble.

He even brought that up at the tavern at Feischlham. He did want to hear a few opinions on the merits of the two competing veterinarians in the district. It was a calculated opening to the farmers who were drinking with

him. He had decided to start slow, to be mild, ^{and most} ~~to be~~ modest, nothing could

be worse than to be ^{perceived} ~~seen~~ from the outset as a retired fool ^{trying to throw} ~~who threw~~ his

weight around. So, he asked questions, he listened with care, he felt a little

closer to the truth of what they knew about ^{his} ~~the~~ land.

When he told them that he had planted potatoes, they looked uneasy.

It came out in the most indirect manner that he might have been wiser to

think of beets.

"I planned to put one acre in like that, but not this first year, I decided.

Too much at once."

257

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04

Yes. They nodded. Yes. Farming and work. The oldest marriage of them all.

They were much more slow-spoken people than he had been used to lately, yes, lately, which is to say the last forty-five years. It took half an hour of staring at the unadorned wooden walls of the tavern, ^{while he feeling the} and one splinter in his behind ^{a gift of} from the dried-up wood of the ^{tavern} bench he shared, before they would come forward with a hint or two that the land in which he had planted potatoes would certainly have been better in beets, ^{that was} because last year's crop ^{had been down} was wheat, and they spoke of a variety of wheat whose genus was unfamiliar

to him, but that was what the previous owner had been planting for the last ^{those three years made no} three years. ^{to} Not good ground for potatoes now. They did not say as much;

they just drew on their pipes and drank their beer and looked sad. Worst of

all, he could tell, the sadness was hardly for him, but ^{to} the sad outrage ^{substance} to the ^{was the} earth he now owned, a rich man, an interloper trying to be a peasant.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04

258

Even the smell of the tavern was unpleasant to him ~~by now~~. He could not quite locate the odor that mingled with the beer but it was impure—sour milk? Old manure? A compost pile ^{outside the door?} that had gone wrong. What he resented most about this quiet dun-brown ^{wooden} ~~tavern~~ ^{dun} was that there was not even a ^{hint} ~~smell~~ of schnapps in the air, no, not even one ^{good} sport or one town drunkard.

The evening proved ~~to be~~ not altogether a loss, however. He learned the names of a couple of apiculturists who lived in Hafeld. ~~He would have~~ ^{were} so, veterans who knew bees in his neighborhood, ~~and to~~ ^{to} console himself further,

a full summer moon was out, ~~almost~~ ^{as bright} a harvest-orange moon, already, and the walk was accompanied by the pleasure that beer usually gave him ^{directly} (as he drank, but ~~had~~ ^{had been} tonight, ~~been~~ ^{to dispense} merely banked in his stomach, its pleasure to his pleasure) ^{now at last to be able to} be dispensed now, finding himself alone, and himself alone. ^{But with} ^{also} With the end of summer, he had to put up with the disappointment of

his three acres of potatoes.

his three acres of potatoes, the ended with
 a crop, but ~~the potatoes~~ not
 much more than half was salable.
 His temporary drinking companions
~~at that time~~ who smelled as dank
 as the Birchham tavern, had been
 right. He knew it with pity but ~~was~~
 when he dug up a potato to ~~take~~
 take a look. ~~When~~ he had felt a
 few ~~two~~ twinges ~~in his heart~~ during
 the last few days of August, and his
 heart was definitely acting full of high
 pressure when on Alton, Glenford
 side ~~before~~ before putting in some last
 little effort, never enough to make a
 point of debate, but that nibbling at
 the edges was guaranteed to get his
 heart to race up to the point ~~that~~ he
 even felt as if his heart was so overloaded
 that it was slowing right itself right
 up under his brain.

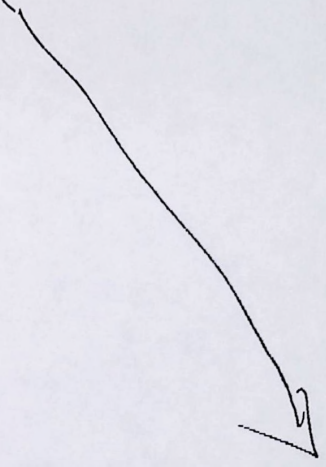
Given the work ~~that would be in~~ we could expect to
 digging up the potatoes and carting them
 to the market in Birchham, he ended
 by hiring a dog laborer for a week, a
 stupid fellow ~~for his money~~ ~~for his money~~
 and not much else, yet on balance he
 probably saved up as much as a laborer

Tushkoff
 252-267

(257)

(26)
If you wanted to look at it that way
there had been a tragic end to the party
they had been taking in the first row
Angela could disassociate. He was amazed
at how much ~~good~~ and how long
a twelve-year-old girl could cry.

It started with that big pretty
pig being a little sick and then day
day, it got worse. Angela was so
afraid that he broke into his own
reservoir of pride and actually turned
to his three nearest neighbors for
advice. It was then he had to recognize
all over again that he had



Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

251

19

On one warm evening in August, Alo took another unpleasant liberty. This time, Klara was infuriated. Alo was at table ready for their evening supper, but Angela was not. She was in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after Alo had taken the ^{charger} ~~beast~~ ^{as he came} on a gallop coming back from the woods and then provided a walk-down which was neither long enough nor slow enough to allow the hard-breathing animal to cool down. Klara could not believe it. It was one of the few times in their marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband. After six ^{pregnancies} ~~pregnancies~~, he was no uncle to her ^{now not} ~~at~~ this moment. "You allowed Alo to leave ^{such} ~~his dirty~~ work to Angela? That is certainly not right."

"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said Alo. "I can do without it."

"I may not know horses so much as some people," said Klara, "but I am still ready to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it afterward. The horse sees the difference. Even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said Alo, "nothing. Ten degrees less than zero."

"Silence!" said Alois. "You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal. Not one word more."

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

252

these several steps behind Keray he had
 Coming into the fray this late, he had to be twice as strong as his wife.
had to be masterful. "Yes, silence," he repeated, "I call
"Yes, silence," ~~felt~~ *for it."*

"Yessir."

little of every proposition,
 The boy did know how to pick ~~the~~ *little* pieces off the edges. *of every proposition,* Now, Alois
 had to ask himself whether he had just been obeyed or disobeyed? "I told
 you," said Alois, "You are to be silent for the rest of the meal."

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. Not a
 word."

and but
 There was a pause, *and* then he did come back, *but* in the pause was a
suggestion of disobedience *yet* *to come*
~~message~~

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from
 currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still
 moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to
 the food. Adi, sitting next to her, full of excitement and foreboding, was now
 living in the fear that he would wet himself. And Klara? She ate slowly,
 pausing often with her spoon in the air. She was filled with an unruly desire
 to upbraid Alo, Junior, again and then—no small impulse—upbraid her own
 Alois as well. She said nothing, however. She did not dare. To interfere
 with two men ~~who were~~ *with* in such a rage ~~at~~ each other was unknown territory

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

253

to her. ~~It was true that by now neither could speak~~ The air between them looked ready to quiver. Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund began to cry.

That offered a solution. Klara was able to pick him up and leave the table. ^{then} (Alois ~~then~~ rose and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for washing, and Alo, Junior, continued to sit at the table, speechless, poised within his own silence, gravely poised, as if he had converted his father's order to be silent into a species of reverence addressed toward himself.

That night, Alois, Senior, could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon, he quit work early. For the first time since he had come to Hafeld, he went to the only tavern in the area, which was a good mile away at Fischlham.

He had hesitated whether to go. The company would certainly be less to his taste than ^{his good gang of beer cronies} the city officials in Linz, and he knew enough about farmers ^{anticipate} to be able to expect the nature of his reception. They would be ^{besides} in a hurry, if they could, to ^{make in their own ways} laugh at him. Given his natural preference to be able to lord it ^{his fellow drinkers} over people, he was not looking forward to the rough edge of their attitude. ^{hear their thoughts} He could sense it in advance. "The peasant who tries to act like a

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

254

millionaire," they would say behind his back. Or, as easily, the opposite—

idiot
"this rich fellow who wants to play at being a peasant."

(his future much-dispersed neighbors)
He had met a few of them in January when he had first visited the

them
house he was to buy, and he had asked his future neighbors a few questions.

He knew that in advance as well.
They had obviously not trusted him too much, nor were they about to tell the

they were not about to spell the
truth to a stranger who *might not even buy the farm* but could repeat enough

gossip
of what he had heard to get the owner offended at them. So Alois had only

the best of
heard good remarks, yes, everything good, the land good, the few animals,

excellent, the prize sow, the walnut orchard—easy money once a year.

Alois had not bothered to believe them nor to disbelieve them. He had

wanted the farm. He had assumed it would not ~~be~~ as good as it looked, *and*

of course, it couldn't be.
and indeed, already that fine big cow who had been giving good milk every

day had come down with udder trouble.

did bring
He even brought that up at the tavern *in* Feischlham. He *needed* did want to

hear a few opinions on the merits of the two competing veterinarians in the

district. It was a calculated opening to the farmers who were drinking with

him. He had decided to *start slow*, to be mild, and most modest, nothing

could be worse than to be perceived from the outset as a retired fool trying to

city
throw his weight around. So, he asked questions, *and did* he listened with care, *he*

Real
felt a little closer to the truth of what they knew about his land.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

255

When he told them that he had planted potatoes, they looked uneasy.

It came out in the most indirect manner that he might have been wiser to think of beets.

"I planned to put one acre in like that, but not this first year, I decided.

Too much at once."

Yes. They nodded. Yes. Farming and work. The oldest marriage of them all. *One must never do too much at once if one could help it*

They were much more slow-spoken people than he had been used to lately, *very lately,* which is to say *very lately,* the last forty-five years. It took *half* an hour of staring at the unadorned wooden walls of the tavern, *all the while one* while feeling the one-

fat splinter in his behind, *a gift of the dried-up wood of the tavern bench he* shared, before they would come forward with a hint or two that the land *any one of them* *he muffled him that they* in

on which he had planted potatoes *might* *off* would *might* certainly have been better in beets.

That was because last year's crop had been wheat, *now* and they spoke of a variety of wheat whose genus was unfamiliar to him, but that was what the previous

owner had been planting for *these last* the last three years. Those three years made no *Such repetition (wouldn't work)* good ground for potatoes now. *The soil would be too depleted by the wheat.* They did not say as much; they just drew on

their pipes and drank their beer and looked sad. Worst of all, he could tell,

the sadness was hardly for him, but *was given* *alone to* to the sad outrage suffered by the earth *by him* he now owned *a rich man*, an interloper trying to be a peasant.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

256

Even ^{became} the smell of the tavern was unpleasant to him. He could not ~~quite~~ locate the odor that mingled with the beer but it was impure—sour milk? Old manure? A compost pile outside the door that had gone wrong? What he resented most about this quiet dun-brown wooden den was that there was not even a hint of schnapps in the air, no, not even one good ~~spot~~ ^{not even} of one town drunkard.

The evening ^{however} proved not altogether a loss, however. He learned the names of a couple of apiculturists who lived in Hafeld. So, Veterans who knew bees were in ^{nearby} his neighborhood. To console himself further, a ^{he had a} full summer moon was out, a harvest-orange moon, and ^{he finally felt} the walk was.

^(with) accompanied by the pleasure ~~that~~ beer usually gave him as quickly as he could ^{quaff} ~~quaffed it~~ ^{all those pints} ^(stared there) drank, but tonight had merely been banked in his stomach to dispense his pleasure now, now at last to be able to find himself alone. ^{He had a long} splendid urination ^{by the side of the road.}

But with the end of summer, he also had to put up with the ^{By morning, he was back in the} gathering gloom. He ^{had to live with the} disappointment of his three acres of potatoes. He ended with a crop ^{where not} but not

^{of last night} much more than half was salable. His ^{of last night} temporary drinking companions, who ^{now} ^{in memory} smelled as dank ^{themselves} as the Fischlham tavern, had been right. He

knew it in the pit of ^{his} stomach whenever he dug up a potato ^{this morning} to take a look.

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

257

Worse? He had felt a few twinges in that same gut during the last few days

of August and his heart was definitely acting full of high pressure ^{now} whenever

Alois could ~~feel~~ ^{now} feel the way Alo took Ulan for a ride before putting in some last little effort, never enough nibbling at the edges of his authority, and that

to make a point of dispute, but that nibbling at the edges was guaranteed to

^{Alois!} get his heart to race. Sometimes he even felt as if his heart was so ^{that four-trusted organ}

^{was now so} (he could feel it) overcharged that it was shoving itself right up under his brain. ^{which is to say that he was having headaches as well} Given the work ^{there would be to} he could expect digging up the potatoes and ^{then} carting

them to the market in Fischlham, he ended up by hiring a day laborer for a

week, a stupid fellow working for his beer at night and not much else, yet, on

^{the man} balance, he probably served up as much useful labor as Alo with his Ulan.

How was that boy going to end? Would he yet be a criminal, ^{who had run} enlisted out in

^{away to} something like the French Foreign Legion? Evil thoughts, dark thoughts, but

they had their appeal to Alois. When he was young, he would have made a

good soldier of that variety, ready for anything. Or was that nonsense?

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

258

There was something in the boy that was wilder than himself, ^{was that why} which is why

^{those days that}
~~they~~ always had to speak to each other as if they were in ballet shoes up on
 tiptoe!

The day laborer was stupid, but ^{he was} not so incapable of thinking when it
 came to putting ^{a number of} some of these potatoes aside for himself, and Alois could not
 even be certain of ^{was} that. He had been ill one afternoon and the laborer had ^{had}
^{to take} taken the produce to market ^{for him,} and returned with something less in the way of

kronen than Alois had estimated. ^{Just a little less, more} That ~~was no claim~~, finally.
^{with bling at the edges,}

^{Alois}
 He was sick for more tangible reasons. If you wanted to look at it that
^{miserable}
 way, there had been a ~~tragic~~ end to the pride they had been taking in the prize
^{It got sick and died,}
 sow. (Angela was disconsolate. He was amazed at how much and how long

a twelve-year-old girl could cry.

It started with that big, pretty pig being a little sick and then day to
 day, it got worse. Angela was so upset that ^{Alois} ~~he~~ broke into his own reservoirs

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

259

of pride and actually turned to his three nearest neighbors for advice. It was then he had to recognize all over again that he had forgotten what he was now remembering too late. One of the laws of his childhood that he had received from Johann Nepomuk before he was even ten years old was that when it came to farming, there were no laws you could count on when you happened to meet an unexpected problem. Even your lifetime friends could disagree with you on the solution. *Of course!* Every farmer, he now learned, had his own idea of how to cure a sick pig. Of course!

The three neighbors to whom he turned in this case ~~for advice~~ offered ~~in turn~~ three different solutions, an emetic, a binder, and a diarrhetic. All were wrong. The sow stopped breathing and died. Because it was a pig, all three men had assumed the trouble could only be in the stomach or the bowels. Who had ever heard of consumption in such a heavy ~~beast~~ *porcher?*

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

260

Perhaps it was something else. ~~Even~~^T the veterinarian he called in after the

~~fact~~^{fact} ~~was~~^{demise} unsure.

Nothing could have aggravated Alois more. To pay good money after the animal had died! ~~And~~^E why? Because he had to know the cause. What

an idiocy! He wasn't going to raise any more pigs^{nest} now, but still he had to

know. And then he found out that the specialist—if you could call him

that—was not ^{even} sure of the cause. It would take, he told Alois, the further

expense of lab tests ^{in Lutz, or maybe, even Vienna} ~~to be certain~~. Well, ^{to} the hell with that! Such an

expenditure would ~~now~~^{On top of it all, he} be obscene. He even had to bury the animal whole,

~~He was tempted but he did not dare,~~
not even daring to carve away any good part of it for the family to eat. Left to

himself, Alois would have looked for some choice cuts—how much did the

hams have to do, after all, with the lungs? But, no, the vet was definite. "Do

not take a chance, Herr Hitler, on any part of this animal."

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

4 Ach, ach, ach

261

Yes, that is what he told him, but only after he had been paid! And

there was Angela going on and on with the weeping and the ~~weeping~~ ^{weeping and the driving} weeps, and all the labor of ~~not to mention~~ ^{not to mention}

digging ^{that} ~~the~~ goddamn ^{trench} ~~hole~~ for the carcass.

Yes, these were losses to calculate. What kind of profits could he

point to from that mediocre ^{potato} ~~crop~~ of potatoes? When he added ^{up} the costs of

the seed potatoes, the compost he had bought for the three acres, and then

subtracted the wages of the hired hand, the loss of the sow, and the fee of the

vet as well, how could he claim to have made anything? If he divided the

total that came back from the sale of the potatoes by the hours put in, could

he say that he had earned any more by the day than ^{his} ~~in the~~ first years with the

Finanzwatch? Worse. The real calculation was ^{even less good} ~~worse~~. (But for occasional ^{an}

expense of maintainance, he was living here rent-free. No mortgage to worry

about. The house had been bought outright, after all. But if he had ^{such} ~~such~~ ^{mortgage}

payments to make to the bank, could he claim any profit at all? Yes, a token

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

262

profit. The walnuts. They had brought in a little easy money, money ~~right~~

off the ground. For the rest, it had been a lot of work for ^{very} so little. He

couldn't even complain to ^{Klaus} anyone for the shame of it.

He had to reassure himself. It wasn't that he was in real financial

trouble. ^{eleven} Certainly not yet. His pension alone was six times the income of a

day laborer like the poor dumb fellow he had hired, who, dumb or not, was ^{also}

able to nibble away at him, but all right! In the old days, in the best years of

his earning power at Passau and Linz, he had been situated in what you

could call the well-salaried layers of the middle class. Why, he had made

more than any principal in an elementary school, not bad when you

considered that he, more respected, economically speaking, than the

principal, had never even finished elementary school ~~himself~~.

Alois could talk to himself in such a way but it did not dig the thorn
out of his gut. He couldn't even enjoy his beer any more. One of his

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

263

strengths with younger officers from good families had always been that he,

at least, having come from peasant stock, knew at least when people were

cheating him. And now he had discovered that the land he had bought was

not as good as it looked. He might have been a peasant once upon a time,

but now he might just as well have been ^{one more} ~~a~~ middle class ^{fool} ~~only fool~~. What a ^(land?) ~~shame!~~ ^{to ~~perhaps~~ have been taken on a deal in ~~new~~ (way) ~~land?~~} He felt all the shame a peasant could know ^(lifelong) ~~after being taken on a~~ [←] ~~deal involving land.~~ ^{could} Would he feel any worse if Klara had, ~~by some miracle,~~

taken up with a farm boy? That was impossible, but then, how had it been

^{so} possible for himself, Alois Hitler, to be gulled on a land deal?

He went into a depression. By October and November, he was ^{settled in} ~~deep in~~

gloom. And what in heaven had happened to The Hound? ^{That} ~~That~~ was one

^{How could he look at himself a way} ~~He was a man~~ sick puppy these days. ~~He was a man~~ in his late middle age who dangled a

sick pup between his legs. [?]

Book 3 temp fax copy 1/29/04 SECOND PASS

264

Klara, seven and a half months pregnant, tried to explain it to him.

Now, that the

~~After~~ The potato crop was in, she told him, the end of summer, so much good hard

was work finished. It was natural to be unhappy. Women ~~could~~ *she could tell him, felt* feel that way

after a child was born. So much ~~went~~ *had gone* into the womb, so much hope and

effort, ~~and then one~~ *but now* was empty again. The baby might be there and

beautiful, but for a time the woman ~~could~~ *had to* feel empty, even awful, for a little

while. It was natural.

She had never waxed so philosophical before, not to him, but he

almost took her head off. "What am I, a woman?" he wanted to ~~scream~~ *shout*